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THE GOOSE GIRL

A Romantic Story By

HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of

The Man on the Box, The Lure of the Mask, etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

The Young Vintner.

The Black Eagle (Zum Schwartzen Adler) in the Adlergasse was a prosperous tavern of the second rate. The house was two hundred years old and had been in the Bauer family all that time.

Had Frau Bauer, of Frau-Wirtin, as she was familiarly called, been masculine, she would have been lightly dubbed Bauer VII. She was a widow, and therefore uncrowned. She had been a widow for many a day, for the novelty of being her own manager had not yet worn off. She was thirty-eight, plump, pretty in a free-hand manner, and wise. It was useless to loll about the English bar where she kept the cash-drawer; it was useless to wisper sweet nothing into her ear; it was more useless, it was foolish.

"Go along with you, Herr; I would not marry the best man living. I can add the accounts, I can manage. Why should I marry?"

"But marriage is the natural state!"

"Herr, I crossed the frontier long ago, but having recrossed it, never again shall I go back. One crown-forty, if you please. Thank you."

This retort had become almost a habit with the Frau-Wirtin; and when a day went by without a proposal, she went to bed with the sense that the day had not been wholly successful.

Tonight the main room of the tavern swam in a blue haze of smoke, which rose to the blackened rafters, hung with many and various sausages, cheeses and dried vegetables. Dishes clattered, there was a buzzing of voices, a scraping of feet and chairs, a banging of tankards, altogether noisy and cheerful. The Frau-Wirtin preferred waitresses, and this preference was shared by her patrons. They were quicker, cleaner; they remembered an order better; they were not always surreptitiously emptying the dregs of tankards on the way to the bar, as men invariably did. Besides, the barmaid was an English institution, and the Frau-Wirtin greatly admired that race, though no one knew why. The girls were fully able to defend themselves, and were not at all diffident in boxing a smart fellow's ears. They had a rough wit and could give and take. If a man thought this an invitation and tried to take a kiss, he generally had his face slapped for his pains, and the Frau-Wirtin was always on the side of her girls.

The smoke was so thick one could scarcely see two tables away, and if any foreigner chanced to open a window there was a hubbub; windows were made for light and air. There were soldiers, non-commissioned officers—for the fall maneuvers brought many to Dreiberg—farmers and their families, and the men of the locality who made the Black Eagle a kind of social club. Socialism was just taking hold in those days, and the men were tremendously serious and secretive regarding it, as it wasn't strong enough to be popular with governments which ruled by hereditary might and right.

Gretchen came in, a little better dressed than in the daytime, the change consisting of coarse stockings and shoes of leather, of which she was correspondingly proud.

"Will you want me, Frau-Wirtin, for a little while tonight?" she asked.

"Till 9. Half a crown as usual."

Gretchen sought the kitchen and found an apron and cap. These half-crowns were fine things to pick up occasionally, for it was only upon occasions that she worked at the Black Eagle.

In an obscure corner sat the young vintner. He had finished his supper and was watching and scrutinizing all who came in. His face brightened as he saw the goose-girl; he would have known that head anywhere, whether he saw the face or not. He wanted to go to her at once, but knew this action would not be wise.

In the very corner itself, his back to the vintner's, and nothing but the wall to look at, was the old man in tatters and patches, the mountaineer who possessed a Swiss watch and gave golden coins to goose-girls. He was busily engaged in gnawing the leg of a chicken. Between times he sipped his beer, listening.

Carmichael had forgotten some papers that day. He had dined early at the hotel and returned at once to the consulate. He was often a visitor at the Black Eagle. The beer was sweet and cool. So, having pocketed his papers, he was of a mind to carry on a bit of badinage with Frau Bauer. As he stepped into the big hall, in his evening clothes, he was as conspicuous as a passing ship at sea.

"Good evening, Frau-Wirtin."

"Good evening, your Excellency." She was quite fluttered when this fine young man spoke to her. He was the only person who ever caused her embarrassment, even though temporary. There was always a whimsical smile on his lips and in his eyes, and Frau Bauer never knew exactly how to take him. "What is on your mind?" brightly.

"Many things. You haven't aged the least since last I saw you."

"Which was day before yesterday!"

"Not any further back than that?"

"Not an hour."

She turned to make change, while Carmichael's eyes roved in search of a vacant chair. He saw but one.

"The goose-girl?" he murmured suddenly. "Is Gretchen one of your waitresses?"

"She comes in once in a while. She's a good girl and I'm glad to help her," Frau Bauer replied.

"I do not recollect having seen her here before."

"That is because you rarely come at night."

"Ah!"

Gretchen carried a tray upon which steamed a vegetable stew. She saw Carmichael and nodded.

"I shall be at yonder table," he said indicating the vacant chair. "Will you bring me a tankard of brown Ehrensteiner?"

"At once, Herr."

Carmichael made his way to the table. Across the room he had not recognized the vintner, but now he remembered. He had crowded him against a wall two or three days before.

"This seat is not reserved, Herr?" he asked pleasantly, with his hand on the back of the chair.

"No." There was no cordiality in the answer. The vintner turned back the lid of his stein and drank slowly.

Carmichael sat down sidewise, viewing the scene with never-waning interest. These German taverns were the delight of his soul. Everybody was so kindly and orderly and hungry. They ate and drank like persons whose consciences were not overburdened. From the corner of his eye he observed that the vintner was studying him. Now this vintner's face was something familiar. Carmichael stirred his memory. It was not in Dreiberg that he had seen him before. But where?

Gretchen arrived with the tankard which she sat down at Carmichael's elbow.

"Will you not join me, Herr?" he invited.

"Thank you," said the vintner, without hesitation.

He smiled at Gretchen and she smiled at him. Carmichael smiled at them both tolerantly.

"What will you be drinking?"

"Brown," said the vintner.

Gretchen took up the empty tankard and made off. The eyes of the two men followed her till she reached the dim bar, then their glances swung round and met. Carmichael was first to speak, not because he was forced to, but because it was his fancy at that moment to give the vintner the best of it.

"She is a fine girl."

"Yes," tentatively.

"She is the handsomest peasant I ever saw or knew."

"You know her?" There was a spark in the vintner's eyes.

"Only for a few days. She interests me." Carmichael produced a pipe and lighted it.

"Ah, yes, the pretty peasant girl always interest you gentlemen." There was a note of bitterness. "Did you come here to seek her?"

"This is the first time I ever saw her here. And let me add," evenly, "that my interest in her is not of the order you would infer. She is good and patient and brave, and my interest in her is impersonal. It is not necessary for me to make any explanations, but I do so."

"Pardon me!" The vintner was plainly abashed.

"Granted. But you, you seem to possess a peculiar interest."

The vintner flushed. "I have that right," with an air which rather mystified Carmichael.

"That explains exerything. I do not recollect seeing you before in the Black Eagle."

"I am from the north; a vintner, and there is plenty of work here in the valleys late in September."

"The grape," mused Carmichael. "You will never learn how to press it as they do in France. It is wine there; it is vinegar this side of the Rhine."

"France," said the vintner moodily. "Do you think there will be any France in the future?"

Carmichael laughed. "France is an incurable cosmic malady; it will always be. It may be beaten, devastated, throttled, but it will not die."

"You are fond of France?"

"Very."

"Do you think it wise to say so here?"

"I am the American consul; nobody minds my opinions."

"The American consul," repeated the vintner.

Gretchen could now be seen, wending her return in and out among the clustering tables. She set the tankards down, and Carmichael put out a silver crown.

"And do not bother about the change."

"Are all Americans rich?" she asked soberly. "Do you never keep the change yourselves?"

"Not when we are in our Sunday clothes."

"Then it is vanity," Gretchen shook her head wisely.

"Mine is worth only four coppers tonight," he said.

The vintner laughed pleasantly. Gretchen looked into his eyes, and an echo found haven in her own.

Carmichael thirstily drank his first tankard, thinking: "So this vintner is in love with our goose-girl? Confound my memory! It never failed me like this before. I would give twenty crowns to know where I have seen him. It's only the time and place that bothers me, not the face. A fine beer," he said aloud, holding up the second tankard.

The vintner raised his; there was an unconscious grace in the movement. A covert glance at his hand satisfied Carmichael in regard to one thing. He might be a vintner, but the hand was as soft and well-kept as a woman's, for all that it was stained by wind and sunshine. A handsome beggar, whoever and whatever he was. But a second thought disturbed him. Could a man with hands like these mean well toward Gretchen? He was a thorough man of the world; he knew innocence at first glance, and Gretchen was both innocent and unworldly. To the right man she might be easy. Never to a man like Colonel von Wallenstein, whose power and high office were alike sinister to any girl of the peasantry; but a man in the guise of her own class, of her own world and people, here was a snare Gretchen might not be able to foresee. He would watch this fellow, and at the first sign of an evil—Carmichael's mascular brown hands opened and shut ominously. The vintner did not observe this peculiar expression of the hands; and Carmichael's face was bland.

A tankard, rapping a table near by, called Gretchen to her duties. There was something reluctant in her step, in the good-by glance, in the sudden fall of the smiling lips.

"She will make some man a good wife," said Carmichael.

The vintner scowled at his tankard. "He is not sure of her," thought Carmichael. Aloud he said: "What a funny world it is!"

"How?"

"Gretchen is beautiful enough to be a queen, and yet she is merely a Hebe in a tavern."

"Hebe?" suspiciously. The peasant is always suspicious of anything he doesn't understand.

"Hebe was a cup-bearer to the mythological gods in olden times," Carmichael explained. He had set a trap but the vintner had not fallen into it.

"A fairy story." The vintner nodded; he understood now.

Carmichael's glance once more rested on the vintner's hand. He would lay another trap.

"Wht happenned to her?"

"Oh," said Carmichael, "she spilled wine on a god one day and they banished her."

"It must have been a rare vintage."

"I suppose you are familiar with all valleys. Moselle?"

"Yes. That is a fine country."

The old man in tatters sat erect in his chair, but he did not turn his head.

"You have served?"

"A little. If I could be an officer I should like the army." The vintner reached for his pipe, which lay on the table.

"Try this," urged Carmichael, offering his pouch.

"This will be good tobacco, I know." The vintner filled his pipe.

Carmichael followed this gift with many questions about wines and vintages; and hidden in these questions were a dozen clever traps. But the other walked over them, unhesitant, with a certainty of step which chagrined the trapper.

By and by the vintner rose and bade his table companion a good-night. He had not offered to buy anything, another sign puzzling to Carmichael. This frugality was purely of the thrifty peasant. But the vintner was not ungrateful, and he expressed many thanks. On his way to the door he stopped, whispered into Gretchen's ear, and passed out into the black street.

"Either he is a fine actor, or he is really what he says he is." Carmichael was dissatisfied. "I'll stake my chances on being president of the United States, which is safe enough as a wager, that this fellow is not genuine. I'll watch him. I've stumbled upon a pretty romance of some sort, but I fear that it is one-sided." He wrinkled his forehead, but that part of his recollection he aimed to stir remained fallow, in darkness.

The press in the room was thinning. There were vacant chairs here and there now. A carter sauntered past and sat down unconcernedly at the table occupied by the old man whose face Carmichael had not yet seen. The two exchanged not even so much as a casual nod. A little later a butcher approached the same table and seated himself after the manner of the carter. It was only when the duty baker came along and repeated this procedure, preserving the same silence, that Carmichael's curiosity was enlivened. This curiosity, however, was only of the evanescent order. Undoubtedly they were socialists and this was a little conclave, and the peculiar manner of their meeting, the silence and mystery, were purely fictional. Socialism at that time revolved round the blowing up of kings, of demolishing established order. Neither kings were blown up nor order demolished, but it was a congenial topic over which to while away an evening. This was in the German states; in Russia it was a different matter.

Had Carmichael not fallen a-dreaming over his pipe he would have seen the old man pass three slips of paper across the table; he would have seen the carter, the butcher and the baker pocket these slips stolidly; he would have seen the mountaineer wave his hand sharply and the trio rise and disperse. And perhaps it would have been well for him to have noted these singular manifestations of conspiracy, since shortly he was to become involved. It was growing late; so Carmichael left the Black Eagle, nursing the sunken ember in his pipe and surrendering no part of his dream.

Intermediately the mountaineer paid his score and started for the stairs which led to the bedrooms above. But he stopped at the bar. A very old man was having a pail filled with hot cabbage soup. It was the ancient clock mender across the way. The mountaineer was startled out of his habitual reserve, but he recovered his composure almost instantly. The clock mender, his heavy glasses hanging crookedly on his nose, his whole aspect that of a weary, broken man, took down his pail and shuffled noiselessly out. The mountaineer followed him cautiously. Once in his shop the clock mender poured the steaming soup into a bowl, broke bread in it and began his evening meal. The other, his face pressed against the dim pane, started and stared.

"Gott in Himmel! It is he!" he breathed, then stepped back into the shadow, while the moisture from his breath slowly faded, and disappeared from the window pane.

CHAPTER V.

A Compatriot.

Krumerweg was indeed a crooked way. It formed a dozen elbows and ragged half circles as it slunk off from the Adlergasse. Streets have character even as humans, and the Krumerweg reminded one of a person who was afraid of being followed. The shadow of the towerings bergs jay upon it, and the few stars that peered down through the narrow crevice of rambling gables were small, as if the brilliant planets had neither time nor inclination to watch over such a place. And yet there lived in the Krumerweg many a kind and loyal heart, stricken with poverty. In old times the street had had an evil name, now it possessed only a pitiful one.

It was half after 9 when Gretchen and the vintner picked their way over cobbles pitted here and there with mud holes. They were arm in arm, and they laughed when they stumbled, laughed lightly, as youth always laughs when in love.

"Only a little farther," said Gretchen, for the vintner had never before passed over this way.

"Long as it is and crooked, Heaven knows it is short enough!" He encircled her with his arms and kissed her. "I love you! I love you!" he said.

Gretchen was penetrated with rapture, for her ears, sharp with love and the eternal doubting of man, knew that falsehood could not lurk in such music. This handsome boy loved her. Buffeted as she had been, she could separate the false from the true. Come never so deep a sorrow, there would always be this—he loved her. Her bosom swelled, her heart throbbed, and she breathed in ecstasy the sweet chill air that rushed through the broken street.

"After the vintage," she said, giving his arm a pressure. For this handsome fellow was to be her husband when the vines were pruned and freshened against the coming winter.

"Aye, after the vintage," he echoed; but there was tragedy in his heart as deep and profound as his love.

"My grandmother—I call her that for I haven't any grandmother—is old and seldom leaves the house. I promised that after work tonight I'd bring my man home and let her see how handsome he is. She is always saying that we need a man about; and yet, I can do a man's work as well as the next one. I love you, too, Leo!" She pulled his hand to her lips and quickly kissed it, frightened but unashamed.

"Gretchen, Gretchen!"

She stopped. "What is it?" keenly. "There was pain in your voice."

"The thought of how I love you hurts me. There is nothing else, nothing, neither riches nor crowns, nothing but you, Gretchen. How long ago was it I met you first?"

"Two weeks."

"Two weeks? Is it not years? Have I not always known and loved you?"

"And I? What an empty heart and head were mine till that wonderful day! You were tired and dusty and footsore; you had walked some twenty odd miles; yet you helped me with the geese. There were almost tears in your eyes, but I knew that your heart was a man's when you smiled at me." She stopped again and turned him round to her. "And you love me like this?"

"Whatever betide, Lieberherz, whatever befall." And he embraced her with a fierce tenderness, and so strong was he in the moment that Gretchen gave a cry. He kissed her, not on the lips, but on the fine white forehead, reverently.

They proceeded, Gretchen subdued and the vintner silent, until they came to the end of their journey at number forty in the Krumerweg. It was a house of hanging gables, almost as old as the town itself, solid and grim and taciturn. There are some houses which talk like gossips, noisy, unobtrusive and provocative. Number forty was like an old warrior, gone to his chair by the fireside, who listens to the small-talk of his neighbors saturninely. What was it all about? Had he not seen battles and storms, revolutions and bloodshed? The prattle of children was preferable.

Gretchen's grandmother, Frau Schwarz, owned the house; it was all that barricaded her from poverty's wolves, and, what with sundry taxes and repairs and tenants who paid infrequently, it was little enough. Whatever luxuries entered at number forty were procured by Gretchen herself. At present the two stories were occupied; the second by a malter and his brood of children, the third by a woman who was partially bedridden. The lower or ground floor of four rooms she reserved for herself. As a matter of fact the forward room, with its huge middle-age fireplace and the great square of beamed and plastered walls and stone flooring, was sizable for all domestic purposes. Gretchen's pallet stood in a small alcove and the old woman's bed by the left of the fire.

Gretchen opened the door, which was unlocked. There was no light in the hall. She pressed her lover in her arms, kissed him lightly, and pushed him into the living-room. A log smoldered dimly on the irons. Gretchen ran forward, turned over the log, lighted two candles, then kissed the old woman seated in the one comfortable chair. The others were simply three-legged stools. There was little else in the room, save a poor reproduction of the Virgin Mary.

"Here I am, grandmother!"

"And who is here with you?" sharply but not unkindly.

"My man!" cried Gretchen gaily, her eyes bright as the candle flames.

"Bring him near me."

Gretchen gathered up two stools and placed them on either side of her grandmother and motioned to the vintner to sit down. He did so, easily and without visible embarrassment, even though the black eyes plunged a glance into his.

Her hair was white and thin, her nose aquiline, her lips fallen in, a cobweb of wrinkles round her eyes, down her cheeks, under her chin. But her sight was undimmed.

"Where are you from? You are not a Dreiberger."

"From the north, grandmother," forcing a smile to his lips.

The reply rather gratified her.

"Your name."

"Leopold Dietrich, a vintner by trade."

"You speak like a Hanoverian or a Prussian."

"I have passed some time in both countries. I have wandered about a good deal."

"Give me your hand."

The vintner looked surprised for a moment. Gretchen approved. So he gave the old woman his left hand. The grandmother smoothed it out upon her own and bent her shrewd eyes. Silence. Gretchen could hear the malter stirring above; the log cracked and burst into flame. A frown began to gather on the vitner's brow and a sweat in his palm.

"I see many strange things here," said the palmist, in a brooding tone.

"And what do you see?" asked Gretchen eagerly.

"I see very little of vineyards. I see riches, pomp; I see vast armies moving against each other; there is the smell of powder and fire; devastation. I do not see you, young man, among those who tramp with guns on their shoulders. You ride; there is gold on your arms. You will become great; but I do not understand. I do not understand," closing her eyes for a moment.

The vintner sat upright, his chin truculent, his arm tense.

"War!" he murmured.

Gretchen's heart sank; there was joy in his voice.

"Go on, grandmother," she whispered.

"Shall I live?" asked the vintner, whose belief in prescience till this hour had been of a negative quality.

"There is nothing here save death in old age, vintner." Her gnarled hand seized his in a vise. "Do you mean well by my girl?"

"Grandmother!" Gretchen remonstrated.

"Silence!"

The vintner withdrew his hand slowly.

"Is this the hand of a liar and a cheat? Is it the hand of a dishonest man?"

"There is no dishonesty there; but there are lines I do not understand. Oh, I can not see everything; it is like seeing people in a mist. They pass instantly and disappear. But I repeat, do you mean well by my girl?"

"Before God and His angels I love her; before all mankind I would gladly declare it. Gretchen shall never come to harm at these hands. I swear it."

"I believe you." The old woman's form relaxed its tenseness.

"Thanks, grandmother," said Gretchen. "Now, read what my hand says."

The old woman took the hand. She loved Gretchen.

"I read that you are gentle and brave and cheerful, that you have a loyal heart and a pure mind. I read that you are in love and that some day you will be happy." A smile went over her face, a kind of winter sunset. "You are not looking at my hand at all, grandmother," said Gretchen in reproach.

"I do not need, my child. Your life is written in your face." The grandmother spoke again to the vintner. "So you will take her away from me?"

"Will it be necessary?" he returned quietly. "Have you any objection to my becoming your foster grandchild, such as Gretchen is?"

The old woman made no answer. She closed her eyes and did not open them. Gretchen motioned that this was a sign that the interview was ended. But as he rose to his feet there was a sound outside. A carriage had stopped. Some one opened the door and began to climb the stairs. The noise ceased only when the visitor reached the top landing. Then all became still again.

"There is something strange going on up there," said Gretchen in a whisper.

"In what way?" asked the vintner in like undertones.

"Three times a veiled lady has called at night, three times a man muffled up so one could not see his face."

"Let us not question our twenty-crowns rent, Gretchen," interrupted the grandmother, waking. "So long as no one is disturbed, so long as the police are not brought to our door, it is not our affair. Leopold, Gretchen, give me your hands." She placed them one upon the other, then spread out her hands above their heads. "The Holy Mother bring happiness and good luck to you, Gretchen."

"And to me?" said the youth.

"I could not wish you better luck than to give you Gretchen. Now, leave me."

The vintner picked up his hat and Gretchen led him to the street.

He hurried away, giving no glance at the closed carriage, the sleepy driver, the weary horse. Neither did he heed the man dressed as a carter who, when he saw the vintner, turned and followed. Finally, when the vintner veered into the Adlergasse, he stopped, his hands clenched, his teeth hard upon each other. He even leaned against the wall of a house, his face for the moment hidden in his arm.

"Wretch that I am! Damnable wretch! Krumerweg, Krumerweg! Crooked way, indeed!" He flung down his arm passionately. "There will be a God up yonder," looking at the stars. "He will see into my heart and know that it is not bad, only young. Oh, Gretchen!"

"Gretchen?" The carter stepped into a shadow and waited.

(To Be Continued.)

A German View of Roosevelt

My lords and gentlemen! In the first place, this citizen must display the proud assurance arising from the possession of individual rights based on popular representation, but he must also give proof of the devotion which a true royalist alone is capable of evincing!

He must stand for his individual opinions and defend them like a man, in a voice of thunder even against the throne;—

But, on the other hand, he must be imbued with those warm feelings for the dynastic rulers which are born of humble recognition of the divine right of kings.

As citizen of a constitutional state, he must be far above any paltry desires for official recognition from above—

But nevertheless he should keep on his otherwise monarchial bosom a little place where there is room at all times for a row of decorations!

From Kladderadatsch of Berlin. Under the Caption "Roosevelt's Lecture in Berlin—The Duties of a Citizen of a Constitutional Monarchy."

If All Who Hate Would Love Us.

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;
If the cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;
If purses would not tighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would brighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears of melancholy
Were things that now are not;
Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die;
If neighbor spake of neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber,
The spear stay on the wall.
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

—James Newton Matthews.

SHOOTING A BUTTERFLY

New Guinea Variety Largest in the World and Bigger Than a Bird.

Wide World Magazine.

The largest butterfly known is found only in British New Guinea and specimens are worth anything from $100 upward. The male measures eight inches across the wings and the female not less than 11 inches, a wing spread exceeding that of many small birds.

The story of the first discovery of this gigantic butterfly is a curious one. A naturalist saw a specimen perched on the top of a tree and failing to capture it by any other means finally shot it.

From the fragments he decided that the species was entirely unknown to science and he forthwith fitted out an expedition at a cost of many thousands of dollars to go in search of the insects.

Two members of the party fell victims to the Papuan cannibals and another was rescued only in the nick of time. Spite of this inauspicious commencement to his enterprise, however, the naturalist persevered and ultimately succeeded in obtaining perfect specimens.

Superior Wisdom.

Houston Post.

"Why do you consider women superior to men in intelligence?"

"A bald headed man buys hair restorer by the quart, doesn't he?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair restorer—she buys hair."

At Odds with The Regent

By Burton E. Stevenson

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Game of Prisoner's Chase.

I am fond of lying in bed in the morning and thinking over the situation in which I find myself, as the reader doubtless knows already if he has had the patience to come thus far with me, and when I awoke in the house of M. Herault I was in no hurry to arise. I was able to see quite clearly all the workings of this trap which had been set for Richelieu. He would arrive at Paris in the evening and would proceed to his hotel. There he would find the note from Mlle. de Valois awaiting him. Herault could easily find a way to deliver it without exciting suspicion. Richelieu might wonder at my absence, but I knew him well enough to know that suspicion or even certainty of foul play would not for a moment deter him from keeping the appointment which she had given him. He would, then, at 10 o'clock, proceed to the house in the Rue Jean Tison, the third from the end, on the right-hand side. He would rap three times and would be admitted, and a moment later Herault's men would break open the door, overwhelm him, and carry him off to the bastile. This time there would be no escape, and I shuddered as I thought what the end would be.

I bounded out of bed. The clothes were suffocating me. It was time for action.

Two guards stood at my door watching me closely. Four others were in the outer room.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," I said, reflecting that I could lose nothing by being on good terms with these men. "You must have had a weary time of it watching all night."

"We went on duty only an hour ago, monsieur," said one of them, who seemed to be in command. "The watches were changed while you slept."

"And how long will you be on duty?" I asked, carelessly.

"Twelve hours, or until 10 o'clock tonight, monsieur," he answered.

"Ah, you have long hours."

"We have always long hours in the police, monsieur."

At that moment the outer door was opened, and a servant appeared bringing my breakfast.

"Excellent!" I cried, entering the outer room and looking at the repast which was indeed elaborate. "I see I shall have no cause to complain of M. Herault's hospitality. Have you breakfasted, lieutenant?"

"Two hours ago, monsieur."

"Two hours ago! Great heavens, man, your stomach must be an aching emptiness by this time! Sit down, I beg of you. There is enough here for two and some to spare for your men."

I saw that the man was indeed hungry and looked at my breakfast with eager eyes, but he shook his head at my invitation.

"Ah, come, monsieur," I said; "why should we refuse to be civil to each other just because I am prisoner and you are guard? It seems to me that a little good feeling will make the day pass more quickly for both of us. Even if you cannot eat, bear me company, I beg of you, for I abhor sitting down alone to table," and I gently forced him into a chair and myself took the one opposite. He yielded, though still with a show of reluctance, and I maintained a lively conversation while we ate, carefully avoiding any remark which could appear suspicious and finally succeeded in drawing the man out a little. I ordered another bottle of wine, and treated the five soldiers to a glass apiece, a courtesy which I saw they appreciated. Breakfast was finally finished and we arose.

"What a charming view!" I cried, sauntering to the window and gazing down over the river. "M. Herault's house overlook the Seine, it appears."

"It stands upon the bank, monsieur," answered the lieutenant, who had followed me.

"Come, monsieur," I said, turning to him and seemingly taking no further interest in the view, "I have not yet asked your name."

"Lieutenant Bernin, monsieur."

"Well, Lieutenant Bernin," I cried, "I foresee that we are going to pass a very pleasant day together," and I turned again to an apparently careless scrutiny of the scene. I could catch but a glimpse of the river below the window, from which I judged that the house not only stood upon the bank, but that the upper stories projected out over the water, after the fashion of many of the older houses standing along the Seine. In a moment I saw a possible way of escape. A drop of 40 feet to a stone pavement was not to be thought of; but a drop of 40 feet into the water was another matter. I turned away from the window, trembling lest by some motion I might betray my thought. I examined the window itself attentively when I could do so unobserved, and saw that it was of the ordinary kind, with a sash which could be readily broken by a blow with a chair or any other heavy object. The problem was to keep my guards at a distance during the moment it would take me to break a passage and drop into the water. It was a problem not easy of solution, and I retired to the bedroom and lay down upon the bed to think it over.

The bed room was about 10 feet square, without windows and with only one door, that opening into the outer room. This door was of some strength, and had a bolt on the outer side, so that by merely closing it and throwing the bolt they could make me a prisoner in this small room. If it were only the soldiers who were in the bedroom and I who were outside, an instant would suffice to bolt the door, and it would be several minutes at least before they could break it down—more time, certainly, than I should need to get through the window. In a moment I had my plan, and I spent some half hour working out all its details.

The remainder of the morning passed quickly, and when my dinner appeared Herault, accompanied it.

"I have been taxing myself with being inhospitable, M. de Brancas," he said, "but I beg of you to believe that it was the most urgent business which prevented my coming to see you earlier. A lieutenant of police never gets time to rest or to see his friends."

"I can well believe it," I answered. "You are going to dine with me, are you not, monsieur?"

"If it pleases you to have a companion."

"Nothing could please me more," I said, heartily, for I really admired the man; and as we sat down I examined his face with interest. It was a face which, even animated as at this moment, was still as impenetrable as a wall of stone. The firmly set lips and aggressive chin showed a man not wanting in decision, and I did not doubt that those cool, gray eyes could become two poniards when it was a question of obtaining a confession from a prisoner.

"I need not tell you, monsieur," I said, after a moment, "how deeply your system of police espionage interests me. I have already had two or three proofs of the thoroughness of its work and it seems to me a wonderful organization. Do you object to telling me more about it?"

"Not at all," he answered, smiling. "There is nothing secret about the general principles of our system. What is it you would like to know, monsieur?"

"Tell me how it is organized—how it proceeds," I answered.

"It was the Comte d'Argenson who brought it to its present state of perfection," began Herault. "He was, as you perhaps know, my predecessor, and held the position for 19 years. It was for Louis the Great that the thorough organization of the secret department was undertaken. He had, as you have doubtless heard, a great liking for scandal, and for many years the chief duty of the department was to discover intrigues and liaisons. He devoted an hour every morning to listening to the report of the police department, and nothing pleased him so greatly as the details of some love affair. These, it need hardly be said, he would repeat later in the day to his court, to the great confusion of the parties concerned. Under d'Argenson the secret agents were trained to a remarkable degree of perfection, and I found my work ready for my hand when I entered the office."

"You have, then, a great number of agents?" I asked.

"They are everywhere, monsieur," answered Herault, with a smile. "They constitute the eye which sees everything happening in Paris. You will say, no doubt, that intrigues are not always exposed, that crimes are not always punished. Believe me, monsieur, it is not because they are not known. Reasons of state sometimes step in to protect the guilty ones; at other times the regent prefers to wait, playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse, only in the end to crush them more completely."

I glanced at Herault to discover what meaning might lie hidden behind these words, but his face told me nothing. He turned the conversation upon indifferent topics, indicating

KANSAS FARMERS ORGANIZE TO CATCH CHICKEN THIEVES

One thousand farmers and suburban home owners in Wyandotte county, Kansas, have banded together to form a powerful Anti-Chicken Thief society, and a reward of $5,000 has been offered for the arrest and conviction of members of an organized band of chicken thieves, who have, since Christmas, chloroformed chickens while they were roosting at night, robbing one thousand chicken houses and stealing 50,000 chickens.

That the chicken stealing is being carried on by a well organized band of men is apparent from the methods used and from the care with which their plans are carried out. The chickens are chloroformed while they are at roost, so no noise will be made, and they are placed in sacks and hauled away in wagons.

It is believed that one party of the thieves, with one wagon, robs many places in one night. There are several wagons operating, however, it is thought, because robberies have occurred in all parts of the county the same night, and in every case the attendant circumstances were the same.

The farmers insist that some commission merchant in Kansas City is receiving the stolen chickens and shipping them out of town. They say that too many have been stolen to be peddled or sold to retail dealers in the ordinary way.

The thieves learn of desirable places to rob through an "advance man," who goes through the country before them. This "scout" is well dressed and drives a good horse. He arrives at a farmhouse, asks the farmer if he has chickens for sale, and if answered affirmatively he asks to see the poultry. An inspection is made of the chickens and an incidental one of the chicken house and surroundings.

Several times chicken house robberies have followed the visit of this stranger who wanted to buy chickens, but who, after he left must have concluded that it was cheaper to steal them.

The chicken raisers met and perfected the organization of the Anti-Chicken Thief society. Each member pledged himself to give $5 or more to the fund to prosecute the thieves.

But the farmers were not yet through. They formed themselves into a great united country police force. Each man who owns a horse hangs his saddle close to his horse's stall before retiring, so that if a call comes in over the rural telephone at night telling him of a chicken robbery in his part of the county he can saddle his horse without delay and ride to the place. Other members of the volunteer mounted police force will respond to the call also, and there is little probability that the robbers will escape. Detailed plans have been made for the guarding of every road in the county by this police force after the news of a robbery has been telephoned.

After the robberies had occurred for three months with growing regularity and boldness the society had printed 5,000 circulars, which were posted on telephone poles in Kansas City and on trees at crossroads, on the sides of barns and on poles in the country, announcing the reward of $5,000 that will be paid for the detection and conviction of the thieves.

The clerical work of the new society will be cared for by the Wyandotte County Horticultural society. This organization, the Wyandotte County Anti-Horse Thief association, and other similar organizations have joined in the effort to rid the county of chicken thieves.

CONSERVATION OF NATION'S GREATEST ASSET--THE CHILD

A laudable work undertaken by the National Congress of Mothers, that of conserving the children of the nation, will be given added interest at Denver on June 10-15 when the fourteenth annual congress will be held.

Because instinct does not make wise parents, any more than it makes wise specialists in any branch of work, the National Congress of Mother urges such provision as will give to parents the knowledge which will do more than anything else to check the evils which menace society. The organization is seeking to reach every home, every parent and extend a knowledge of the scienc of child nature.

The National Congress of Mothers declares that infant mortality is preventable; that the terrible death rate among infants can be checked in but one way, viz.: and giving to every expectant mother the knowledge of what the baby needs in food, sleep, and clothing, and care. That the time has come when every nation, through a special department, should provide the data concerning infants, which may be used by boards of health and mothers everywhere. That parents' associations and mothers' circles, for the study of children's welfare, in home, school and state, should be coextensive with the schools which children attend.

That study courses and libraries for parents should be provided for every parents' association. That such parents' associations should unite because strength is gained by local, state and national association in a common cause—the welfare of the child through intelligent knowledge of his requirements.

That it is more important for every nation to conserve the physical and moral life of its helpless citizens than to preserve natural resources. That money expended in the conservation of health will save money now spent on combating conditions caused by neglect of these conservative measures.

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

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that he had said all he cared to say about the police department, and a few moments later he arose to go.

"The time of your release is drawing near, monsieur," he said. "A little patience and when the morning comes you will be free again. Is there anything you wish?"

"May I have a pack of cards and a piece of chalk?" I asked. "There is no objection, I suppose, to M. Bernin here playing with me?"

"None whatever," answered Herault. "The cards shall be sent you, monsieur," and he was gone.

The cards soon came, and the afternoon passed quickly. Bernin was very fond of play and, as I permitted him to win the few pistoles I possessed, he arose from the table in great good humor. Supper came with the candles Bernin joined me, at my invitation, no longer making a pretence of holding back, and his five companions each received another glass of wine.

"You desire your revenge, doubtless, monsieur," said Bernin, as we finished and I saw that he was trembling with eagerness to resume the cards.

"Yes, let us play," I answered, and we continued the game. My apparent resignation to my fate had completely disarmed the suspicions of the men, and they were grouped about the table watching the fall of the cards. An hour passed, and from 9 o'clock sounded form Notre Dame. It was time to act.

'Come, M. Bernin," I said, yawning and throwing down the cards, "this is growing wearisome. I know a better game than this. Let me explain it to you." I picked up the piece of chalk and glanced around the walls. "My bedroom is the best place," I said. "Come with me," and I caught up one of the candles and led the way. Bernin followed me.

"The game," I said, "is called 'Prisoner's Chase,' and may be played in a number of ways. The one which I am about to show you is, however, the best." I held the candle in one hand and drew a diagram with the other. "You will observe," I continued, "the board is in the form of a cross, and at the upper end of the cross is the stronghold, or fortress. Within it are six guards," and I rapidly indicated their positions.

"Yes, yes," said Bernin, "I find the game interesting."

"You will find it more so before it is ended," I said. "The guards are limited to moving in straight lines and only one base at a time. The prisoner, on the contrary, like the queen in chess, can move the whole length of the board if necessary. The problem is for the prisoner to compel the six guards to enter the castle, in order to avoid capture, while he himself escapes. If he cannot do this he loses."

"I understand," said Bernin. "The prisoner has need to use his brain. A charming game."

"I glanced over my shoulder and saw that two of the other guards had entered my room and were watching my diagram with interest.

"Let us now play the game," I said. "The guards are drawn up in a line across one end of the board. The prisoner is within the castle. If they can advance in an unbroken line to the castle wall they cut off all possibility of escape and the prisoner loses. They advance to the attack. Ah, but see, they have left a break in the line. The prisoner sees it. He has been waiting for this opportunity. He swoops out. This man must either retreat or be taken. He retreats. He is within the castle. Once in he cannot get out. The prisoner has now only five men against him."

Another of the guards had entered the room and was watching the game.

"Again the guards advance," I continued. "Again they leave a space, since they cannot all move together. A moment and the prisoner has a second captive," and I illustrated the word with the action.

"Really," declared Bernin, "I have never seen a more exciting game."

"The excitement is yet to come, monsieur," I cried, and a glance told me that the two remaining guards were in the room. "You see there are now only four guards at liberty, although those within the castle are permitted to harass the prisoner as much as is in their power. But those outside have grown wary. They advance more cautiously. They may still be able to surround and overpower the prisoner. Ah, an opening! The prisoner sees it. He is out in an instant. He has another captive."

The six men were grouped about me and I could feel their breath in my hair.

"Yes, yes," cried Bernin, "I see. It is most interesting."

"The most interesting part is yet to come, monsieur," I repeated. "Remember, the prisoner, to win the game, must not only get all the guards within the castle, but must also so dispose them that he can himself escape."

"True," and Bernin nodded, "but how will he do it, monsieur?"

"I will show you in a second," I said, and at that instant, apparently by accident, let the candle fall. "One moment, gentlemen," I cried. "I will bring another candle, and will show you the conclusion of this interesting game."

I sprang into the outer room as though to get another candle. In an instant I slammed the door and shot the bolt. They comprehended my purpose, and were hammering at the door almost before I could turn, but in the same moment I had seized a chair and with a single blow dashed out the window. I heard the door cracking, and the guard on the staircase without, hearing the noise, were throwing the bolts of the outer door to enter. Even as the one door opened and the other gave way I was through the window, hung a second from the sill, and let myself drop. I shot downward with the speed of a cannonball, as it seemed to me, struck the water feet first with a mighty splash, and disappeared beneath it.

I battled madly to regain the surface, and came up like a cork. The darkness concealed me, but from the lighted window I had just left half a dozen excited faces were peering. I heard hoarse shouts of alarm, and someone discharged a musket in my direction, the ball ripping up the water near my head. Without delaying a moment I swam as rapidly as I could towards the opposite quay, and as I gained it I heard renewed shouts behind me, and saw a dozen men, holding aloft flaming torches, tumbling into a boat. Luckily, in that moment I found a landing place, ran up it quickly to the quay above, and in an instant had mingled with the crowd.

CHAPTER XV

Richelieu Stands His Ground.

I knew that I had no time to lose, and I hurried along the quay as rapidly as the crowd would permit, hoping to arrive at the Hotel de Richelieu before the duke left the house. The half hour was striking as I reached my destination, entered the court, and knocked at the door. It was Jacques who opened.

"Is Richelieu here?" I asked, springing across the threshold and motioning him to bar the door after me, for at every moment I was expecting to feel upon my shoulder the hand of one of Herault's agents.

"M. le Duc left the house not 10 minutes since," answered Jacques.

"And where did he go?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

"Was there a note left here for him today?"

"Yes, monsieur. A small perfumed note."

"And you gave it to Richelieu?"

"Not half an hour ago."

"Who delivered the note?"

"A man in the livery of the regent's household, monsieur."

I groaned aloud. It was then as I had expected. The livery of the regent's household was of course at the service of Herault. I was for a moment stunned.

"M. le Duc was greatly chagrined at not finding you here, monsieur," continued Jacques. "I told him that you had attended the theatre last night and had not returned. But monsieur is dripping wet," he cried in astonishment, as I advanced into the circle of light cast by the hall lamp.

"Yes," I said, looking somewhat ruefully at the ruin of my best suit, "I have just come out of the Seine, and it is not pleasant running through the streets in wet garments on a December night. I must have a change of clothes at once. If we are prompt I may yet save Richelieu."

"He is in danger, then, monsieur?"

"In the greatest danger," I answered. "Come."

We ran up the stairs, and with that promptness which I had already so greatly admired, Jacques produced a suit of clothing. In five minutes I was ready for the street, and snatching up a sword, descended the staircase three steps at a time. As I passed through the hall I glanced at the clock and saw that I had yet 20 minutes in which to reach the Rue Jean Tison. The rendezvous was for 10 o'clock.

I crossed the Pont Royal, and turning down the Quai des Galleries du Louvre, as likely to be least crowded, passed the Port St. Nicholas at a run, and came to the Rue des Poulies. This led me to the Rue Bailleul, which I remembered only too well, and in a moment I was at the Rue Jean Tison. The end of the street was blocked by a house, through which a large gateway was pierced, and I passed through this and rapped at the door of the third house on the right. As I did so I heard 10 o'clock striking from St. Honore. Someone fumbled at the bolts within, and the door opened. A noise at the end of the street caught my ear and I paused an instant on the threshold. As I looked back, I saw approaching from either direction a company of mounted guards, their arms clanking and the hoofs of their horses awakening a thousand echoes.

"Bar the door quickly!" I said to the old woman who stood within holding a candle. "Where are Richelieu and the ladies?"

"On the floor above, monsieur."

Without waiting for another word, I sprang up the stairs and flung open the first door I came to. By the dim light I saw Richelieu holding Mlle. de Valois in his arms. She uttered a startled exclamation as I entered, and drew away from him.

"M. le Duc," I cried, "we have not a moment to lose! There are 40 guards at the door. We must go, and quickly."

"Upon my soul, it is de Brancas!" exclaimed Richelieu. "And where have you been all day, my friend?"

"Do not stop for questioning, I beg of you," I panted. "Is there any other way out of this house?"

"I do not know. I will see," and the princess ran to the door, where we heard her rapidly interrogating the old woman. At that moment a thunderous knock sounded on the door below and echoed through the house.

"Oh, monsieur, what is happening?" cried a voice which made me start. "Is this another trap?"

"It looks very much like it, Mlle. Dacour," replied Richelieu, gloomily, and turned towards the door with frowning face.

There was a second knock louder than the first, which shook the house and made the windows rattle.

"Open or we will force an entrance!" cried a voice outside.

There was an instant's silence, and the princess came back to us, her face white with fear.

"There is no way of getting out except by the door below," she faltered.

"But there must be!" I cried. "The roof—can we not escape by the roof? Come, M. le Duc, I implore you," for, seemingly oblivious to the sounds below, he had gone to his mistress and was whispering in her ear.

In a moment he turned to me.

"De Brancas," he said, "I am weary of this perpetual game of hide-and-seek. I am tired of forever running away. I swore last time that I should never do it again. Go, my friend. As for me, I intend to stay."

I looked at him aghast. **He was** smiling calmly and was holding out his hand to me.

"But to stay means to be captured," I stammered, not yet understanding him. "We cannot defeat a regiment, monsieur."

"That may be," **and the duke still** smiled.

"And the bastile."

"Very likely."

"And——" **but here I paused.**

"Go on, my friend," **said Richelieu,** calmly, "I read your thought. You would say that after the bastile the Place de Greve and the block. Is it not so? But heads do not fall so easily, de Brancas. The regent would think twice before sending me to the axe."

Blows were raining upon the door, and I knew that it must soon give way. I looked at Richelieu again, but he had returned to the princess.

"Very well," I muttered, "we must stay in this devil of a hole, then, it seems," and I folded my arms and walked moodily towards the door.

But I paused as I felt a light touch upon my elbow.

"Oh, M. de Brancas," murmured, Louise, "when M. le Duc told us that he had not seen you, that you had not returned to this hotel after the theatre last night, but that the note had been delivered, I suspected a trap. I implored him to go, but he would not listen."

"I can well believe it," I groaned. "He is capable of any madness."

I heard the door below splitting. In another moment the soldiers would be upon us.

"And conceive our anxiety for you, monsieur," continued Louise, in a lower tone.

"For me?" I cried. "And you have then forgiven me, Louise?"

"Oh, Jean!" and my arms were around her. "did you think these tears were for Richelieu?"

With a crash the door gave way, and I heard the tramp of heavy feet upon the stairs.

"Come, my friend," said Richelieu, and together we left the room, the door of which he closed after us.

The guards were already half-way up the stairs, but paused at the sight of us standing there in the shadow above them.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said Richelieu. "May I ask your errand in this house?"

"'Tis Richelieu!" cried a voice, which I recognized as that of Herault. "Wait a moment, men."

He pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"Our errand concerns only yourself, M. le Duc," he said. "We are charged to arrest you."

"And of what am I accused?" asked Richelieu.

"You were ordered to join your regiment at Bayonne, monsieur," answered Herault, "and you are now in Paris. That is your offence."

"'Tis not a great one."

"But we must arrest you nevertheless, monsieur. Do you surrender, or shall we be compelled to take you by force?"

"Monsieur," cried Richelieu, "you have just said that your mission here concerns only myself. If I accompany you without resistance have I your word that on one else in this house will be molested?"

"You have my word, monsieur," answered Herault, who had not perceived me in the dim light of the hall and thought only that Richelieu was trying to protect the princess.

"Oh, do not do this; we may yet escape!" I implored, but the duke silenced me with a smile.

"On those conditions I surrender," he said. "I will come down to you, M. Herault," and he started to descend, but paused as he perceived a sudden commotion at the door.

"A messenger for M. Herault!" cried some one.

"What is it?" asked Herault.

A man forced his way up the staircase and to Herault's side.

"Bernin," cried the latter, "what are you doing here?"

"I have to report, monsieur," he said, humbly, "that my prisoner has escaped."

"Escaped!" exclaimed Herault. "Impossible! How could one unarmed man defeat six guards and wade through 20 more?"

"This was not a man, it was a devil," declared Bernin. "He locked us in his bedroom like so many pigs, having first decoyed us there to show us how to play a wonderful game. He broke open the window and dropped 40 feet into the Seine. We had the door down in a moment, but he was gone."

"And where did he go?" cried Herault. "Tell me that, Bernin?"

"Alas, I dont know, monsieur."

"I think I can relieve your anxiety on that score, M. Herault," I said, descending to a lower step. "I wish you a very good evening, monsieur," and I bowed politely.

He stared at me with open mouth, as though unable to believe his eyes. Some one brought a torch, which cast a red glow over the hallway and threw into relief the faces of the soldiers looking up at us. But he was a man accustomed to astonishments, and he soon pulled himself together.

"You will pardon my surprise, M. de Brancas," he said, at last. "You seem to be possessed of an amazing agility. May I ask how you entered here?"

"By the door," I answered, still smiling, and rejoicing that it was my turn, "an instant before your men appeared at the end of the street, monsieur."

He gazed at me for a moment longer as I smiled down into his eyes.

"Come, M. de Brancas," he said, at last, mounting to the step where I stood, "give me your hand. By my soul, you are a brave man and I admire you. You must some day show me this game with which you beguiled my soldiers."

"With pleasure," I laughed. "It is an excellent game."

"And what is it called?" he asked. "Perhaps I already know it."

"I do not think so, monsieur. It is called 'Prisoner's Chase.' If properly played, in the end the prisoner escapes."

"Well, you are free, M. de Brancas," said Herault, still looking at me. "My orders were to detain you only until Richelieu was safely arrested. As he has agreed to accompany us, we need not trouble you further. I see now," he added, "why he was so anxious to have no one else here molested."

"Must it be, monsieur?" I cried, turning to Richelieu. "Is this the only way?"

"This is the only way," he answered; and then, turning to Herault, "Monsieur, will you permit me to say a word in private to my friend?"

"There will be no attempt to escape?" asked Herault, hesitating.

"You have my word, monsieur," said Richelieu, proudly.

"True," and Herault thought for a moment. "M. le Duc, I will withdraw with my men to the stairfoot. In three minutes you will descend alone and without your sword. **Is it** agreed?"

"It is **agreed," said Richelieu,** and Herault and his men went down the stairs.

"All this amounts to nothing, de Brancas," said Richelieu, in a low tone. "This regency will not last a week, and so the worst that can happen to me will be a week in prison. What I fear is that Charlotte, overestimating my danger, will be moved to make some ridiculous sacrifice for me. Of course, you cannot tell her of the conspiracy, but make her believe, if possible, that I am in no danger."

"I shall try, monsieur," I faltered.

"And tell Madams du Maine," he continued, rapidly, "that everything is prepared at Bayonne and that my absence will make no difference. My men know my wishes, the town council is ready, and the city will declare against Orleans."

"Yes, yes, I will tell her."

"And now, good-by, my friend," and Richelieu took my hand. "You have already performed miracles of valor in my behalf, and that I am a prisoner now is my own fault and not yours. I shall never forget it."

He drew his sword, threw it far from him, and passed down the stairs under the red glow of the torches to the captors who awaited him, his head proudly erect, his lips smiling. The lights threw flaring shadows in every corner, but their bearers stood in perfect silence, with upturned faces, admiring, breathless. Could I have known what was to follow ere I should see that courtly form again, even then, I swear it, I would have rushed down, sword in hand, and cut our way to freedom. But it was not to be.

I stood there motionless till the tramp of horses died away in the distance. Then I opened the door and entered.

"We have heard all," **said Louise.** "Richelieu is arrested."

"And I am here," I added, gloomily.

"Believe me, we do not blame you in the least, M. de Brancas," and Mlle. de Valois smiled through her tears. "You did more than any other man could have done, monsieur."

"In any event, there is nothing more for us to do here," I said. "Let us go. But first, let me tell you, mademoiselle, that Richelieu entreats you not to overestimate his danger, and not to worry on his account, since he believes he will be free in a week's time."

"He is trying to deceive me, monsieur," and she looked at me questioningly. "You yourself know how little ground there is for such a hope."

"There is something which I cannot tell you, mademoiselle," I answered, "but which will undoubtedly secure his release if it results fortunately. That is true, believe me," and without daring to say more, I opened the door and led the way down the staircase.

We were soon in the street, and I accompanied them to the little door opening on the Rue de Richelieu through which the duke had evaded the regent's first trap. They bade me adieu and Louise gave my hand a little pressure as she left me, but not even that could lift me from the gloom into which I had fallen. I returned slowly to the Rue des Saints Peres. Jacques was awaiting me, and paled visibly at sight of my downcast face.

"What has happened, monsieur?" he asked in a frightened whisper.

"Richelieu has been arrested. He is again in the Bastile," I answered.

"But you will get him out, will you not, monsieur?" and the anxious fellow looked at me pitteously.

"I will try, rest assured of that," I said, and I smiled, with tears in my eyes, at his faith in me.

Sleep was long in coming to my eyes that night. If the conspiracy succeeded, Richelieu was saved. But if it failed, what then? I shuddered at the thought, for I remembered the regent's last words to me and the look which had accompanied them. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw again that graceful figure descending the staircase under the red glare of the torches. And then the scene changed. There was the same sea of eager, admiring faces watching in breathless silence, but the figure they watched was going up instead of down, and on the platform to which it was mounting there stood a block and a masked man with an axe. And the red glow over it all was blood.

(To Be Continued.)

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Berkshire Eagle.

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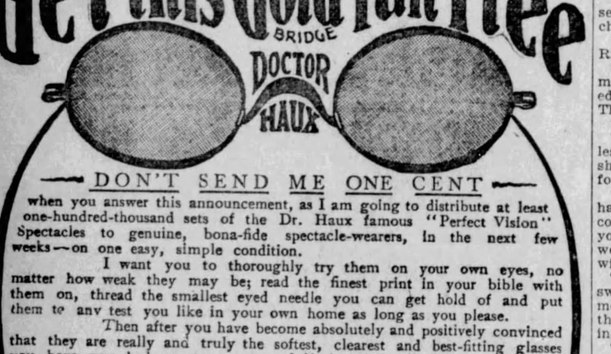

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by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity?

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would like to learn, through the Farmstead columns, how to keep moles from destroying ginseng.—B., Crosby, W. Va.

My cow had a calf in February, and she seemed to do all right until the calf was five days old. Then she commenced to lose flesh and had a poor appetite. In the morning she would get up all right, when her front knees would give way and she would fall with her nose on the ground. After getting up the second time she would walk with her nose close to the ground and reel in her hind legs as if she had partly lost the use of them. I gave her a stomach tonic for about a week and she commenced to get better and has been doing very well since. I would like to know what was wrong, and have a remedy in case of another similar attack.—J., Orlando, W. Va.

Who knows how to break a cow of the sucking habit. My best cow formed this habit about two years ago, and I have tried many things without success.—K., Hammond, La.

The back and legs of a cow that I bought about a year ago are covered with lumps. When they break open they leave a raw, inflamed sore. Will some one please tell me what the trouble is and give a remedy, if possible?—B., Conover, N. C.

Will somebody who has used government whitewash tell me how long it lasts, and if it resembles paint when applied? Is it necessary to apply two coats?—O., Potsdam, N. Y.

POULTRY NOTES

Watch out for sudden showers this month, and should any of the little chicks be caught out in the rain wrap them in warm flannel and keep them beside the kitchen stove or in some other warm place until fully revived. A chick will sometimes be apparently dead from a cold drenching and yet revive.

A few drops of camphor in the drinking water will help to ward off bowel trouble in the little chicks.

Give the brooder a thorough cleaning every day, if possible, and air it daily. Pure air is necessary for the little chicks, and this is never found in a filthy brooder or in one that is neglected for even a few days.

Have everything in the poultry house removable, including roosts, nests, dropping boards and everything else that goes to furnish a poultry house. It is so much easier to combat the lice and mites where these things are not fixed. They may be taken from the house, a little kerosene poured on them, a match applied, and the oil will burn without setting fire to the wood. Then if the interior of the house is sprayed with some good liquid lice killer, and new nesting material provided, the bothersome insects will soon cease to be a pest. Where furnishings are permanent it is almost impossible to rid the premises of these pests.

PLANT LICE

Plant lice are sucking insects which damage trees and other plants by injecting a poisonous saliva, and then sucking out the sap. The leaves upon which they live curl until they form protecting homes, within which the pests are safe, and can not be reached by any spray liquids. Bordeaux mixture does not affect them, as it is a fungicide. The arsenical poisons do not kill them, for they are for the chewing insects only.

The plant lice are to be killed by spraying at the right time, which means shortly after the buds burst or before the leaves have curled, with the right material, which is a good contact insecticide, strong enough to kill the pests, but not strong enough to injure the leaves. For this (1) one pound of whale oil soap in six gallons of water should be used, or (2) about 8 per cent kerosene emulsion, or (3) a stronger soap, or (4) a very strong tobacco decoction. It must be so applied as to come into contact with the bodies of the pests, or they will not be injured. Therefore, those within the curled leaves are safe as far as spraying is concerned, and the leaves containing them should be picked off and destroyed by burning or dropping into oil.

The apple aphis is by far the most commonly reported pest at this time of year. However, it has reached its worst and will soon be leaving the apple leaves to migrate to the roots of grasses and grains, where it spends the summer. In fact, many leaves now show only its cast skins. The appearance is worse than the result, as the leaves are deformed but not entirely destroyed, and as treatment at this time of year for the badly curled leaves is out of the question, it is not necessary to attempt to save it. There, however, aphides, jumping plant lice, leaf hoppers, and other sucking insects are present, the remedy consists in getting one of the contact insecticides named above to come in touch with the body of the pest. This can be done by spraying or by bending the twigs containing the pests so that they can be dipped into pans holding the liquid, or by dipping bunches of twigs or whisk brooms into the liquid and flipping it against the pests in a fine spray.

Another receipt that will control aphides, or plant lice, is as follows: Take quassia wood, two and one-half pounds, soaked over night in 10 quarts of water and well boiled; then strain through a cloth and place with 100 quarts of water in a petroleum barrel with five pounds of soft soap. The mixture is then ready for sprinkling on plants infested with lice. If the pests reappear repeat the application. The solution can be kept in good condition during the entire season by keeping the barrel covered.

REGULATING MOISTURE

Proper regulation of moisture is the greatest factor in securing healthy plant growth. While plants can withstand great extremes in temperature, corresponding extrmes in moisture will surely tend to ruin if not kill even the strongest plants.

Water should be given only when needed, and then in such copious quantities that the soil is thoroughly soaked. When potting plants space should always be left at the top for pouring in water. An inch or an inch and a half will suffice.

Consider the kind of plant you are watering. Soft stemmed kinds, especially those with large leaves, will require much more water than hard wooded, slow growing kinds. While the former easily recover from drought, the hard wooded suffer permanently from extremes.

The character of the soil should also regulate watering. Heavy clay soils sour easily, while very light loam soils dry out quickly and unless carefully watched plants in them will wilt. In either case it is better to water thoroughly and less frequently than to water sparingly and often.

The seasons and time of day should also be watched. Plants not in active growth should be watered sparingly until they have regained their foliage. Watering in the evening just before dark greatly aids fungous disease as the foliage remains wet through the night.

SOIL MUST HAVE HUMUS

A humus-filled soil is a vast reservoir for holding water. Keep the land full of vegetable matter by the use of stable manures and plowing under legumes and preserve the dust mulch in planted crops by frequent shallow cultivation, and the losses from long dry spells will be reduced to a minimum.

Professor King, of Pennsylvania, emphasizes the need of humus: "By having a deep soil well filled with humus we have a soil that is retentive of moisture and acts like a sponge to hold it."

PROTECT YOUNG TREES

See that newly planted trees are protected from heavy winds that sway them about. They cannot get a good hold in the soil if this is allowed. Stake and tie them up to prevent this.

MIDDLINGS NEED ENSILAGE

In some feeding experiments it was determined that middlings have about 22 per cent more value as feed than bran, but they should be fed with ensilage to produce a laxative effect. Never feed ground feed alone, always with some roughage.

GARDEN NOTES

A barrel placed over the rhubarb will tend to make that delicious pieplant grow tall, something to be desired, as it is the stalks which are used.

Vegetables that grow fast are tender. A fertile soil assists in rapid growth. Draw your own conclusions.

A weed is a plant out of place. In Oregon ferns grow so rank in the orchard they are regarded as weeds.

Onions should be sown as soon as possible in the spring—that is, as soon as the ground can be worked; they cannot fight against weeds any more successfully than can other garden crops.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Diseased plants cannot thrive any better than unhealthy animals can. Sprays act as medicine to garden crops and their use should be encouraged; bigger crops would result if more use were made of poisons used in form of sprays. Fungi cannot live on nothing; they must be fed. For that reason a rotation of crops is always good in the garden. Do not plant the same vegetable on the same piece of ground many years in succession.

The recent freeze will necessitate the replanting of many gardens.

It helped to kill lots of bugs, too, so the financial end is pretty well evened up.

Novelties are poor things to plant. Be sure the vegetables you put in the garden will develop into the kinds you had in mind when you planted the seed.

Asparagus has a long season if you cut out all the sprouts.

Not enough attention is paid to growing vegetables at horticultural society meetings. Vegetable gardening is called olericulture.

Excluding the growing citrus fruits, oranges and lemons, the income from market gardening is almost as great as that from fruit growing.

Bees Not Immune to Attack of Disease

By Standley Baker.

In former years it was thought bees were practically immune from attacks of diseases, and little or no attention was paid to avoid infestation, but in late years it has been discovered that there is an increased danger and instances are not rare where heavy losses have been incurred through diseases of varied character. The beginner in bee-keeping is very apt to underestimate the danger that surrounds him and on account of precautionary measures let down the bars that expose his apiary to the infectious enemy that after once getting a foothold feeds greedily upon its victim.

Experienced bee-keepers have learned by dear trials that preventive measures are more prudent and effective in combating bee diseases than the best treatment known to science, and consequently are ever alert to keep the door of the hive closed for fear the enemy is near at hand. It is by far easier to avoid an attack of bee disease than to apply even the most simple and effective treatment. Many old bee-keepers have had their entire apiary destroyed by some of the most ravaging bee diseases, and even the most alert bee men are unwarned until the disease has got a good headway in several colonies.

Bee diseases of contagious character spread amazingly rapid among the colonies, just the same as diseases of similar nature make rapid development in the human family where closely crowded together in unsanitary centers. It is a very unfortunate condition that bees naturally possess a habit to rob from one another honey that has been stored up in the brood cells.

In case a colony becomes diseased the hive immediately begins to dwindle and grow too weak to protect its interests. If this condition is brought about on account of disease it is obvious that in case a healthy colony is robbing honey from the brood cells of a diseased hive, the chances are very favorable for the healthy colony to become infected. In case the disease has been making slow progress for some time in the weak colony and the season for gathering honey has been very poor, it is natural that the stronger colonies would begin robbing from the weaker hive that has become infected and consequently carry the germ of disease into perhaps every colony in the apiary. It is due for it is self-apparent what a serious condition of affairs would develop.

Instances are not infrequent where a whole apiary becomes infected with disease in a week or ten days' time from this direct source. It is therefore obvious why it is of vital importance to the bee-keeper to be on the watch for disease, as he knows not when the colony will become infected from outside sources and infect the entire apiary.

There are two classes of diseases of bees that every bee-keeper should become thoroughly acquainted with that he may be on the alert to note at first sight any symptom that might be of suspicious character. The first class of disease is that which is termed foul brood by bees. This disease is frequently called "spring dwindling." Some able bee authorities do not consider it a disease, but term it a malady which is of similar character and must be handled practically the same as other forms of disease.

Bee paralysis is another disease of the same class, and while more prevalent in the warmer climates, frequently attacks colonies in the north. The diseases of the second class are of a contagious nature and must be considered of more vital danger than those of the former nature. Contagious diseases among bees are extremely serious, as the robbing habit makes it very easy for the germ to traverse from one colony to another and get foothold in very fertile soil to multiplication. Perhaps no disease of a contagious character is better known to the majority of bee-keepers than foul brood. It is one of the most difficult to combat and because of its nature, attacking the brood cells, spreads very rapidly not only in individual hives but to the whole apiary.

When it is discovered that a large portion of the brood nests are sunken and perforated and upon opening there is a dead larva found in each cell, of a brownish color, it can well be concluded that the bees have foul brood and that rigid measures are very necessary in order to eradicate the disease.

Many of the prevalent diseases of bees can be prevented if proper measures are executed in time. Certain conditions are productive of certain results. A few weak, puny colonies in an apiary are dangerous to the welfare of the bee-keeper's interest. Perhaps there may not be more than two or three weak hives, but yet these may be sufficient to lay the foundation to a deadly disease. How to avoid diseases among bees therefore becomes a more vital question to the bee-keeper than the treatment after the disease has once got started.

The winter season is a very trying period for the bees. Practically everything depends upon how well they come through the winter. If the bee-keeper is very careless in handling his bees during the period they are in storage he may look forth to much trouble the following spring. A colony may go into the cellar in excellent condition, but on account of improper attention to ventillation and temperature the hive dwindles down to a few week, inactive bees that when spring comes are susceptible to attacks of disease. It is during the winter season that bee-keepers should be executing every known precaution to prevent attacks of disease.

One of the best means to this end is to inspect the hives frequently during the time they are in store, to note the condition of the bees. If they are infected with dysentery, the quicker it is detected the better. Many diseases of bees are brought about from improper feeding during the storage period, therefore every preventive measure should be exercised in the matter of feeding and the nature of food supplies.

ANSWERS BY A VETERINARIAN

Dr. A. S. Alexander,
Wisconsin Colyiege of Agriculture.

CALLOUS

My mare was cut some four months ago on a barbed wire and the wound has healed, but there is a bunch there yet, and I cannot take it off. Can it be removed without using the knife?—M. G. R., Iowa.

Reply—Clip off the hair and each other day rub in a little 10 per cent oleate of mercury. Do not blister the part severely. The treatment advised may reduce the enlargement somewhat, but we think it unlikely that it can be wholly removed without an operation.

WHIP WORMS OF PIGS

A lot of 4-month-old pigs are not thriving well, and on opening one of them I found numbers of little, hook-like worms sticking to the walls of the large intestine. The pigs cough and have the "thumps." What is the name of the worm, and does it cause all of the sickness indicated? It does not seem to come away, although I have given various remedies.—W. M., Kentucky.

Reply—The worms are known as the "whip worm" (trichocephalus cernatus) and are blood-suckers. They do harm, causing diarrhoea and unthrift when present in large numbers. They may also occasion the thumps or aggravate that disease, but they do not cause the cough. That might be due to lung worms (stronglylus paradoxus), or to dust in the bedding. The latter is a very common cause of coughs in young pigs, and we have known fatal cases of pneumonia caused thereby. The whip worms should pass out of the body or be destroyed if you give sulphate of iron (copperas) in the slop at the rate of half a pound for 100 pigs. Dissolve it in slop and give for five consecutive mornings and repeat later if required. Feed laxative or succulent foods to keep the bowels open. The pigs should do better when allowed free range on grass.

PIG-EATING SOW

Why do some sows eat their pigs, and what can be done to stop the habit? I know about feeding salt pork, but that does not always stop the habit and there should be something better.—J. K. T., Minnesota.

Reply.—The sow that eats her pigs always is irritable and nervous, and we have noticed that such conditions are most apt to be present in sows that have been stuffed on corn or other rich feed during winter and have not been made to take exercise. They become fat, flabby and sluggish, and invariably are constipated, and in that unnatural and unhealthy condition are most apt to develop cannibalistic propensities. It happens, that when a sow is not accustomed to the presence of an attendant and the man tries to interfere with her or handle her pigs, she becomes cross and then may eat her pigs. A new theory is that the habit is due to irritation produced by the intense pain of farrowing, and we have a new "cure" recently suggested by a down-east farmer. He says when a sow shows symptoms of viciousness so that she will eat her pigs, he takes the pigs away as fast as they are born, puts them in a basket lined with cotton batting and places the basket back of the stove to keep the pigs warm. Then he takes one pint of rum, one quart of molasses, three quarts shorts and warm water to fill the pail. Then stir well and put the mash in a trough and allow the sow to drink it. Soon she will become intoxicated and then the pigs are put in to nurse one by one. The rum makes her completely drunk and when she recovers from her stupor she is as happy as any mother surrounded by her family and no further trouble ensues.

Leaking Navel.

Urine drips from the navel of a 4-weeks-old colt foal, and he seems stiff in the legs. What causes this and can it be stopped? We have been putting alum on the navel, but it does not seem to shrink the part sufficiently to stop the urine from coming out.—B. T., Michigan.

Reply—The navel cord contains a tube or passage leading to the bladder, and through this the urine flows in the unborn foal. The passage (urachus) should close promptly at birth, and then the urine should flow by the natural passage (urethra). Often the urachus remains open when the navel cord has been ligated and the cord cut. It is best not to tie the navel if that can be avoided. To prevent navel and joint disease and help prevent leaking navel, always wet the navel cord at birth, and then twice a day, with a solution of two drams of powdered corrosive sublimate to a pint of boiling water, used cold. Continue using this solution until the navel is perfectly healed. When leaking is noted inject peroxide of hydrogen into the leaking orifice and then insert a stick of caustic potash or lunar caustic and lightly cauterize the lining membrane of the passage through which the urine flows. This will cause swelling, and one application usually is enough to close the orifice. Repeat the treatment, if found necessary. The corrosive sublimate solution should be used right along when treating for the stoppage of navel leakage, else infection of the navel and consequent abscesses may ensue and kill the foal.

Hygroma.

A big, soft bunch came upon the left knee of one of my cows and I cut it open and let out a lot of watery stuff. Shall I cut it open now and then to let this fluid escape? She is not lame on it, but I want to cure it up as soon as possible.—H. J. T., Wisconsin.

Reply—There is a serious cyst filled with fluid and the cause is bruising upon an inadequately bedded stall floor, or upon the manger. The popular farm method of treating such cysts is to run a tape seton (rowel) down through the sac and pull the tape back and forward through the wounds twice daily to make the fluid run out. The veterinarian operates by cutting open the sac, removing clots and breaking down adhesions. Then he syringes and swabs the interior of the cavity with tincture of iodine, packs it full of oakum saturated in an antiseptic solution and renews the dressing once daily until the s

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References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

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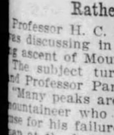

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Rather Lame.

Professor H. C. Parker, of Columbia, was discussing in New York his coming ascent of Mount McKinley.

The subject turned to great peaks, and Professor Parker said:

"Many peaks are not negotiable. The mountaineer who fails has a good excuse for his failure. He is not like the man at the bal masque.

"This man, dressed in Spanish velvet as Don Juan, approached a pink gauze clad girl, and, slipping his arm around her waist, he murmured passionately:

"'I love you.'

"'Well, I should think you would, since I am your wife,' the ballet girl retorted, lifting her mask.

"'I knew you were,' said Don Juan carelessly. 'Darling, I knew you were. To what other woman than my wife could I have made such a remark?'"

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Large Royal Families

OFTEN, in the history of European nations, a reigning family has died out, or come near extinction. Sometimes it has been necessary to go far away from the direct line of descent to keep the same house on the throne.

Again, it has been deemed advisable, for reasons of religion or national policy, to choose for the royal succession princes whose accession had the appearance of a narrow escape from a complete break in the line of descent. For instance, the first of the British kings of the Hanoverian house, George I., was the grandson of the youngest daughter of James I.

All of these conditions seem far away from most of the royal families of Europe now. There is every promise of plenty of heirs to the majority of the thrones of the world, without leaving the direct line of descent.

For example, King George V. has six children, five of them sons. The oldest boy is only 16, but they are considered healthy, promising children, and the odds are very heavily in favor of a good-sized group of grandchildren for the king if he lives to even his father's age.

The Emperor of Germany has six sons and one daughter. Three of his boys are married, and the oldest, the Crown Prince Frederick William, has two sons of his own. The elder will be four years old on the Fourth of July. No sign of any impending lack of direct heirs there.

The Czar has four daughters and one son. The boy came last, and he is not yet six years old. The oldest princess of the four is fifteen. The Russian barrier in the way of female rulers makes the direct descent hinge on one little boy, but there are many blood relatives of the sovereign.

There is a large majority of daughters in the family of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, also. He has one son, the third of his four children. The boy will be six years old next August. The reigning monarch was himself an only son, and the succession looks as promising as it did a generation earlier.

King Alfonso, of Spain, has been married less than four years, and already he has two sons and one daughter. In Spain there is much more likelihood that the throne will be overturned by a revolution than there is that it will be vacant for lack of an heir in the direct line.

The tragic death of the only son of the venerable Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary left the direct descent in the male line broken, for the dual monarchy, although there were two daughters of the reigning sovereign, both of whom are still living. The Crown Prince left one child, a girl, so that under Austrian law the heir apparent is the aged Emperor's nephew, Francis Ferdinand.

The case in Austria-Hungary stands alone in Europe among the independent states. The King of Greece has five sons, the King of the Belgians two, the King of Denmark four. King Haakon, of Norway, has one son and King Gustaf V. of Sweden, has three, King Manuel, of Portugal, a youth of 20 years, is unmarried, Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has only one daughter, but the Dutch do not object to female sovereigns.

It will be seen that the rule in European royal families is quite enough children to prevent any lack of direct heirs to thrones. There are exceptions, but they are few.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

PLANETARY REVOLUTIONS

Please tell how long it takes each of the planets to revolve around the sun.—J. R. R., Mitchell, Neb.

It takes Mercury 87.9693 solar days to make on revolution around the sun; Venus, 224.7008; the Earth, 365.2524; Mars, 686.9796; Jupiter, 4332.5882; Saturn, 10759.2364; Uranus, 30688.3304, and Neptune, 60181.1132.

THE SALARY GRAB

Please give an account of the salary grab law which was passed by the 42nd congress.—D. D. R., Henderson, Mich.

On March 3, 1873, in the rush that always attends the closing hours of the national legislature, the forty-second congress signalized the last day of its existence by passing the act commonly called the "salary grab." It passed the house and the senate and received President Grant's signature on this same day. It provided for an increase in the President's salary from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, of the salaries of the vice president, justices of the supreme court, cabinet officers, the speaker of the house, senators, representatives, territorial delegates and various other federal officials. The act was to take effect immediately, except as to members of congress, whose salary was raised from $5,000 to $7,500 a year. As to these it was made retroactive to the beginning of the term of the forty-second congress. It was this provision of the bill which gave it the name of a "grab." Most of those that voted against it and some that voted for it, covered their past increase of salary into the treasury. It was not a party measure, and one of the first acts of congress was to repeal the law as to all officials except the President and justices of the supreme court. The repealing act became a law on Jan. 20, 1874.

PEACE WITH SPAIN

Please give a history of the declaring of peace between the United States and Spain after the war between those two countries.—C. F. J., Pembroke, N. Y.

On July 28, 1898, Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, who acted as the agent of Spain, inquired if peace negotiations could be opened. A protocol was signed by Secretary Hay and Ambassador Cambon on August 12. The President did not sign it, and the exact hour of signature is not known. On July 30, the President replied to the French ambassador's note with a statement of the preliminary conditions upon which the United States would make peace. These conditions were referred to Spain, who demurred to them, and suggested others; but this government stood firm, and did not vary from its first demands. After considerable diplomatic sparring, the protocol of August 12 was signed and hostilities immediately ceased.

LEWIS AND CLARK

Please give an account of the Lewis and Clark expedition to the western part of the country.—N. P., Martinsburg, O.

Lewis and Clark were the first explorers of the great area of Louisiana, purchased in 1803 of France. Their expedition started from St. Louis in May, 1804, that place being their headquarters while preparing for the journey. The two leaders were appointed by President Jefferson, and the entire expedition was under government authority. The explorers went up the Missouri river to the country of the Mandan Indians, a little north of the present Bismarck, in North Dakota, which they reached on November 2, and where they remained until April 7, 1805. Then they proceeded up the Missouri to a point not far from its sources, crossed the continental divide, entered the Clearwater river, went down that stream to the Snake river, thence into the Columbia and onward to the Pacific, which they reached on November 7, 1805, where they passed the winter. They started on their return on March 23, 1806, diverged from their former course at two or three points, followed up the Columbia and its tributaries, crossed the divide again, entered the Missouri and arrived at St. Louis on September 23, 1806.

GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION

I would like a good account of the assassination of President Garfield.—R. E. A., Point Breeze, N. Y.

July 2, 1881, at 9:25 a. m., as President Garfield was entering the Baltimore & Potomac railroad depot at Washington, preparatory to taking the cars for a two weeks' jaunt in New England, he was fired upon, and severely wounded by Charles Jules Guiteau, a native of Illinois, but of French descent. The scene of the assassination was the ladies' reception room at the station. The President and Mr. Blaine, arm in arm, were walking slowly through the aisle between two rows of benches on either side of the room, when Guiteau entered by a side door on the left of the gentlemen, passed quickly around the back of the benches till directly behind the President, and fired the shot that struck his arm. Mr. Garfield walked about 10 steps to the left of the aisle, and was in the act of turning to face his assailant when the second shot struck him in the small of the back, and he fell. The assassin was immediately seized and taken to jail. The wounded President was conveyed in an ambulance to the White House. As he was very faint, the first fear was of internal hemorrhage, which might cause speedy death. But as he rallied in a few hours, this danger was thought to be averted and inflammation was now feared. But as symptoms of this failed to appear, the surgeons in attendance concluded that no important organ had been injured, that the bullet would become encysted and harmless, or might possibly be located and successfully removed. By the 10th of July, the reports were so favorable that the President's recovery was regarded as certain, and public thanksgivings were offered in several of the states, by order of the governors, for his deliverance. The first check in the favorable symptoms occurred on July 18 and 19, when there was a serious relapse, attended with chills and fever. The wound had been frequently probed, but without securing any favorable result. The induction balance was used to locate the ball, and was regarded as a success, though subsequently its indications were known to have been altogether erroneous. The probings, therefore, in what was assumed to be the track of the ball, only increased the unfavorable symptoms. During the entire month of August these reports were alternately hopeful and discouraging, the dangerous indications being generally on the increase. By August 25 his situation was understood to be very critical, though an apparent improvement on the 26th and 28th again aroused hope. At his own earnest desire the President was removed Sept. 6 to Elberon Park, near Long Branch, N. J., in the hope that the cooler air of the seaside might renew his strength more rapidly. However, the improvement hoped for did not appear. On Sept. 16 there was a serious relapse, with well-marked symptoms of blood poisoning, and Sept. 19 the President died. A post mortem examination showed that the ball, after fracturing one of the ribs, had passed through the spinal column, fracturing the body of the vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the soft parts adjacent, and lodging below the dancreas, where it had become completely encysted. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage from one of the small arteries in the track of the ball, but the principal cause was the poisoning of the blood from supperation.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM

Please give what explanation you are able to about the action of the compass needle in regard to the magnetic poles.—G. W. S., Camp Point, Ill.

The phenomenon of terrestrial magnetism is explained by regarding the earth as a great magnet of irregular structure, so that its magnetism is somewhat unequally distributed over the entire mass. Spheres have been formed of large masses of loadstone, which so act on small dipping needles carried over their surface as to give results approaching in character the irregular line expressing the magnetic elements of the earth. The supposition that the earth was a great magnet was first advanced by Dr. William Gilbert, who was Queen Elizabeth's physician, in 1600. Though there have been a number of hypotheses concerning the distribution of the centers of magnetism through the earth's mass, philosophers are generally agreed that Gilbert's hypothesis is correct. The "dip" of the magnetic needle, which locates the magnetic pole, was first noted about 1576. In the northern hemisphere the north end of the needle points downward, making an angle with the horizon; in the southern hemisphere the south pole of the magnet points downward. This is what is called the dip of the needle. This downward inclination amounts at the latitude and longitude of New York, to an angle of 73 degrees with the horizon. If the needle is carried northward and westward from this point, its dip is seen to increase until, having reached latitude 70 deg. 5 min. north, and longitude 96 deg. 46 min. west, we reach a point where the needle takes an exactly perpendicular position. This phenomenon was first noted by Commodore Ross in 1832, and this point is called the north magnetic pole of the earth. It is inferred from observations on the dip in the southern hemisphere that a south magnetic pole—where the needle will be vertical with the south pole downward—exists about latitude 70 deg. south and longitude 125 deg. east of Greenwich, but no explorer has ever reached this point. There is also a line about midway between these two poles, where the needle does not dip, but holds a truly horizontal position. This is known as the magnetic equator. It is a very irregular line, passing around the earth in the tropical regions and crosses the geographical equator at four points. It has been located with considerable accuracy by observers.

GUNPOWDER

Will you not give the process of the manufacture of gunpowder?—S. K. Y., Smithfield, Mo.

Gunpowder is a compound of nitre, charcoal and sulphur. These are taken to separate mills and reduced by successive grindings to impalpable powder. These are then taken to the mixing house and are weighed out into their respective proportions. The charcoal is spread in a trough and the sulphur and nitre sifted upon it. The whole is incorporated, though imperfectly by the hands. The next process is in the powder mill, where the mixture is ground between millstones and thoroughly incorporated in a wet state; this is continued from nine to six hours. The powder, completely pulverized and caked by the moisture and the pressure, leaves the mill in small lumps, called mill-cake. This mill-cake is then spread between copper plates in layers about three inches thick, and is subjected to an immense pressure either by a screw, capstan or by a hydraulic engine. The last process is drying, glazing and freeing from dust. The first is effected by heating the powder to a point sufficient to drive off moisture; the second, by the friction of the grains together in a revolving cylinder; the third, by the centrifugal action caused by the powder being twisted around at great speed in a gauze cylinder when the dust flies off through the gauze, and the bright grains remain as finished gunpowder.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS

Will the Question Bureau please tell me how to remove ink stains from cotton?—J. W. J., Ostrander, O.

Ink stains may be removed from white articles by means of a little salt of lemons, diluted muriatic acid, oxalic acid, or tartaric acid, and hot water; or by means of a little solution of chloride of lime or chlorine. When the stain is caused by ink manufactured with logwood, a red mark remains, which may be removed by the application of a little chloride of lime. All strong acids and alkalies tend to injure the fabric. For this reason the spots should be well rinsed in cold water immediately after the stains are removed.

GREELY EXPEDITION

Please give a brief history of the Greely expedition.—T. G. S., Packwood, Iowa.

The Greely expedition was undertaken in pursuance of a plan of the International Geographical Congress, for the establishment of circumpolar stations for scientific observation. The appropriation for the expedition was made by congress in March, 1881. Lieut. A. W. Greely was appointed to take command of the party, which was composed of three officers of the army, one acting surgeon, and 19 enlisted men. Lieut. Greely received instructions in April, 1881, and July 7 following sailed from St. Johns, N. F., on the steamship Proteus, taking materials for a house, and stores for 27 months. The station chosen for the party was at the head of Lady Franklin Bay, at about the 80th parallel of north latitude. Here the house was put up, the stores landed, and here, August 18, the Proteus left the party to its Arctic isolation. The station received the name of Fort Conger, and scientific observations were begun and carried on systematically during the time that the party stayed. The long winter was passed in taking observations, in military drill, and such amusements as the men were able to invent to while away the time. The sun disappeared October 23, and was absent 135 days. As soon as the weather would permit in the spring, the work of geographical exploration was begun. In April, Lieut. Lockwood and three others made an expedition to the north coast of Greenland, and succeeded in reaching the northernmost point ever reached by man, which they called Lockwood Island, latitude 83 deg. 24½ min. north, longitude 44 deg. 5 min. west, on the 13th of May. Vegetation was but scanty in this extreme latitude, but many traces of animal life were found. Several other expeditions were made during the summer. A vessel from home was anxiously looked for when Lady Franklin Bay was clear of ice in midsummer, but none came and by September the hope of relief was given up, and the party settled down to a second long winter in their quarters. This was passed much as the first had been, and in the spring preparations were made to leave their station and retreat southward. An attempt was first made to explore the north coast of Greenland further, and a party started on the ice for that purpose, but was driven back by open water. Two other brief trips were made, one into the interior of Grinnell Land and one to the northwest, and then when the bay had been open for some time, but no sign of relief vessel appearing the entire party left the camp in their boats, August 9, 1883. They left most of their provisions there, in case they should be obliged to return, and relied mainly for future supplies on what they should find deposited by previous relief expeditions. They found food cached at Baird Inlet, Cape Crocroft and Carl Ritter Bay, and other points. They found the passage through the floating ice both difficult and dangerous. They had to abandon their boats, and were for nearly 30 days in addition on an ice floe. They landed on the north side of Baird Inlet and made their way along the shore to a point near Cape Sabine, where they established a camp and built a rude hut, covering it with an old whaleboat found there and banking it up with snow, for they had so little fuel that they dared not use it for anything but to warm their food; and the only light they had was a wick dipped in seal oil. From November 1 the rations were reduced to less than 15 ounces per day, and scanty supplies were eked out by killing a few foxes and ptarmigan from time to time. The long Arctic winter was inexpressibly dreary, though the men made heroic efforts to keep up their cheerfulness. The provisions gave out wholly May 14, and from that date till rescued the party lived on what boiled strips from their sealskin clothing, lichens and shrimps, caught in good weather when they were able to make the exertion of procuring them. As it took 1,300 shrimps to fill a gallon measure, the labor required to get them made a poor dependence for food. The relief vessels reached the camp June 22, finding only seven of the members of the expedition alive. The others had all perished of cold, exposure and lack of food.

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AUGUSTA J. E. WILSON

I would like to have you print in these columns a short sketch of the life of Augusta Jane Evans.—R. L. O., Clinchport, Va.

August Jane Evans Wilson, the American novelist, was born May 8, 1835. While she was yet a young girl her parents moved to Texas where they followed the arduous life of pioneers. In 1841 they went to Mobile, Alabama, where their daughter is now residing. She never attended school, but received her education under the direction of her mother, a gifted and cultured woman, and early developed a passion for books and study. Her first novel was written when she was only 15 years of age. This novel was very popular and had a good sale. Her second novel, Beulah, published in 1859, was still more popular. Since then her novels have been sold throughout England and America with great success. During the civil war Mrs. Wilson had charge of a house which she rented herself and in which she took care of the sick and wounded southern soldiers. The plots of her novels are unique, and her descriptive powers unusually fine, while she has always written with a clearly defined motive in view. In 1868 she was married to L. M. Wilson, a wealthy railroad manager of Mobile, who shared her tastes, and proved a most sympathetic and appreciative companion. Her husband died in 1892, but she still lives in Mobile, devoting much of her time to her library and correspondence.

TRANSVAAL

Please publish in The Blade something about Transvaal.—A. T., Reynolds, Ill.

The Transvaal is a province of South Africa, comprising an area of 112,700 square miles, and supporting a population, including negroes, of some 800,000, not more than 45,000 being whites. The province is bounded on the south by the Vaal river, on the north by the Limpopo, and on the east by Zululand. The white inhabitants are of Dutch descent, calling themselves Boers, or peasants. They were emigrants to Cape Colony originally, but they never took kindly to British rule, and as early as 1830 the more adventurous of them began "voortrekking," that is, exploring, for new homes in the wilderness. The forced emancipation of slaves in the British colonies constituted a very serious grievance, for the Boers were all slaveholders. So the number of the "voortrekkers," or pioneers, increased and settled the entire country now forming the province of Natal and the Orange Free State, and many even pushed further and sought homes among the Zulus and Basutos. The British soon annexed Natal, but the Orange Free State was allowed to form a republic; so also were the settlers beyond the Vaal, who established a commonwealth about 1850. In 1854 this commonwealth was recognized by the neighboring colonies. The Transvaal republic was not wholly successful in the work of self-government. The population was scattered, and, as most had sought pioneer life to secure freedom from all restraint, it was not easy to induce them to obey laws. They held volksraads or general assemblies of the people, but the taxes imposed by this body, and the laws that it passed, could not be enforced. Besides, there were constantly recurring troubles with the natives, and at last the Cape government made these the pretext for sending for a British commissioner, who took possession of and annexed the Transvaal territory. There was a meeting of the Volksraad at the time and the commissioner claimed that the members had voted for annexation, but the mass of the people were greatly opposed to it. However, they did nothing until the annexation had been formally declared, and then they sent a deputation to England to protest. The British government refused to consider the petition for a restoration of their independence. A second delegation was not more fortunate, and the Volksraad finally proclaimed the annexation null and void and the republic still in existence. This was in December, 1879, and it was a whole year before these slow-moving people were ready to fight for their liberties. Then they rose in open rebellion. They defeated the small bodies of British troops sent against them. In the Draakenberg mountains the British force under Sir George Colley was three times repulsed, the third time nearly annihilated and its gallant commander killed, at a point called Majuba Hill, Feb. 26, 1881. An armistice was now agreed upon, and a convention held for the formation of a treaty. By this treaty, which was ratified by the Volksraad of the Boers Oct. 25, 1881, limited suzerainty was secured to the British government, and the people of the Transvaal were granted full control of their call affairs on their agreeing to abolish slavery and maintain religious tolerance. Troubles between the Boers and the natives concerning the boundary line created a necessity for another convention, which met in 1884, and altogether revoked the British suzerainty. The Transvaal country is well watered, and all the districts are thoroughly adapted for grains and the raising of cattle. The hilly portion of the territory abounds in minerals, copper, lead, cobalt, iron and coal. Gold has been found in paying quantities, and diamonds are occasionally found. The Boers, however, are unwilling to utilize this source of wealth as they greatly dread the influx of a mining population, and they passed an act in 1882 forbidding the mining of gold and silver. The wonderful discoveries of previous metals on the borders of their territory in 1885 and 1886 have quite nullified this law. The climate of the Transvaal is temperate, having no great extremes either of heat or cold, and being generally healthy. All fruits and cereals of the temperate zone can be raised there readily.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. F. C., Lawrence, Kan.: A kodak is a small hand camera made for taking snapshots.

L. B., Crothersville, Ind.: We are not familiar enough with the laws of your section of the country to answer your question concerning bounties.

T. H. D., Marion, O.: We have no reference giving a biography of John Gordon.

E. H., Fremont, Ind.: The nearest heir inherits the property of person who dies leaving no will.

N. M., New Lebanon, Pa.: In states where women have equal suffrage with men they vote at the national elections.

B. F. C., Cairo, W. Va.: In the election of 1872 the Republican ticket was headed by Grant and Henry Wilson, while the Democratic party had Horace Greely and B. Gratz Brown for the two highest offices. We have no record of the senators from the state of West Virginia at that time.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Using the Scraps.

New York World.

The shipment from Seattle to Hamburg of a cargo of 120,000 bales of scrap tin from the Puget Sound canneries furnishes an example of industrial thrift in the utilization of mill and factory waste in which Germany remains pre-eminent. This once-rejected refuse will return in due time in the form of little tin soldiers for the delectation of the nation's "Little Boy Blues." To Germany also go bales of discarded American stockings for remanufacture into cloth.

We have ourselves made great progress in the conservation of waste since the first experiments with cottonseed. A cow's hoof is now a source of income to the packer, and in the by-products of the oil as well as of other industries lies a considerable margin of profit. There is no dross or rubbish in the modern world; even the street refuse of the city has its potential value.

The intelligence displayed in the commercial utilization of waste and the conservation of such minor sources of wealth makes all the more inexcusable the long delay in conserving the nation's natural resources. In this also we have a lesson to learn from Germany.

ABOUT THE WILD FILIPINOS

AT THE beginning of American sovereignty in the Philippine Islands, it was the general impression in the United States and elsewhere that the islands, or a major portion of them, were inhabited by savages. Later this erroneous impression was somewhat modified by more accurate knowledge gained through newspapers and other sources of information, and by the visits of the famous Constabulary band and other parties and individual Filipinos to the United States. But all this, as a reactionary measure, carried with it the extreme view that these representatives of the Filipino people were a fair sample of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. The truth is that approximately one-eighth of the entire population of the Philippines is made up of wild people—those denizens of the forests and of the hills over whom enlightment had never cast its mantle until long after the last gun of Dewey's fleet had sounded the American victory in Manila Bay.

For centuries past—how many, nobody knows—these million wild people hal dived within the narrow confines of their own villages, steeped in the densest ignorance and fighting with their neighbors and among themselves. Their only law was the law of their chiefs or headmen and the precepts that had been handed down to them in their tribal relations. It is small wonder that all sorts of crimes were committed by them, and that human head-hunting was indulged in as a pastime. It was left for the United States, in the capacity of an interested guardian, to devise the means for accomplishing the seemingly impossible feat of first governing and then civilizing them. The execution of this task fell to the lot of Commissioner Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the interior of the government of the Philippine Islands, and the history of the progress of the work, would furnish a fascinating tale of adventure, travel and perilous situations to which justice could not be done in the space that has been allotted to this article. For 10 years, unostentatiously, quietly and persistently and in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties and natural obstacles, Mr. Worcester has gone about the execution of his part of the government's great plan for the creation of a strong and united Filipino people, with that untiring zeal, infinite patience and unswerving loyalty to a purpose which are the usual characteristics of men who really accomplish things. For the achievements, placed to the credit of his department, among the tribes of northern Luzon, acknowledgment is also due to Governor Pack and the seven governors of the sub-provinces of the Mountain Province who have worked indefatigably in carrying out the plans outlined by Mr. Worcester for the betterment of the condition of the strange wild people of that almost inaccessible region.

Mr. Worcester is a scientist by inclination and education, having attended the University of Michigan, and has always been intensely interested in the study of ethnology. He knew the Philippine Islands and some of the wild tribes long before America took from Spain her last eastern outpost. The portraits show Secretary Worcester and a chief of one of the tribes of which is a sort of combined father and god.

WINCHESTER Repeating Shotguns

USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

The U. S. Army authorities *know* a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also *know* a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it *safe, sure, strong* and *simple*. If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.

THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

MILES OF GRAIN IN ONE BOAT

WHEN an American farmer reaps 20 bushels of wheat from every acre that he has sown with that grain he is well satisfied, generally speaking. If he has exceptionally good land and is unusually successful with his crops he may expect and obtain 25 bushels to the acre.

There are 640 acres in a square mile. If that area were all one solid wheat field, and if the average yield were 25 bushels to the acre, the crop would be 16,000 bushels. It would take 25 square miles of such wheat to produce 400,000 bushels.

That quantity is only a full load for any one of several lake steamers. Some could exceed it materially. The record cargoes of coal and iron ore weigh more than the 12,000 tons which 400,000 bushels mean.

When the government was divided up the vast, fertile regions in the West where a large part of the wheat grown in America is produced, it was thought that a quarter section—160 acres of average ground—was enough for a farm. Experience has proved it a liberal estimate of the space which the average settler could take care of to good advantage.

To grow 400,000 bushels of wheat would require the use for that purpose of 100 quarter-section farms—every acre of all of them—with the land good enough to average throughout not less than 25 bushels to the acre.

The area of Cleveland, inside the municipal limits, is about 45 square miles. The great park and boulevard system covers about two and one-half square miles. If the city were all one immense wheat field it would grow less than two cargoes of grain for a lake steamer of the largest size.

As for the far-reaching and generous park and parkway system in which Cleveland takes pride, it would furnish one-tenth part of a full load of wheat for a lake steamship of the first order in carrying capacity, if all of the parks and parkways were turned into a wheat field averaging 25 bushels to the acre. The lakes in the parks would have to be drained and their area included to reach that fraction of a grain cargo.

The first unit of transportation for farm products is a wagon load, which means about one ton, taking the average of roads and horses, good, bad and indifferent. It is in such loads that grain starts to market.

To fill the hold of one of the largest lake steamers, to the limit of the boat's draft, would call for 12,000 farm wagon loads. It would require all the grain that a line of wagons 12 miles long, with the wagons and teams close together, could carry to market.

The next unit of transportation, for the great bulk of the grain grown in the United States, is the car load. That meant ten tons, not many years ago, or about 333 bushels of wheat. A little later it was equivalent to 15 tons, and then 20 tons. Now it may be 25 tons, or even 30 tons. The last average would mean 1,000 bushels of wheat.

If the largest average capacity is correct, for the railroads of the United States, it would require 400 cars to carry to a lake port the grain which one big lake steamer could load as a single cargo. At 40 cars to a train, the contents of all the cars in ten freight trains might be emptied into the hold of such a vessel.

It is this immense size, this capacity for freight, which permits the latest type of lake steamers to move grain at the rate of a cent and a half a bushel for a thousand miles, which is equivalent to carrying a farm wagon load from Duluth to Buffalo for 50 cents.

Such transportation costs leave little to be desired. There is not much room for reducing that rate, on freight of any kind.

BENEFITS OF YAWNING

Value in Diseases of the Throat—Strengthens Muscles.

Washington Herald.

Dr. Emil Bunzl, of Vienna, Austria, in speaking of diseases of the throat and remedies, said that yawning had its great value. Yawning has recently been recommended, independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

"According to Dr. Naegli, of the University of Luettich," said Dr. Bunzl, "yawning brings all the respiratory muscles of the chest and throat into action, and is therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. He advises everybody to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration. In many cases he has found the practice to relieve the difficulty in swallowing and disturbance of the sense of hearing that accompany catarrh of the throat. The patient is induced to yawn through suggestion, imitation of a preliminary exercise in deep breathing.

"Each treatment consists of from six to eight yawns, each followed by the operation of swallowing. It should be added, however, that it is quite possible for deep breathing to be overdone, particularly by persons with weak hearts, and it is at least open to question whether the obstacles to free respiration, which the yawning cure is alleged to remove, are not useful in preventing the entrance of germs and other foreign bodies."

Rather Unscientific.

Washington Star.

Roy E. Tyler, the engineering expert, said in the course of an address in New York on the Panama Canal:

"Much of the adverse criticism of the canal is unscientific, ridiculous. It makes me think of a faker I heard the other day.

"The man was selling hair grower. He said:

"'Yes, gents one bottle of this unrivalled hair grower will raise a rich, luxuriant crop of hair on the baldest head in the crowd. But let me give you this one word of warning.'

"Here he paused to pocket a half dollar and hand a bottle of the liquid to a baldhead.

"'My warning is—do not neglect, when the full head of hair is grown, to take the last dose in the bottle internally. That is, swallow it.'

"'Swallow it! What for?' the buyer asked.

"'To clinch the roots,' was the reply."

Widely Read.

Lippincott's.

Are your poems widely read?"

"Well, the last one I wrote was read by over 50 editors

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Surprising as it may seem, the astronomers do not know it all.

None of the doctors who examined Mr. Roosevelt's throat found a lump in it.

Parsnips are said to be good for the complexion. They must be taken internally.

Patience is a virtue that all men are willing to recommend to their creditors.

Ballooning will never be absolutely safe as long as the earth remains hard in spots.

Does the California man who has discovered the secret of creation put it up in bottles?

Some people never know what trouble is till they try to hatch chickens in an incubator.

The world doesn't stop long to sympathize with the man whose $5,000 dog dies suddenly.

If a king can show that he possesses common sense he is looked upon as a wonderful man.

Denver, where women vote, went wet by a majority of 10,000. Wouldn't that jar your theory?

Emperor William did not go to sleep while Mr. Roosevelt was making his great speech.

We could have escaped all our wars, says General Foster. Yes, but we might have been running yet.

A New Jersey man went into an oil tank to light his pipe. Moral: Smoking is injurious to some men.

The new queen of England is taller than the king. And it is believed that she is every inch a queen.

Lots of men, living in dry counties, can tell at a glance just how many quarts and pints a suitcase will hold.

It seems to have occurred to no one that the comet might be John Alexander Dowie coming back to earth.

A New York doctor is going to try to subsist for four weeks on sunshine. He'll get pretty hungry on cloudy days.

Professor Munsterburg declares that he can read the minds of women. If he does he will make himself unpopular.

A Harvard student is living on $1 a week. That would just about represent many a man's idea of having nothing to eat.

Mrs. Belmont, speaking for woman suffrage, says: "We are armed with our convictions." Which are less dangerous than hatpins.

Queen Mary is the mother of six children. Which doubtless is of greater importance to her than being a member of six clubs.

When a man announces that he is ready for a political fight he means that he is prepared to make a scramble for a political job.

The southern editor who was made to eat his words will no doubt use greater care in selecting his stock of printer's ink hereafter.

A North Dakota man admitted that he did not know the name of the President, thus cutting off all possible escape from jury duty.

It is a question whether Evangelist Billy Sunday can beat the comet when it comes to a matter of making sinners sit up and take notice.

People often say of an unusually bright boy: "He's too smart; he won't live." Yet nearly all boys of that kind not only live but outgrow it.

King George wants something modern in the way of an oath. We suppose it would do no good to suggest that he write to Uncle Joe Cannon.

There should be no controversy at present over King Edward's last words. Later they can be fixed up to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce because her husband stutters. And yet, when he proposed, she probably regarded him as a charming conversationalist.

King Edward's funeral, as an old-fashioned preacher who lives down in the central part of Ohio would say, "was attended by a large and appreciative audience."

The New York women who entered upon a beauty fast to last two weeks quit at the end of three days. Beauty is only skin deep, while hunger is almost fathomless.

Persons who saw Halley's comet in 1835 remember it as a well-behaved phenomenon, whose habits were above reproach. How foolish it was, then, for anybody to imagine that it was going to run amuck.

Herr Bly, the flea trainer, says the American flea lacks artistic temperament. But let no one feel offended—he may be prejudiced. Furthermore the United States has never posed as the land of the flea.

Fate will please be kind to the couple who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of love's young dream by getting married. They should have a lot of happiness coming to them in the last chapter of their romance.

THE BALLINGER BURDEN.

Secretary Ballinger was being questioned upon the nature of the evidence in the Glavis case which had been laid before the President.

Mr. Brandeis: What did Mr. Lawler take with him when he went to Beverly the latter part of the week?

Secretary Ballinger: A grip with some clothes in it.

The evidence in the course of the investigation of the secretary of the interior has, so far, not brought out any facts of illegality. It has not proved any crimes and misdemeanors against Mr. Ballinger. In not one specific instance has it been shown, did he break any law, form any dangerous precedent, or wander from the path of strict compliance with the statutes made and provided. But it has been shown that the acts and methods of Mr. Ballinger's are open to the suspicion that he has not been conducting his public office with the public interest in mind, that the people with whom he was connected in the recent past and with whom he has formed influential connections since his appointment to the cabinet are not the kind warranted to take a high patriotic view of matters over which the department of the interior rules. It has been shown that Mr. Ballinger is—to be charitable— careless of the oath which is supposed to guard the lips of a witness, that he is instinctively evasive and shilly-shallying, that he is more jealous of his public honor than of his private honor. In saying that Mr. Lawler took "a grip with some clothes in it" to Beverly, he deliberately dodged the investigation which, a few months ago, he courted so loudly. The testimony was given on May 6. Not until a stenographer had proved unfaithful to the trust placed in him did the real facts come out. Mr. Ballinger dodged and squirmed—spoke of "a grip with a few clothes in it," and finally left the stand, having succeeded in keeping the truth suppressed that what Mr. Lawler had carried to Beverly was memoranda of which the investigating committee had every right to learn. The New York Evening Post, which has until recently leaned toward the Ballinger cause, thus comments on that testimony of May 6:

A man who, on the witness stand, is capable of making a pitiful exhibition of shuffling, evasion and untruthfulness, may conceivably be an exemplar of uprightness, courage, and firmness in the discharge of his official duties; but the presumption is fearfully the other way.

The old land laws were adequate to their day. They furthered settlement, the needful thing for the country. They speeded development, encouraged enterprise—in short they builded an empire. Under those laws, it is true, there were many wrongs committed. Railroads gobbled and individuals stole. But the essential thing was brought about. The people of the late sixties, of the seventies and eighties, did not worry if the Huntington crowd, for instance, drove stakes upon public property. They brought in railroads. They brought in settlers. They raised cities. They caused mines to be opened. For these benefits the people of the period of expansion forgave the sins committed. It is useless to dig up the corpses of past immoralities so long as the expediency found condonement in the minds of the owners of the public property of the time.

But the hour when land grabbing can offer any excuse is past. The public domain has been vastly narrowed. That which is left is desired of the people. They behold its value to them in its own possession, not in the indirect exploitation by private interests. Yet the old land laws remain upon the books. They still prevail. And within them Mr. Ballinger has found both the inspiration for his policies and the defense for his acts. That inspiration and that defense will, there is every likelihood, write the findings of the congressional investigators. For they were appointed to search for misdeeds, for offenses against the laws, and, while they may have a very low opinion of Mr. Ballinger personally, they can decide only on the specific question of obedience to, or the breaking of, the law. The affair Ballinger was best described several months ago, in our opinion, by certain interrogations of Mr. Stewart Edward White, of California:

Is it not about time that we raised our standards of public service to a higher plane? That we began to demand the right to judge men in office by other measures than those of legality and labored explanations? That we be allowed the privilege of legitimate surmise, the permissible deductions-from-circumstances that we should most certainly use in selecting a servant or a business associate? At present we are to believe that if nothing illegal can be proved against a public servant he is therefore competent to hold office and we are therefore estopped from criticism. The result is an endless and confusing bickering over technical legal points that leaves our minds uncertain. Why not sweep all this aside? Why not concede the point? Why not for once get a solid basis of common sense, a privilege generally denied us in matters having to do with the law? Why not simply take over the right to say to a man: You may be absolutely within the law; you may be absolutely honest in intention. That is not the question. Do you think right? If you do not, you are not for us.

There is something very noble in the sight of Mr. Taft's loyalty to a subordinate, but there is nothing at all noble about the spectacle of a subordinate utterly inconsiderate of his superior. The measure of Mr. Taft's sacrifices for his secretary of the interior are not to be estimated today. But these sacrifices may have to be shared by the country, and the country, Mr. Taft should know, is in no temper to make them. Since every indication points to the fact that Mr. Ballinger insists upon the President bearing the greater burden of the embarrassments he has brought about in Washington it may be necessary to give the secretary more than a hint that he will no longer do. Mr. Taft must certainly understand that his countrymen feel he has done more than enough, by every rule of honor, for his equivocating secretary.

If Mr. Ballinger hasn't the decency to resign, there is another way out.

There is no graft trust. Legislators and alderman are bought and sold at various prices, depending on locality, supply and demand.

Society, it is said, is bothering with the question of what a woman should call her husband. Some women call him "he," and get away with it.

Old people do not take much stock in the theory that the good die young.

THE NECESSITY FOR A TRUST.

There are a half million automobiles in the United States, it has been estimated, representing a total investment of about $750,000,000. If it is true, as declared, that each machine costs $1,000 a year for running expenses and repairs there is $500,000,000 added every twelvemonth to the original outlay.

The newspapers were rather surprised a few months ago to learn that J. Pierpont Morgan was planning a gigantic merger of the automobile factories. There appeared no particular necessity for such a trust. The companies have all, or nearly all, been making money. Their arrangements for buying material and their selling contracts seemed on the whole to be satisfactory. A combination was scarcely demanded by loss in manufacture, demoralization of prices, competition or high costs for marketing—the usual excuses for trust forming.

The trouble with the newspaper people was that they examined the automobile industry for signs indicating a necessity for merging. The lens was not turned in the right direction. Where the necessity existed for Mr. Morgan's intrusion was in Wall street. Here was this money, $750,000,000 plus an annual expenditure of $500,000,000, and all of it that Wall street had to handle was the stock and divends of the General Motors company, $16,000,000 in stocks and $12,000,000 in dividends, a pitiful share of the pickings.

Wall street's necessity will be the mother of the automobile trust.

THE PRESIDENT WHO FORGIVES.

The way with presidents in the Central American republics is to surround the treasury after being inducted into office, and that duty performed to start immediately at an equally congenial task—getting even with enemies. If an unsuccessful candidate cannot afford to start a revolution he rakes up the price of a steamship ticket for foreign parts, this being the alternative which discretion suggests.

But a new order is rising. A new form of president is appearing. The advance guard is the person of General Fernando Figueroa, the chief magistrate of the republic of Salvador. A coffee-planter, recently arrived in New York, tells about him:

He just catches a few of the revolutionary leaders and puts them in jail. Then after a few days, when their patriotic ardor has had a chance to moderate under the cooling effects of a dungeon, he lets them out and forgives them. So far this plan has worked very successfully. When he was elected there were a lot of us who didn't like it. I was president of a political club and some of us started up a revolution. We might have won out, but we hadn't arms enough, so the movement collapsed. Well, Figueroa acted very decently about the matter—didn't shoot any of us, according to ancient custom—and his subsequent acts, in spite of the fact that there have been several revolutions since that time, have indicated that he has been doing the best he could for the country.

Salvador is the smallest of the Central American states, being about the size of New Jersey. But she has a population ten times more dense in proportion to her area than the United States. There are gold mines, a great iron mine, sugar plantations, big coffee fields and immense undeveloped resources. If the policy of Fernando Figueroa is permitted to prevail Salvador may prove in time to be as rich in fact as she is potentially.

There is surely a lot of room in the western hemisphere for Figueroas.

THE SUGARMAN'S DEFENSE.

A duplicate of the scales used on the docks of the American Sugar Refining Co.—the so-called trust—was brought into court during the trial of one of the sugar fraud cases. Weights were put upon the scales until 997 pounds were registered. A wire was thrust into a hole drilled in a stanchion. The scales then registered 988 pounds. This was the way in which the government was cheated for years out of customs duties, employes of the trust using the wire.

The trial of Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining Co., is now in progress. It is not denied by the defense that the government had suffered loss. It is not denied that the differences found between weights registered upon one set of dock scales and another set—one having holes in the stanchions and the other not—was so appreciable as to save the company a good deal of money on the entrance fees of their raw material. The defense declares, however, that the inaccuracies were due to clogging caused by weather conditions.

A drayman, hauling an 800-pound boiler from a warehouse yard, was stopped at the gate and asked for his clearance ticket. He looked around in bewildered surprise. "Now, who in thunder," he cried, "do you suppose put that thing on my dray?"

The drayman and the secretary of the American Sugar Refining Co. classify in the same genus.

THE GRIP LOOSENED.

The naval bureaus have outlived many a secretary who took office with the determination that, if he did nothing else, he would clear the department of its bureaucratic deadwood. Several administrations have opened with a hopeful message to congress that now at last the time had arrived for doing something in the way of scraping the barnacles from the ship of state and the administrations have closed discreetly silent as to their failure to get even a scraper sharpened. Presidents come and go, but the naval bureaus hang on forever. So it seemed.

The present secretary of the navy created some astonishment in the country at large and dismay in his department a few months ago with the announcement that he had found a way of bringing about reforms under the naval regulations without having to make any appeal to congress. But the astonishment and the dismay soon vanished. The secretary paused after the announcement and the dread grew that the pressure of politics had proved too much for him and his highly promising discovery. But it didn't. There are results. The discovery is being applied.

Eustace B. Rogers, paymaster general, was in charge of the bureau of supplies and accounts. It was found that this bureau had been working with a fund of $11,000,000 when a specific act of congress limited the fund to $2,700,000. Mr. Meyer suggested that the law be obeyed. Rogers said there was no need of it. He had precedents. The attorney general was asked for an opinion and he found the law acid-proof. Rogers appeared before the senate naval committee a few days ago. He said that as the attorney general didn't know what he was talking about and inasmuch as Secretary Meyer was misled by the opinion, it was considered best by himself to run things as they had been running. Rogers resigned last Tuesday.

The naval bureaus obtained their hold upon the department before the civil war. They kept ironclads out of the navy which, had they been adopted, would have given the world a much earlier story of the Monitor. After the war the bureaus gained a new hold and not until last Tuesday was the grip loosened.

Secretary Meyer must look in the national capital something like a cross between the Washington monument and a dynamite factory.

A DREAM BEARING TROUBLE.

The National Association of Manufacturers is supposed to be an organization formed and conducted for a single specific and wholly personal purpose. It is therefore surprising to learn that the association is indulging in long distance dreams and concerning itself with international enterprise.

The convention of the manufacturers recently held in New York took up a serious consideration of a plan whereby the United States would be made the joint builder of the Georgian bay canal which is to cross the province of Ontario from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario. This idea, in the opinion of the projectors, will help to knit this country with Canada, will promote peace and good-will and play the very Dickens with national prejudices. The Canadians have not been consulted by the manufacturers, but, apparently in their opinion, such a course is scarcely worth while, it being taken for granted that our neighbors over the border are ever ready to chime in with anything which seems good to Uncle Sam.

The Georgian bay canal scheme was that of a group of hard-headed citizens of the Dominion who noted the building up of great industrial centers through the exploitation of the iron ore deposits along the shores of Lake Superior. They argued, and very reasonably, that if they were able to provide a shorter route for steamers they might divert a great part of the prosperity which has come to Lake Erie and Lake Michigan ports. They foresaw the day when Europe would virtually cease to produce steel and would have to depend upon the new world for almost its entire supply. If furnaces and mills were built upon the Canadian side of Lake Ontario or upon the St. Lawrence river there would be a distinct advantage in marketing iron and steel abroad.

The Lake Erie ports have little reason to worry about any loss in shipping through the competition of the proposed Georgian bay canal, for by the time that waterway is constructed there may be actual crowding of the channels of the lake. But the people of the United States who have stood for a tax to protect the steel industry and thus keep it within our borders might ask why that sacrifice is to be annulled by a public gift to Canada. The people of New York state who are spending more than $100,000,000 to rehabilitate the Erie canal might ask why that channel is to be provided with a competitor by federal appropriation. The people in the Mississippi valley, those in sections bordering the Atlantic and Pacific, who beg and sometimes beg in vain for money to deepen rivers and harbors, might ask why Washington should, without solicitation, help Canada prepare for a great export trade which otherwise would fall to the United States.

The National Association of Manufacturers is taking up a subject as full of irritating possibilities as its accustomed knitting. It is like to have as much unhappiness in dealing with the one as it certainly has had with the other.

REALITIES IN HOUSE-CLEANING SEASON.

In the housecleaning period it is demanded by all conventionalities that a part of the membership of the household shall assume that air of humility and distress which has given birth to the descriptive phrase, "mere men." The cartoonists, obeying a singular law of precedence, picture diminutive creatures in male attire at the task of taking down stove pipes, putting up pictures and beating carpets. They are portraitured in the act of eating lunches upon back door stoops, or looking through dusty closets for ancient straw hats and offering transparent excuses for fleeing home and fireside. All this is a vast activity for womankind, a bottomless pit of unhappiness for men.

In defiance of the rules of life laid down by the writers of humorous dialogue and the creators of comic drawings we venture to say:

That men, when they do take down stovepipes as these must occasionally come down where they exist, usually do the business expeditiously and without shooting a stream of soot down their necks.

That stepladders do not usually collapse under the weight of picture-hangers.

That carpet-beating is mostly performed beyond sight and sound of the average household.

That food is not cold and lumpy and eaten under disagreeable circumstances during housecleaning.

That the straw hat went to the Salvation Army last November and, even in case of discovery in a dismal closet, wouldn't be worn.

That women manage, nine times out of ten, to carry this spring work through without disagreeable fussiness with little lost motion and with dispatch and that they are not hideous and repellent objects to the eye throughout the whole affair.

All this, we appreciate, flies in the face of the realities as set forth by writers and artists. But, if, as a New York judge recently decided, it is proper and wholesome for a man to get drunk once a year, it is proper and wholesome once in a great while to talk of things as they are.

SMUGGLING AND MORALS.

A former governor of New Hampshire has pleaded guilty of attempting to cheat the government out of customs duties, which amounted to an admission that he had "knowingly, wilfully and maliciously" violated the law of the country. The case is the more flagrant since the offender was a Republican and had, in the days in which he was concerned with politics, been a strong upholder of the principle of a protective tariff.

It appears unreasonable to expect anyone to consider smuggling and immorality as in any way related. Women who bring up large families of children in the way they should go take delight in trying to get their foreign purchases past the customs officers. When caught they are less troubled by the disgrace of the thing than by the confiscation of their goods. A great company which owes a large part of its power to the protection afforded by the tariff has been engaged for years in a form of pilfering peculiarly mean and unpardonable. And here was a public advocate of the tariff confessing he had "knowingly, wilfully and maliciously" evaded the law.

The moral code stretches far over our economic institutions, but if it touches the protective tariff it touches it exceedingly lightly.

A WAR, NOT A SKIRMISH.

The publication of a number of hopeful achievements in the battle with tuberculosis led to many permature predictions. It was thought that the conquest of the disease was at hand. As smallpox had been brought under control it was declared that consumption would shortly be among the diseases least deadly and least dreaded. The physicians closest to the subject are, however, not so ready to announce a conquest, as attest these words from a paper by Dr. Lawrence E. Flick, in the Medical Record:

There is no environment, however bad, no poverty, however degrading, no hardship, however great, which can produce tuberculosis in the most susceptible person unless the tubercle bacillus is there to be implanted; and there is no environment, however good, no wealth, however ennobling, no ease, however sparing, which will prevent tuberculosis in the most resistent individual, if enough bacilli are continuously scattered in his whereabouts for a long enough period of time. There, no doubt, are individuals who can resist the development of tuberculosis to a fatal termination under any amount of exposure, but in such cases implantation probably takes place and dies out.

The means by which tuberculosis can be spread are infinitely more numerous than in the case of smallpox, scarlet fever or other such disease. We have only begun to recognize certain of these means of infection as within the possibility of control. But until all, or nearly all, the roads between the germs and susceptible victims are closed, tuberculosis will take its annual tribute in thousands of lives.

WHERE MURDER WAS OUT.

A student of mysterious crime made an apt comparison when he said that the criminal who thought he had the cunning to hide a crime beyond all possibility of its detection was brother to him who thought he could cut a figure from a piece of tapestry and leave every thread undisturbed.

The case of Dr. Bennett C. Hyde, in Kansas City, shows that even an educated man, one trained in a profession which has a deep knowledge of poisons and the homicidal possibilities in disease germs, yet leaves such signs behind him that his trail may be followed and, where he has committed crime, may be brought to the bar of justice and found guilty. Hyde had introduced the germs of typhoid fever into the food of members of his wife's family, but this attempt at murder, although atrociously original, was brought home to him. He had administered cyanide of potassium to his father-in-law, a shrewd choice of poison, since it is the nature of the compound to stop the action of the heart with abruptness and to dissipate itself among the tissues of the body. But Dr. Hyde left his mark upon the tapestry. The purchase place of the drug was found and Dr. Hyde was found to be the purchaser.

It is an old saying that murder will out, a saying often questioned, but where pursuit is unresting and prosecution is unwavering, the proverb invariably holds true.

DEMANDING RESULTS.

President Taft mapped out a working man's program of congress, consisting of the legislation to which the Republican national platform was pledged. Some time after his message had been delivered the leaders went to him and regretfully informed him that the task he had given was too big for this session and that it was advisable to pare it down if he had hope of obtaining anything remedial at all. The program was modified to read as follows:

Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico.

Amendments to the railroad rate law.

Creation of a postal savings bank.

A reform of the laws governing the granting of injunctions.

The session has dragged along. Legislation of all sorts has gone through congress, but none of the Taft bills. The leaders have been leisurely in furthering the discussion of the big measures and there has been an intimation for weeks that part of the revised program would have to go over to the next session in December

As head of the dominant party it is incumbent upon Mr. Taft to use such authority as partisan politics gives him when occasion demands its use. The country will think the more of the President, now that he has called for immediate results. It comes as welcome news.

The Houston Post estimates that about 500 babies were born in Texas on Friday, May 13. A triple hoodoo. The parents should be punished for criminal carelessness.

Uncle Joe says shooting would be too gentlemanly for certain Republicans. He may yet seek to establish an open season for insurgents.

On his way to England King Alfonso stopped to have his nose examined. The doctor said it was all right—good enough to wear at a funeral.

Emperor William behaved admirably at the king's funeral, showing no inclination whatever to declare war.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HUMANITY'S HUNGER HORDES

International Snnday School Lesson for May 29 Is, "The Multitude Fed." Matt. 14:13-21; 15:29-39.

By William T. Ellis.

A fourth of all the human beings on earth, it is estimated, go to sleep every night with their hunger not satisfied. The dire poverty of a great portion of the race is beyond the reach of the imagination of the well-fed Western world. The actual hunger of men and women and little children is one of the new arguments for foreign missions that is being frequently heard from the present-day platform. It betokens the new spirit of philanthropy which possesses civilized man.

It is a historical fact that the followers of Jesus have been foremost in imitating His example in feeding the hungry. As today the thoughts of all Sunday schools are turned toward His two great miracles, of the feeding of the five thousand, and of the feeding of the four thousand, it is well to remember that His church is still doing as He did. Does a famine break out in China or India or Japan or Armenia? It is the Christian nations, and especially Christian North America, which are swiftest to respond. The fact is rather startling that Christian nations do not have famines; so brotherly is the practical outworking of the gospel.

The Compassionate Heart.

The reason for these two wonderful miracles lay in the compassionate heart of the great Teacher. Weary, and eager for rest, He yet forgot Himself in serving that restless, curious plebian throng, with their unthinking improvidence. He might have railed at them for their carelessness; but Jesus was never cynical; and He always regarded the multitudes with feelings of tender sympathy, and not as "the rabble." The ecclesiastical leaders of His day looked contemptuously upon "the masses" and cried, "This multitude, which knoweth not the law, is accursed." But Jesus "saw them as sheep with the fleece torn off, bleeding and unable to rise up," and His heart cried yearningly and pityingly, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That is the Christ-spirit, wherever found. It is gloriously common in the world today. That is why immemorial abuses are coming to an end, and a new mood of humanitarianism is sweeping around the world. The 12-hour day, and the seven-day week in the steel mills is doomed by this spirit. So is child labor. So are the unsanitary and overburdensome hours of woman's labor in mill and store. Likewise the unlivable tenements, and the white slave evil, and the drug and liquor curses are to be slain by this same gentle hand, which is as strong for smiting as it is smooth for soothing.

The woman who is busy and honored in a beautiful suburb of a great city said the other day, "I feel that it is scarcely right for us to be living our prosperous, comfortable, happy lives out here in the sunshine, among the flowers and the green trees, while so many people are dwelling in poverty, congestion and misery in the big city. I feel that I ought to be with them, trying to help them. It surely is not Christian for us to go on in our own way, forgetting them utterly."

A Motley Congregation.

Some Christians—yes, and let it be said with shame, some preachers, also—pride themselves upon the exclusive social quality of the membership of their congregations. The distinguished men who sit in their pews; it is a rare minister who can refrain from telling the visiting clergyman of the number of the "best people" who are in the congregation.

"You spoke to blank millions of dollars, this morning," is a not uncommon remark to speakers who are his guests in rich churches. Pity the messenger of the Most High who has to speak to dollars. Unless he is addressing humble, receptive and contrite hearts, he might as well bawl his message to the rocks on the waves.

This is a poor congregation which does not have in it representatives of the poor, the defeated, the sorrowing, the afflicted. Consider the congregations to whom Jesus preached, ere he fed them with material bread. What a motley company they were—plain folk altogether, with a general sprinkling of vagabonds, loafers, beggars, blind, lame, deaf and sick. "The poor have the gospel preached to them"—this was one of the proofs which Jesus himself gave of his Messiahship.

Wooden Neckties—and a Homily.

From many sides light streams upon this lesson of feeding the hungry, as we meditate upon it. Jesus here deals with an economic problem. The question of the poor has always perplexed progressive society. Today, it may be asserted with unqualified boldness, the Nazareth carpenter, who never enunciated a theory of economics, is doing more to ameliorate the poverty of the world than all the books and teachings and activities of all the sociologists. He is not now miraculously multiplying loaves, as he did by blue Galilee. But he is putting new skill and purpose into the hands and hearts of men.

Once in Tokio, a prosperous Japanese business man called upon me to present me with some samples of new uses he had made of the wood shavings. I still have some of those beautiful wooden neckties. I recall that the man's cap and vest were both woven of food fibre. His story, in a word, was this: "When I became a Christian, I at once began to try to think of new ways of helping my country and my fellowmen. That is how I came to invent this process of making wood shavings to look like silk and wool."

I recall Mr. Ishii, the head of the great Okayama orphanage in Japan, whose life was touched by Christ so that it has blossomed into a largeness of usefulness that has made him one of the great philanthropists of the world. In India I had pointed out to me young men whom Christianity had lifted up from the depressed castes, so that their income, and their usefulness to society, were many fold greater than their fathers'. Jesus is multiplying food by enriching man's capacities.

China's Bread Riots.

In another way the teachings of Jesus are giving bread to the world. They are producing a spirit of justice and sympathy in the minds of men which gives consideration to the needs of all mankind. Christian civilization is not callous to want. Its processes have multiplied food and simplified its distribution. Still further it has yet to go, in reducing prices, insuring the purity of food products, and in putting the interest of the consumer at least on a parity with that of the producer, if not above it.

The leaven of the gospel is at work to all these ends. In China, a few weeks ago, they tried to secure the same results by riots. Because heathendom is cruel and selfish and careless of the poor, the famine region about Chang-shan had witnessed a "corner" in rice. "Famine prices" are a grim reality in heathen lands, at times when the Christian way would be to distribute food at lowest cost. In order to attract the attention of the central government to their plight, these Chinese attacked the property of foreigners, and an international episode has resulted. Thus the newspaper illuminates the contrast between the heathen way and the Christian way.

The World's Deep Needs.

Back of the miracle of the multiplied loaves and fishes, we all see the picture of the Master feeding hungry hearts. The world's deepest need is not for food. Poverty is not the root-ill, nor yet is wealth. Look upon people as we know them, and we find them the victims of a great restlessness and vague desire. The world is madly running to and fro, seeking to satisfy wants which it does not understand. Therefore we have the increase in the number of places of amusement, the new forms of diversion, the changing fashions, the swifter social pace, the whole Vanity Fair of today.

After all and after all, what people need is to sit, as did those Galilean peasants of old, at the feet of Jesus and to hear His soft voice, and to feel His tender touch, and to be fed with the bread of heaven. The need for daily food is constantly recurring: even so the greater need for a plenishing of spiritual food. For its health and growth and satisfaction, humanity needs to be turning daily to Him who satisfies.

Closest to men, Thou pitying Son of man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellowship,
Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God—
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate one!
Brother of all the world, I come to Thee:
Gentle as she who nursed Thee at her breast
(Yet what a lash of lightnings once Thy tongue
To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee):
Nerve thou mine arm, O meek, O mighty one!
Champion of all who fail, I fly to Thee.
O Man of Sorrows, with the wounded hands—
For chaplet, thorns; for crown, a pagan cross;
Bowed with the woe and the agony of time,
Yet loved by children and the feasting guests—
I bring my sufferings, joyful heart to Thee.
Chaste as the virginal lily on her stem,
Yet in each hot pulse, each tropic vein,
More filled with feeling than the flowers with sun;
No anchorite—hale, sinewy, warm with love—
I come in youth's high tide of bliss to Thee.
O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox,
Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendor of these darkened years—
I leave my wandering, wayward heart on Thine.

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

The Edge of Things

London Scraps.

Jones' rich grandmother died and Jones seemed unnaturally depressed and sad. His friends tried to cheer him.

"She left a last will and testament, I suppose," said Jenkins carelessly.

"Oh, yes," said Jones, raising his head at last, "she left a will and testament!"

"Ah!" chimed in Brown; "you were always a friend of hers! Of course your name was mentioned."

"Yes," answered Jones, bursting into floods of tears, "my name was mentioned, boys. I—I am to have—"

They hung expectant while more sobs choked back his words.

"I," he declared at last, "am to have the testament!"

Washington Star.

Speaker Cannon, at a dinner in Washington, praised a Washington physician.

"The doctor has a neat way," he said, "of hitting off a case.

"There was a Kentuckian—from the Blue Grass region, you know—who called to be treated for a red nose.

"'Doctuh,' the Kentuckian said, 'what shall I take, suh, to remove the redness of mah nose, suh?'"

"'Take nothing—especially between meals,' the doctor answered."

Kansas City Star.

In a southern county of Missouri, years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial. Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment and was generally a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner, prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, durned if I don't believe he's guilty."

Everybody's.

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a 15-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

Lippincott's.

A prominent New Hampshire farmer of the old type has two grown-up sons. One is a preacher of the Gospel, while the other is a liquor dealer.

A New Yorker, in company with several other friends, was talking at the old man's home about his family. At last one of the company present asked the old man what his sons did for a living.

The old man replied: "One is serving the Lord, and the other the devil, and both are doing well."

London Daily News.

A story is being told about a certain European sovereign who paid a visit to England two or three years ago. He attended a bridge party one afternoon and, as darkness began to fall, his hostess said to him, "Sir, if you'll allow me I'll call for lights. I can't distinguish the king from the knave."

Independent.

A prominent Western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him.

"'Now, my son,' I said, 'if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?'

"The boy smiled confidently.

"'I be,' he said."

Detroit Free Press.

Superintendent of Insurance William H. Hotchkiss said at a dinner in New York:

"There are not so many people buying annuities from the insurance companies as there used to be. This, perhaps, speaks well for human nature. An annuity holder, you know, is apt to be selfish.

"I heard the other day, though, of an annuity holder against whom the charge of selfishness could not be brought.

"This man lived on and on. Year after year his annuity was paid. Finally, when his age seemed about 110, the company sent a special agent to the house to make sure that James Montrose in his proper person was really getting the annuity.

"The agent found James Montrose, an aged man, but hale, making a chicken coop in the back yard.

"'Are you Mr. James Flagg Montrose?' he asked.

"'Yes, sir, I am,' the old man answered.

"'Are you the Mr. Montrose who draws the annuity from the Dash Co.?'

"'Yes, sir, I am, and my father before me,' said the old man."

Varieties

Philippine tapioca flour is now on the market.

Norway imports over $1,000,000 worth of fruit annually.

Exportation of American eggs is increasing constantly.

Lavender and rose perfumes are said to be fatal to microbes.

Old manila rope is much used in this country for paper stock.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is said to indicate good health.

Peat will be the only fuel used in a German electric power station.

The best "sandpaper" is made from powdered port wine and stout bottles.

The internal revenue tax on liquor in this country in 1909 netted $57,454,411.

The sun will continue to give out its present amount of heat for 30,000,000 years.

During 1909 Chile produced 14,17[illegible] tons of copper, as against 13,461 tons in 1908.

Wasps rank next to the highest classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

The average annual death rate among all the armies of the world is nine in each 1,000.

A healthy horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year, a healthy sheep six times.

In spite of the cold, mosquitoes flourish and are an intolerable nuisance in Alaska.

At the last semi-annual official estimate there were 299,293 Indians in the United States.

A year's fishing in this country amounts, in value of product, to about $64,000,000.

The rudder of the transatlantic liner Olympic weighs 100 tons, being the heaviest ever built.

The eggs of wild birds are smaller than those of the same species of birds when domesticated.

Switzerland's greatest industry, the entertaining of tourists, brings in over $25,000,000 a year.

A web filament two and one-quarter miles long has been taken from the body of a single spider.

The United States army, including the military academy, costs $108,781,000, and the navy $136,000,000.

Astronomers discover an average of three comets a year, but few of these are visible to the unaided eye.

Germany's students are jealous of foreigners, and are endeavoring to shut them out of the universities.

In the world's production of paper Germany's yearly output stands second only to that of the United States.

Ostrich feathers to the value of $[illegible],690,000 have been exported from the Cape of Good Hope in one year.

For several years the use of wheat flour has been increasing and the use of rye flour decreasing in Germany.

A draining rack for wet dishes, to be hung on one side of a dishpan, is a new convenience for the housewife.

It is a common occurrence for a train to be brought to a standstill on the Scotch highlands by the wind's fierceness.

An edible and nutritious fruit has been obtained from the climbing rose by cross breeding by a California horticulturist.

Since 1878 there have been 18[illegible] cremations in Germany. In the United States in the last year alone there were 34,500.

The department of agriculture is experimenting in several of the southern states with Japanese grasses used for matting.

The fish catch in the Arctic ocean along the Siberian coast amounts each year to about 40,000,000 pounds, worth about $1,800,000.

The tourist in London has his choice of 3,258 omnibuses, 4,825 hansoms, 1,[illegible] four-wheelers, to say nothing of hundreds of taxicabs.

To prevent explosions of coal dust in mines experiments are under way in Germany in which water is pumped into borings under pressure.

In certain districts of Florida excellent highways are made by covering sandy roads once a year with the leaves of the long-leafed pine.

In the year ended March 31, 19[illegible] Siam imported $1,724,115 worth of metal manufactures, exclusive of machinery, hardware and cutlery.

Life insurance has made great progress in Japan, and there are already companies operating there, nearly one-fourth as many as in England.

For thawing dynamite a metal kettle has been invented in which the explosive is placed in an inner compartment which is surrounded by hot water.

In proportion to population, there are in the United States more than three times as many deaths from tuberculosis as in England and Wales.

The sum of $2,500,000 is now to be spent on irrigation works west of Rajputana, as a part of the stupendous $[illegible],000,000 scheme planned for Mesopotamia.

It is well understood among navy men that the speed of a vessel is affected by the depth of the water, not merely in shoal places, but even in the deeper waterways.

Riga, Russia, population 355,000, to have a new central passenger station with approaches, an improved custom house quay, harbor extension and new warehouses.

About the size of a lawn mower is a new machine designed to sow lawn grass seed, disks cutting into the earth to receive the seed, which is covered by a following roller.

In 1906 there were 22,810 foreign visitors to Japan, and in 1908 only 17,293. The expenditures by the visitors of 1906 were 30,908,000 yen, and those of 1908, 24,774,000.

It is expected that the new copper mine near Melbourne which now yields 500 tons a day will be able next year to supply all the requirements of the Victorian state railways.

To test the speed of a projectile driven by modern high power explosives, British scientists have perfected a schronoscope which measures time to the millionth of a second.

It is not in the nostril that the sense of smell lies, but in the upper third of the nose. There the red lining of the nostril changes into brown, and becomes much more sensitive.

The largest wooden structure in the world is the Parliament building at Wellington, New Zealand, timber being preferred to stones because of the frequency of slight earthquakes.

Within less than a year and a half it is hoped that through Pullman cars from the United States and Mexico we may enter Guatemala City via the Pan-American and Guatemala Northern railroads.

Twenty-nine persons lost their lives last year in gathering Alpine flowers, and 17 through winter sports, while fewer than 76 deaths were occasioned by attempting rash and foolhardy feats.

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3052—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front. Mohair, cashmere, serge and linen are adaptable. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

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3292—Ladies' Shirt-Waist. A pretty waist which is adaptable to messaline, silk or satin. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2812—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with tucked sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. An excellent model which will develop well in any material. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3288—Child's French Dress. A becoming model that can be made for every-day wear or daintily for good wear. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2866—Girls' Dress, with Guimpe. Green and white sprigged muslin was used for the development of this little frock. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2788—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with Inverted box-plait at center back seam and at lower part of side-front seams. Serge, tweed, cheviot, linen, khaki or Venetian cloth are good materials for this skirt. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

3307—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. This is a good model for soft fabrics such as pongee, China silk or silk mull. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2710—Girls' and Child's Apron. Muslin or lawn develop with good effect in this model. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2724—Ladies' Dressing-Sack. Cashmere, albatross or flannelette are all adaptable for this pretty model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2755—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at back and having an attached Nine-Gored Skirt. Any Spring material will develop well in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2179—Ladies' Princess Wrapper, in short-sweep or round length, with Bishop or plain sleeves and rolling or standing collar. Any of the plain or figured challis, cashmere or Chinese crepe are suitable materials for this wrapper. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

KING EDWARD'S BURIAL

Body of Dead Ruler Borne Through Streets of London Between Immense Crowd of Mourning Citizens.

London, May 20.—The body of King Edward VII. was carried through the streets of the capital today in the presence of many hundred thousand subjects, and with the kings of nine European nations, several future rulers, members of all the royal families of the world and a former president of the United States following the casket from Westminster hall to Paddington station. The cortege moved through solid double lines of red-coated soldiery standing with rifles reversed and the regimental colors dipped to the ground.

At the railway station the casket was placed in a funeral car and taken to Windsor, where, after the Church of England service had been conducted by the archbishop of Canterbury in St. George's chapel, it was entombed in the Albert Memorial chapel adjoining.

No such processional spectacle has been witnessed in London since Queen Victoria's jubilee. The parade included many of the greatest men of the kingdom with representatives of all arms of the service and delegations from the most famous regiments of the empire and representative groups of foreign armies and navies.

Roosevelt Attracts All.

No personage in the parade attracted greater interest than did Theodore Roosevelt, the special American ambassador whose civilian clothes contrasted curiously with the gilded state coach with its white wigged and silk stockinged flunkes, within which he rode.

The representatives of the two great Republics, the United States and France, were given a position at the rear of all the royalties and the princes of the petties of the European states. Their carriage followed those carrying the royal ladies and they were the last in the line of the representatives of foreign governments.

The booming of minute guns and the tolling of bells accompanied the movement of the procession while the bands in turn played The Dead March from Saul, and Chopin's Funeral March.

The morning was clear and a hot sun beat upon the great mass of humanity that lined the route of the procession. It is doubtful if so many people were ever before seen in London. At the mall, in St. James street, and at Hyde park, the throng almost overwhelmed the procession. The police and soldiers had to fight to prevent the lines being swept away by the crush.

Kaiser Assisted Queen.

King George, the Queen Mother Alexandra and the Princess Victoria entered Westminster hall before the procession started and spent some minutes before the casket. Emperor William, who was at the entrance as they appeared, dismounted, and, waving the lackeys aside, opened the door of the queen mother's carriage, helped her out, and then kissed her upon the cheek.

The procession started from the hall at 9:50, just as the first minute gun boomed. The precedent afforded by the funeral of Queen Victoria nine years ago was closely followed. The oaken casket with the crown and cushion, regalia and insignia of the Order of the Garter thereon, was borne on a gun carriage, the same as was used at the funeral of the late queen.

The cortege passed through the horse guards parade and thence along the mall. The embassies and private residences, including those of several Americans on Carlton house terrace overlooking the mall, were heavily draped with mourning. The terrace was crowded with onlookers. From the mall the procession passed Marlborough house, emerging in St. James street, proceeding to Piccadilly, and along through that thoroughfare to Hyde Park corner, where it entered the park and passed along the popular drive to Marble Arch.

Emerging from the park, the procession followed Edgeware Road to Oxford and Cambridge terraces and turned up these wide thoroughfares, on either side of which, throughout their length of half a mile, were unbroken stretches of temperarily erected stands filled to their capacity with black garbed humanity. By arrangement between the Westminster city council and the Paddington borough council, official signs of mourning along the route were uniform. Venetian masts with laurel wreaths at their tops had been erected at intervals.

Route Lined By Troops.

The route was lined with thousands of troops, behind whom were massed countless thousands of people in deep black, on the pavements below and the house fronts above, with the balconies, windows and roofs crowded. Every branch of the defensive forces of the empire was represented in the long column which preceded the gun carriage. An officer of the headquarters staff, mounted, headed the procession with the bands of the household cavalry. The territorials and colonials came just behind the bands then other volunteer corps, the honorable artillery company, officers of the Indian regiments, in their picturesque uniforms and turbans, followed by detachments of infantry. Foot guards, royal engineers, garrison, field and horse artillery, cavalry of the line and regiments of household cavalry followed.

The royal marine infantry and artillery and naval represenatives came next, with the military attaches of the foreign embassies; the officers of the headquarters' staff of the army, the field marshals and massed bands playing solemn funeral marches. The great officers of the royal house of England were headed by the earl marshal, the Duke of Norfolk and followed by a non-commissioned officer of the household cavalry bearing the royal standard.

The king rode between the German emperor and the Duke of Connaught, all in brilliant uniforms, and next in line was the group of rulers, heirs to the throne, princes of great states and special ambassadors.

Kings on Horseback.

The members of the royal houses on hoseback following in this order:

First file—The Duke of Connaught, King George, Emperor William.

Second—King Haakon of Norway; King George of Greece; King Alfonso of Spain.

Third—King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, King Frederick of Denmark, King Manuel of Portugal.

Fourth—Prince Yuissuf Zyyedin, the heir apparent of Turkey, King Albert of Belgium, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

Fifth—Prince Sadamaru Fushimi of Japan, Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Duke of Aosta representing Italy, the Duke of Sparta who is crown prince of Greece, and Crown Prince Ferdinand of Rumania.

Sixth—Prince Henry of Prussia representin gthe Germany navy, Prince Charles of Sweden, Prince Henry of Holland, the Duke of Saxe, Coburg-Gotha, Crown Prince of Montenegro, Crown Prince Alexander of Servia.

Seventh—Prince Mohammed Ali, Said Pasha of Egypt, the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Then followed the princely and dukal representatives of a dozen German states, the members of the English royal family, the Duke D'Alencon and Prince Bovaradej of Siam.

Many State Carriages.

The mounted group was followed by 12 state carriages. The first was occupied by the Queen Mother Alexandra, the Russian dowager empress, Marie, the princess royal, and the Princess Victoria.

The second carriage contained Queen Mary, of England, Queen Maud, of Norway, the Duke of Cornwall, heir to the British throne, and Princess Mary.

The next four carriages carried royal ladies and ladies-in-waiting. The seventh carriage carried Prince Tsai Tao, of China, and his suite.

The eighth carriage was shared by Special American Ambassador Theodore Roosevelt, M. Pichon, French foreign minister, and Sanad Khan Montaz, ex-sultan of Persia. The three carriages following carried persons in waiting.

The ninth carriage was occupied by Lord Strathchona, lord high commissioner for Canada; Sir George Reid and William Paul Jones. The two carriages following carried persons in waiting.

Arriving at Paddington station, the casket was placed in the funeral car, which carried the funeral party to Windsor. The royal saloon was upholstered in purple and white silk, and a catafalque erected in center supported the casket. The car was occupied by King George, Queen Mary, the Queen Mother Alexandra, eight other sovereigns and near relatives. Special trains followed with the high officials, foreign representatives and special envoys.

CASKET LIES IN CHAPEL AT WINDSOR ROYAL CASTLE

Windsor, May 20.—It was a bitter winter day when the body of Queen Victoria was borne up the hill to the mediaeval chapel of St. George's. Today the castle gates at Windsor opened to receive the casket of the seventh Edward with the green of an English spring on the trees and grass within the massive walls. The gray towers and battlements, over which the Union Jack was flying at half mast, never appeared more impressive. In the streets below was a seething mass of people in black with a lane kept open by two solid lines of soldiers for the cortage to pass through.

When the royal train arrived at the station the body of the monarch was again placed on a gun carriage and the procession was reformed with the addition of the ambassadors, ministers and other representatives of foreign states. Thus it passed through the purple-draped streets to the castle and into St. George's chapel. From the railway station to the chapel the gun carriage was drawn by a squad of blue jackets. Immediately behind walked the king, wearing the uniform of a general and sash of the garter, with the German emperor on his right and the late king's brother, the Duke of Connaught on his left.

The clergy who were to conduct the service were in the chapel when the cortege arrived. They were the archbishop of Canterbury the archbishop of York, the bishops of Winchester and Oxford and the dean of Windsor; the three latter, respectively, the prelate, chancellor and registrar of the garter. The casket was placed on a purple catafalque before the altar which was fairly buried in floral pieces. As the minute guns boomed and bells tolled the casket, borne on the shoulders of Grenadier Guards, was placed on the catafalque.

King George as chief mourner stood at the head of the casket. His majesty's bodyguard of gentlemen-of-arms stood at the left of the bier with axes reversed. The funeral party filled the edifice and overflowed into the Prince Consort's chapel to the south. There was a moment of profound silence when positions had been taken, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester advanced to the casket. The choir chanted Man That is Born of Woman, and the congregation recited the Lord's Prayer, the low rumble of many voices being accompanied with Gounod's music. The service of the Church of England was followed throughout. Following the Lord's Prayer the anthem How Blest Are They, was sung, after which the Garter King-at-Arms advanced to the altar and spoke as follows:

"For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this life unto His divine mercy that late most high, most mighty and most excellent monarch, Edward, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland king, defender of the faith, emperor of India and sovereign of the most noble order of the garter, let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless with long life, health and honor and all worldly happiness the most high, most mighty and most excellent monarch our sovereign lord, George, now by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland king, defender of the faith, emperor of India and sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter. God save the king."

An answering murmur of "God save the king" arose from the assemblage. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the solemn benediction, after which, with the Bishop of Winchester, he knelt befort the altar in a moment of silent prayer. As the clergy rose to their feet the hush was broken and the procession withdrew from the chapel in the order of its entrance. The body of Edward VII. remained before the altar, later to find a permanent resting place in the royal tomb house in Albert Memorial chapel.

VETOES TWO MORE BILLS

Tax Inquisitor and Shaffer Measure Condemned.

Columbus, May 21.—Governor Harmon today vetoed the Schaibly bill, giving county treasurers authority to appoint tax inquisitors, and the Shaffer bill, regarding the carrying of baggage by railroad companies.

The governor says in his veto message on the Schaibly bill that it is the legal duty of the treasurers to collect these delinquent taxes. That is part of the work for which they are paid salaries, and if they don't do it they should be held liable on their bond for taxes so lost. If aid should be given the treasurers at all it should be given by some other authority than the treasurer himself, the governor says.

His veto message on the Shaffer baggage bill is a long one. Not only samples but general merchandise could by this bill be carried by travelers as personal baggage, 150 pounds free and the rest at excess baggage rate. The governor says that if this bill should become a law the capacity of passenger trains would soon be taxed under it. There is no limit to the volume of shipping that might arise under the bill. This would be sufficient for its veto. But his chief opposition is based on the fact that it would confer a special privilege on a certain class of people, those who employ traveling salesmen.

The governor signed 14 bills this morning. The only important bills in the lot are the Reed bill, providing pay for assistant assessors of personal property; the Woods bill, requiring commission merchants to furnish those whose produce they sell itemized accounts, and the Welling bill, requiring the plugging of gas, oil and mineral water wells. The governor still has 25 bills in his possession, and has until the close of Monday to consider them.

TOO MANY TO PARADE

Change Made in Roosevelt Program.

New York, May 20.—The carefully planned parade that was to have been a feature of the welcome to Theodore Roosevelt on his return to America is off. And all because this promised parade outgrew itself.

It had promised to outshine all previous parades, but it outgrew itself in its very inception, and the committee that has charge of the welcome to Mr. Roosevelt has deemed it wise to announce that there will be no parade, other than that in which the reception committee, the Rough Riders, mounted police and Mr. Roosevelt will form the leading features. The committee has just announced that it has decided to restrict the line of paraders that will welcome the returning hunter because the demands for space made such a parade prohibitive.

"Up to date," said Arthur F. Cosby, secretary of the committee, yesterday, "the applications received would have formed a line of marchers several miles in length and one that would have taken at least 24 hours to pass a given place. We were swamped with applications; they came from north and south, east and west. They came from mounted societies and unmounted societies, from Indians and cowboys, from bicyclists, from Christian associations, religious societies, fraternal orders and the like. Every mail brought applications from California, from Florida, from the far southwest and the far northwest, until we had to call it off."

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

72,000 MINERS STRIKE

Every Union Man in Illinois Quits Work Today.

Peoria, Ill., May 20.—The 72,000 miners of Illinois will strike. The committee of 18 to which was left the final consideration of the various controversies agreed last night to disagree. They will report to the joint convention today that the only way to end the troubles is through a strike. Then the miners will meet to consider how to conduct the strike.

"No one can tell the time the strike will last," said President John Walker, of the miners. "I cannot see how a settlement can be made before the winter's snow flies."

This is the most serious situation the Illinois manufacturers have faced since 1898. No one believes that there can be an adjustment for months. With 72,000 men out of employment and no coal in sight the prices will go upward. If Indiana and other states send coal into Illinois and injure the strikers, the laws of the international union provide that strikes shall be called in those states.

SOARS UP 1,790 FEET

Orville Wright Breaks High Flight Record.

Dayton, May 20.—In one of the best flights ever made on the aeroplane testing grounds, just outside this city, Orville Wright Thursday afternoon broke the previous record for high aeroplane flying, attaining an altitude of 1,760 feet and remaining in the air for 20 minutes and 50 seconds. The previous record was 1,600 feet.

The machine was brought from the shed at 4:30 o'clock and after a few preliminary adjustments, the famous aviator took his seat. Like a shot the big white bird-like machine passed down the starting track and soared upward until it was a mere speck in the sky. For almost 21 minutes the flight was continued, the "bird man" making intricate turns and dives, finally descending with ease and landing without a jar.

DOES NOT WANT TO VOTE

Widow of Former President Harrison Trusts the Men.

New York, May 21.—Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, widow of the former President, does not want the ballot. She is in New York yesterday, preparing to sail for Europe with her daughter on Saturday.

"I cannat interest myself in the slightest degree in the subject," she said. "It has always seemed to me that women in our country get everything they want without the ballot, and why put that obligation upon us when it is so well taken care of by our men?"

Of Europe Mrs. Harrison said: "One can hardly blame American women for liking to spend so much time over there. One can be surrounded with so many refinements and be in such charming environments with so little effort and at so little expense. In fact, one can live there at one-half the cost and with twice the comfort and restfulness of life in America.

"Oh, I am never so much of an American as when I'm abroad. The thing for Americans to do is to remain Americans under any clime and under any flag that waves."

FRESH AT NIGHT

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food.

If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher out in Kans. says in this connection:

"I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion.

"I tried various remedies without good results then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerves.

"I commenced using Grape-Nuts and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health, in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work.

"I have gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning.

"Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes but as my vitality increased the eyes became stronger.

"I never heard of food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

W. J. BRYAN ON LIQUOR

Would Let Smaller Units Decide the Question for Themselves.

Chicago, May 19.—William Jennings Bryan took the platform as a temperance orator at the Auditorium theatre last night under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. His address attracted an audience of 2,000 persons, who enthused as much as ever over his political utterances in times past.

Mr. Bryan discussed the term "personal liberty" in a manner that seemed to please his auditors.

"'Personal liberty' is a phrase which is used a great deal by those who oppose legislation on the liquor question," said Mr. Bryan. "It is time that we had a definition of 'personal liberty.' We are all opposed to any unnecessary restrictions upon personal liberty, and yet we are in favor of such restrictions as may be necessary. The question is, what is necessary?

Gives an Example.

"The individual surrenders a certain amount of his personal liberty when he enters society. He makes this surrender in return for the advantages derived from society. For instance:

"If a man is living on a desert he can ride his horse as fast as he pleases. But he cannot run his horse on a public highway. He cannot gratify his love for horse racing at the risk of the lives of others.

"Every city fixes a speed limit. Even the liberty of the automobilist is restricted at times, and he is compelled to reduce the speed of his machine to a point that is considered safe. And so with the restriction upon the sale and use of liquor. No individual can claim a right to use liquor in such a way as to infringe upon the equal rights of other people.

Opposes Complete Bar.

"I would not favor legislation forbidding use of liquor at any time or under any circumstances. I would consider this an unnecessary limitation upon the liberty of the individual, but I am in favor of such restriction as may seem necessary for the protection of society.

"There is a good deal of discussion at this time over the unit. That is, as to whether power to regulate the liquor traffic shall be vested in the town, in the precinct, in the county, in the state, or in the nation.

"I hold that every unit ought to have authority to act on this subject, except as it is restrained by a larger unit. That is, that the block, the ward, the city, the precinct, the county, the state and the nation should have the undisputed right to exclude the sale of liquor in its limits, or to fix such restrictions upon the sale of liquor as the people of the unit may deem necesary for their protection and welfare.

Not Sinful to Drink.

Turning to the individual aspect of the problem, Mr. Bryan said he would not call it sinful to take an occasional drink, but believed it to be folly to drink even in moderation.

"I am a teetotaler, and have been all my life," he said. "I do not use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and wherever opportunity offers for the giving of advice, I advise others to abstain. I would not say that it is a sin to take an occasional drink, but I am willing to indorse the opinion expressed by Solomon, more than 20 centuries ago, and say, with him, that 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

"I hold that it is not wise to drink, even in moderation. First, because drinking is an expensive habit. It is not wise tospend on a thing that is useless money which would yield a return in benefits if expended in some other way. The least that can be said of money spent for liquor is that it is wasted, and no one can afford to waste money, no matter how much of it he may have. I might go farther, and add that a vast sum is spent on liquor which, in equity, belongs to parent, to wife, to children or to society."

CHILD TO AID BANKER

Little Girl at Last Learns That Loving Father Is in Jail.

New York, May 23.—While it had been published and the whole world believed that the inhabitants of Bath, Me., had succeeded in keeping the news of her father's imprisonment from little 13-year-old Anna Morse, the following letter, written to her stepmother, the heroic wife of the ex-banker, shows that the little girl has at last learned all:

My Dear Mother: I am well, but I am feeling dreadfully about father. I watch the papers every night to see if I can see anything. I wish I could see him. Can I, mother dear, and can I do something for him to help you? I do so hope that he will be back in New York soon. Would it do any good if I wrote President Taft a letter and tell him how I feel about it? I have cried so much and have felt so dreadfully, mother. Would like to hear from you very much, but I do not suppose you have any time to write at all. Yesterday I wrote a letter to father eight pages long. Dear mother, tell me if I can see you.

With love, from Anna.

"Little Anna is staying with her aunt in Bath," said Mrs. Morse Saturday, "and this pathetic little letter, which I received only a day or so ago, indicated the shadow of sorrow that has fallen upon her heart because of the cruel and unjust imprisonment of Mr. Morse."

In spite of the half holiday in the financial district and the heat, Mrs. Morse and her secretary, Miss Wilson, were as busy as bees.

"I just feel that I can't work too hard for him, for I know that if I don't hurry it will be too late. Mr. Morse's health is very poor, and I know I am fighting for his very life," explained Mrs. Morse, a catch in her voice.

"I have just returned from a trip to Washington and Atlanta," she continued, "and everywhere I have found the sentiment almost overwhelmingly in favor of my husband's release. It was not really a setback we suffered in Washington last Monday, when the supreme court denied the motion of my lawyer for leave to file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The supreme court was out of its jurisdiction on that point and it could not have granted the motion had it wished to."

Mrs. Morse said that in the four days she was in Washington she secured the signatures of 200 senators and representatives to the petition for her husband's pardon.

SALT LAKE CITY SHAKEN

Sunday Morning Slumber of Mormons Is Disturbed.

Salt Lake City, May 23.—Sunday morning slumber of the residents was disturbed by a violent rocking of the earth, the seismograph at the state university recording a disturbance of thirty seconds. The earthquake was sharp and caused considerable damage to crockery, chimneys and old adobe houses. The tremor was local, being confined within a radius of fifty miles.

Slight damage is reported from the towns of Bingham and Garfield. The shock occured at 7:28 a. m. and was followed by two other shocks, one at 8:38 a. m. and the other at 11:24.

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25 Eastern Shore Maryland Farms. Soil and climate fine. Thos. F. Cox, Federalsburg, Md.

TWO DUELISTS ARE WOUNDED

French Counts Aim to Hit in Third Encounter.

Paris, May 23.—Count Ismael De Lesseps and Count Just De Poligny fought their third duel today, and this time each received a bullet wound. At the second exchange, De Lesseps' bullet struck the barrel of De Poligny's pictol, and ricochetting, caused a flesh wound in the latter's arm. At the same moment, De Lesseps fell, shot through the thigh. He was removed to a hospital, where it was found that the ball had just missed the femoral artery. The wound is not fatal.

De Lesseps is a son of Count Ferdinand De Lesseps, and an officer of a cavalry regiment. Some weeks ago he quarreled with De Poligny at the circus and blows were exchanged. On May 3 they met in a formal encounter with swords in the Parce Des Princes, the scene of today's duel. De Poligny is lame, and after a round of sword play, during which neither was injured the seconds called a halt. Subsequently pistols were substituted for the swords and six shots were exchanged. None of the bullets found its mark and the antagonists left the field without a reconciliation.

KING GEORGE GRANTS MERCY

Also Decides to Patronize Racing Like His Father.

London, May 23.—King George has commenced his reign with an act of clemency, granting remission of short sentences and reducing of others throughout the kingdom, these including the army and navy. He has also issued a touching letter "to my people," expressing grateful appreciation of the affection and loving devotion the nation has shown in the face of "a sorrow so sudden and unlooked for that it might well have been overwhelming."

"But the sentiment it has invoked," continues the king, "has made me realize that it is a loss common to me and my people. They share it with me; I do not stand alone. With such thoughts I take courage and hopefully look to the future, strong in my faith in God, trusting my people and cherishing the laws and constitution of my beloved country."

It is announced that King George intends to maintain a royal racing stable at Newmarket and a breeding stud at Sandringham, and that he will patronize racing on the same extensive scale as his father.

PINCHOT HEADS FOR HOME

Liverpool, May 23.—Gifford Pinchot, the former chief forester of the United States, was a passenger on board the steamer Arabic, which sailed for New York Sunday.

FLIES AGROSS CHANNEL

Count de Lesseps Equals Great Feat of Bleriot.

Calais, France, May 21.—Count Jacques de Lesseps, the French aviator, started at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon on a double flight across the English channel. He reached

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Surprising as it may seem, the astronomers do not know it all.

None of the doctors who examined Mr. Roosevelt's throat found a lump in it.

Parsnips are said to be good for the complexion. They must be taken internally.

Patience is a virtue that all men are willing to recommend to their creditors.

Ballooning will never be absolutely safe as long as the earth remains hard in spots.

Does the California man who has discovered the secret of creation put it up in bottles?

Some people never know what trouble is till they try to hatch chickens in an incubator.

The world doesn't stop long to sympathize with the man whose $5,000 dog dies suddenly.

If a king can show that he possesses common sense he is looked upon as a wonderful man.

Denver, where women vote, went wet by a majority of 10,000. Wouldn't that jar your theory?

Emperor William did not go to sleep while Mr. Roosevelt was making his great speech.

We could have escaped all our wars, says General Foster. Yes, but we might have been running yet.

A New Jersey man went into an oil tank to light his pipe. Moral: Smoking is injurious to some men.

The new queen of England is taller than the king. And it is believed that she is every inch a queen.

Lots of men, living in dry counties, can tell at a glance just how many quarts and pints a suitcase will hold.

It seems to have occurred to no one that the comet might be John Alexander Dowie coming back to earth.

A New York doctor is going to try to subsist for four weeks on sunshine. He'll get pretty hungry on cloudy days.

Professor Munsterburg declares that he can read the minds of women. If he does he will make himself unpopular.

A Harvard student is living on $1 a week. That would just about represent many a man's idea of having nothing to eat.

Mrs. Belmont, speaking for woman suffrage, says: "We are armed with our convictions." Which are less dangerous than hatpins.

Queen Mary is the mother of six children. Which doubtless is of greater importance to her than being a member of six clubs.

When a man announces that he is ready for a political fight he means that he is prepared to make a scramble for a political job.

The southern editor who was made to eat his words will no doubt use greater care in selecting his stock of printer's ink hereafter.

A North Dakota man admitted that he did not know the name of the President, thus cutting off all possible escape from jury duty.

It is a question whether Evangelist Billy Sunday can beat the comet when it comes to a matter of making sinners sit up and take notice.

People often say of an unusually bright boy: "He's too smart; he won't live." Yet nearly all boys of that kind not only live but outgrow it.

King George wants something modern in the way of an oath. We suppose it would do no good to suggest that he write to Uncle Joe Cannon.

There should be no controversy at present over King Edward's last words. Later they can be fixed up to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce because her husband stutters. And yet, when he proposed, she probably regarded him as a charming conversationalist.

King Edward's funeral, as an old-fashioned preacher who lives down in the central part of Ohio would say, "was attended by a large and appreciative audience."

The New York women who entered upon a beauty fast to last two weeks quit at the end of three days. Beauty is only skin deep, while hunger is almost fathomless.

Persons who saw Halley's comet in 1835 remember it as a well-behaved phenomenon, whose habits were above reproach. How foolish it was, then, for anybody to imagine that it was going to run amuck.

Herr Bly, the flea trainer, says the American flea lacks artistic temperament. But let no one feel offended—he may be prejudiced. Furthermore the United States has never posed as the land of the flea.

Fate will please be kind to the couple who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of love's young dream by getting married. They should have a lot of happiness coming to them in the last chapter of their romance.

THE BALLINGER BURDEN.

Secretary Ballinger was being questioned upon the nature of the evidence in the Glavis case which had been laid before the President.

Mr. Brandeis: What did Mr. Lawler take with him when he went to Beverly the latter part of the week?

Secretary Ballinger: A grip with some clothes in it.

The evidence in the course of the investigation of the secretary of the interior has, so far, not brought out any facts of illegality. It has not proved any crimes and misdemeanors against Mr. Ballinger. In not one specific instance has it been shown, did he break any law, form any dangerous precedent, or wander from the path of strict compliance with the statutes made and provided. But it has been shown that the acts and methods of Mr. Ballinger's are open to the suspicion that he has not been conducting his public office with the public interest in mind, that the people with whom he was connected in the recent past and with whom he has formed influential connections since his appointment to the cabinet are not the kind warranted to take a high patriotic view of matters over which the department of the interior rules. It has been shown that Mr. Ballinger is—to be charitable— careless of the oath which is supposed to guard the lips of a witness, that he is instinctively evasive and shilly-shallying, that he is more jealous of his public honor than of his private honor. In saying that Mr. Lawler took "a grip with some clothes in it" to Beverly, he deliberately dodged the investigation which, a few months ago, he courted so loudly. The testimony was given on May 6. Not until a stenographer had proved unfaithful to the trust placed in him did the real facts come out. Mr. Ballinger dodged and squirmed—spoke of "a grip with a few clothes in it," and finally left the stand, having succeeded in keeping the truth suppressed that what Mr. Lawler had carried to Beverly was memoranda of which the investigating committee had every right to learn. The New York Evening Post, which has until recently leaned toward the Ballinger cause, thus comments on that testimony of May 6:

> A man who, on the witness stand, is capable of making a pitiful exhibition of shuffling, evasion and untruthfulness, may conceivably be an examplar of uprightness, courage, and firmness in the discharge of his official duties; but the presumption is fearfully the other way.

The old land laws were adequate to their day. They furthered settlement, the needful thing for the country. They speeded development, encouraged enterprise—in short they builded an empire. Under those laws, it is true, there were many wrongs committed. Railroads gobbled and individuals stole. But the essential thing was brought about. The people of the late sixties, of the seventies and eighties, did not worry if the Huntington crowd, for instance, drove stakes upon public property. They brought in railroads. They brought in settlers. They raised cities. They caused mines to be opened. For these benefits the people of the period of expansion forgave the sins committed. It is useless to dig up the corpses of past immoralities so long as the expediency found condonement in the minds of the owners of the public property of the time.

But the hour when land grabbing can offer any excuse is past. The public domain has been vastly narrowed. That which is left is desired of the people. They behold its value to them in its own possession, not in the indirect exploitation by private interests. Yet the old land laws remain upon the books. They still prevail. And within them Mr. Ballinger has found both the inspiration for his policies and the defense for his acts. That inspiration and that defense will, there is every likelihood, write the findings of the congressional investigators. For they were appointed to search for misdeeds, for offenses against the laws, and, while they may have a very low opinion of Mr. Ballinger personally, they can decide only on the specific question of obedience to, or the breaking of, the law. The affair Ballinger was best described several months ago, in our opinion, by certain interrogations of Mr. Stewart Edward White, of California:

> Is it not about time that we raised our standards of public service to a higher plane? That we began to demand the right to judge men in office by other measures than those of legality and labored explanations? That we be allowed the privilege of legitimate surmise, the permissible deductions-from-circumstances that we should most certainly use in selecting a servant or a business associate? At present we are to believe that if nothing illegal can be proved against a public servant he is therefore competent to hold office and we are therefore estopped from criticism. The result is an endless and confusing bickering over technical legal points that leaves our minds uncertain. Why not sweep all this aside? Why not concede the point? Why not for once get a solid basis of common sense, a privilege generally denied us in matters having to do with the law? Why not simply take over the right to say to a man: You may be absolutely within the law; you may be absolutely honest in intention. That is not the question. Do you think right? If you do not, you are not for us.

There is something very noble in the sight of Mr. Taft's loyalty to a subordinate, but there is nothing at all noble about the spectacle of a suboridnate utterly inconsiderate of his superior. The measure of Mr. Taft's sacrifices for his secretary of the interior are not to be estimated today. But these sacrifices may have to be shared by the country, and the country, Mr. Taft should know, is in no temper to make them. Since every indication points to the fact that Mr. Ballinger insists upon the President bearing the greater burden of the embarrassments he has brought about in Washington it may be necessary to give the secretary more than a hint that he will no longer do. Mr. Taft must certainly understand that his countrymen feel he has done more than enough, by every rule of honor, for his equivocating secretary.

If Mr. Ballinger hasn't the decency to resign, there is another way out.

There is no graft trust. Legislators and alderman are bought and sold at various prices, depending on locality, supply and demand.

Society, it is said, is bothering with the question of what a woman should call her husband. Some women call him "he," and get away with it.

Old people do not take much stock in the theory that the good die young.

THE NECESSITY FOR A TRUST.

There are a half million automobiles in the United States, it has been estimated, representing a total investment of about $750,000,000. If it is true, as declared, that each machine costs $1,000 a year for running expenses and repairs there is $500,000,000 added every twelvemonth to the original outlay.

The newspapers were rather surprised a few months ago to learn that J. Pierpont Morgan was planning a gigantic merger of the automobile factories. There appeared no particular necessity for such a trust. The companies have all, or nearly all, been making money. Their arrangements for buying material and their selling contracts seemed on the whole to be satisfactory. A combination was scarcely demanded by loss in manufacture, demoralization of prices, competition or high costs for marketing—the usual excuses for trust forming.

The trouble with the newspaper people was that they examined the automobile industry for signs indicating a necessity for merging. The lens was not turned in the right direction. Where the necessity existed for Mr. Morgan's intrusion was in Wall street. Here was this money, $750,000,000 plus an annual expenditure of $500,000,000, and all of it that Wall street had to handle was the stock and divends of the General Motors company, $16,000,000 in stocks and $12,000,000 in dividends, a pitiful share of the pickings.

Wall street's necessity will be the mother of the automobile trust.

THE PRESIDENT WHO FORGIVES.

The way with presidents in the Central American republics is to surround the treasury after being inducted into office, and that duty performed to start immediately at an equally congenial task—getting even with enemies. If an unsuccessful candidate cannot afford to start a revolution he rakes up the price of a steamship ticket for foreign parts, this being the alternative which discretion suggests.

But a new order is rising. A new form of president is appearing. The advance guard is the person of General Fernando Figueroa, the chief magistrate of the republic of Salvador. A coffee-planter, recently arrived in New York, tells about him:

> He just catches a few of the revolutionary leaders and puts them in jail. Then after a few days, when their patriotic ardor has had a chance to moderate under the cooling effects of a dungeon, he lets them out and forgives them. So far this plan has worked very successfully. When he was elected there were a lot of us who didn't like it. I was president of a political club and some of us started up a revolution. We might have won out, but we hadn't arms enough, so the movement collapsed. Well, Figueroa acted very decently about the matter—didn't shoot any of us, according to ancient custom—and his subsequent acts, in spite of the fact that there have been several revolutions since that time, have indicated that he has been doing the best he could for the country.

Salvador is the smallest of the Central American states, being about the size of New Jersey. But she has a population ten times more dense in proportion to her area than the United States. There are gold mines, a great iron mine, sugar plantations, big coffee fields and immense undeveloped resources. If the policy of Fernando Figueroa is permitted to prevail Salvador may prove in time to be as rich in fact as she is potentially.

There is surely a lot of room in the western hemisphere for Figueroas.

THE SUGARMAN'S DEFENSE.

A duplicate of the scales used on the docks of the American Sugar Refining Co.—the so-called trust—was brought into court during the trial of one of the sugar fraud cases. Weights were put upon the scales until 997 pounds were registered. A wire was thrust into a hole drilled in a stanchion. The scales then registered 988 pounds. This was the way in which the government was cheated for years out of customs duties, employes of the trust using the wire.

The trial of Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining Co., is now in progress. It is not denied by the defense that the government had suffered loss. It is not denied that the differences found between weights registered upon one set of dock scales and another set—one having holes in the stanchions and the other not—was so appreciable as to save the company a good deal of money on the entrance fees of their raw material. The defense declares, however, that the inaccuracies were due to clogging caused by weather conditions.

A drayman, hauling an 800-pound boiler from a warehouse yard, was stopped at the gate and asked for his clearance ticket. He looked around in bewildered surprise. "Now, who in thunder," he cried, "do you suppose put that thing on my dray?"

The drayman and the secretary of the American Sugar Refining Co. classify in the same genus.

THE GRIP LOOSENED.

The naval bureaus have outlived many a secretary who took office with the determination that, if he did nothing else, he would clear the department of its bureaucratic deadwood. Several administrations have opened with a hopeful message to congress that now at last the time had arrived for doing something in the way of scraping the barnacles from the ship of state and the administrations have closed discreetly silent as to their failure to get even a scraper sharpened. Presidents come and go, but the naval bureaus hang on forever. So it seemed.

The present secretary of the navy created some astonishment in the country at large and dismay in his department a few months ago with the announcement that he had found a way of bringing about reforms under the naval regulations without having to make any appeal to congress. But the astonishment and the dismay soon vanished. The secretary paused after the announcement and the dread grew that the pressure of politics had proved too much for him and his highly promising discovery. But it didn't. There are results. The discovery is being applied.

Eustace B. Rogers, paymaster general, was in charge of the bureau of supplies and accounts. It was found that this bureau had been working with a fund of $11,000,000 when a specific act of congress limited the fund to $2,700,000. Mr. Meyer suggested that the law be obeyed. Rogers said there was no need of it. He had precedents. The attorney general was asked for an opinion and he found the law acid-proof. Rogers appeared before the senate naval committee a few days ago. He said that as the attorney general didn't know what he was talking about and inasmuch as Secretary Meyer was misled by the opinion, it was considered best by himself to run things as they had been running. Rogers resigned last Tuesday.

The naval bureaus obtained their hold upon the department before the civil war. They kept ironclads out of the navy which, had they been adopted, would have given the world a much earlier story of the Monitor. After the war the bureaus gained a new hold and not until last Tuesday was the grip loosened.

Secretary Meyer must look in the national capital something like a cross between the Washington monument and a dynamite factory.

A DREAM BEARING TROUBLE.

The National Association of Manufacturers is supposed to be an organization formed and conducted for a single specific and wholly personal purpose. It is therefore surprising to learn that the association is indulging in long distance dreams and concerning itself with international enterprise.

The convention of the manufacturers recently held in New York took up a serious consideration of a plan whereby the United States would be made the joint builder of the Georgian bay canal which is to cross the province of Ontario from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario. This idea, in the opinion of the projectors, will help to knit this country with Canada, will promote peace and good-will and play the very Dickens with national prejudices. The Canadians have not been consulted by the manufacturers, but, apparently in their opinion, such a course is scarcely worth while, it being taken for granted that our neighbors over the border are ever ready to chime in with anything which seems good to Uncle Sam.

The Georgian bay canal scheme was that of a group of hard-headed citizens of the Dominion who noted the building up of great industrial centers through the exploitation of the iron ore deposits along the shores of Lake Superior. They argued, and very reasonably, that if they were able to provide a shorter route for steamers they might divert a great part of the prosperity which has come to Lake Erie and Lake Michigan ports. They foresaw the day when Europe would virtually cease to produce steel and would have to depend upon the new world for almost its entire supply. If furnaces and mills were built upon the Canadian side of Lake Ontario or upon the St. Lawrence river there would be a distinct advantage in marketing iron and steel abroad.

The Lake Erie ports have little reason to worry about any loss in shipping through the competition of the proposed Georgian bay canal, for by the time that waterway is constructed there may be actual crowding of the channels of the lake. But the people of the United States who have stood for a tax to protect the steel industry and thus keep it within our borders might ask why that sacrifice is to be annulled by a public gift to Canada. The people of New York state who are spending more than $100,000,000 to rehabilitate the Erie canal might ask why that channel is to be provided with a competitor by federal appropriation. The people in the Mississippi valley, those in sections bordering the Atlantic and Pacific, who beg and sometimes beg in vain for money to deepen rivers and harbors, might ask why Washington should, without solicitation, help Canada prepare for a great export trade which otherwise would fall to the United States.

The National Association of Manufacturers is taking up a subject as full of irritating possibilities as its accustomed knitting. It is like to have as much unhappiness in dealing with the one as it certainly has had with the other.

REALITIES IN HOUSE-CLEANING SEASON.

In the housecleaning period it is demanded by all conventionalities that a part of the membership of the household shall assume that air of humility and distress which has given birth to the descriptive phrase, "mere men." The cartoonists, obeying a singular law of precedence, picture diminutive creatures in male attire at the task of taking down stove pipes, putting up pictures and beating carpets. They are portraitured in the act of eating lunches upon back door stoops, or looking through dusty closets for ancient straw hats and offering transparent excuses for fleeing home and fireside. All this is a vast activity for womankind, a bottomless pit of unhappiness for men.

In defiance of the rules of life laid down by the writers of humorous dialogue and the creators of comic drawings we venture to say:

That men, when they do take down stovepipes as these must occasionally come down where they exist, usually do the business expeditiously and without shooting a stream of soot down their necks.

That stepladders do not usually collapse under the weight of picture-hangers.

That carpet-beating is mostly performed beyond sight and sound of the average household.

That food is not cold and lumpy and eaten under disagreeable circumstances during housecleaning.

That the straw hat went to the Salvation Army last November and, even in case of discovery in a dismal closet, wouldn't be worn.

That women manage, nine times out of ten, to carry this spring work through without disagreeable fussiness with little lost motion and with dispatch and that they are not hideous and repellent objects to the eye throughout the whole affair.

All this, we appreciate, flies in the face of the realities as set forth by writers and artists. But, if, as a New York judge recently decided, it is proper and wholesome for a man to get drunk once a year, it is proper and wholesome once in a great while to talk of things as they are.

SMUGGLING AND MORALS.

A former governor of New Hampshire has pleaded guilty of attempting to cheat the government out of customs duties, which amounted to an admission that he had "knowingly, wilfully and maliciously" violated the law of the country. The case is the more flagrant since the offender was a Republican and had, in the days in which he was concerned with politics, been a strong upholder of the principle of a protective tariff.

It appears unreasonable to expect anyone to consider smuggling and immorality as in any way related. Women who bring up large families of children in the way they should go take delight in trying to get their foreign purchases past the customs officers. When caught they are less troubled by the disgrace of the thing than by the confiscation of their goods. A great company which owes a large part of its power to the protection afforded by the tariff has been engaged for years in a form of pilfering peculiarly mean and unpardonable. And here was a public advocate of the tariff confessing he had "knowingly, wilfully and maliciously" evaded the law.

The moral code stretches far over our economic institutions, but if it touches the protective tariff it touches it exceedingly lightly.

A WAR, NOT A SKIRMISH.

The publication of a number of hopeful achievements in the battle with tuberculosis led to many permature predictions. It was thought that the conquest of the disease was at hand. As smallpox had been brought under control it was declared that consumption would shortly be among the diseases least deadly and least dreaded. The physicians closest to the subject are, however, not so ready to announce a conquest, as attest these words from a paper by Dr. Lawrence E. Flick, in the Medical Record:

> There is no environment, however bad, no poverty, however degrading, no hardship, however great, which can produce tuberculosis in the most susceptible person unless the tubercle bacillus is there to be implanted; and there is no environment, however good, no wealth, however ennobling, no ease, however sparing, which will prevent tuberculosis in the most resistent individual, if enough bacilli are continuously scattered in his whereabouts for a long enough period of time. There, no doubt, are individuals who can resist the development of tuberculosis to a fatal termination under any amount of exposure, but in such cases implantation probably takes place and dies out.
>
> The means by which tuberculosis can be spread are infinitely more numerous than in the case of smallpox, scarlet fever or other such disease. We have only begun to recognize certain of these means of infection as within the possibility of control. But until all, or nearly all, the roads between the germs and susceptible victims are closed, tuberculosis will take its annual tribute in thousands of lives.

WHERE MURDER WAS OUT.

A student of mysterious crime made an apt comparison when he said that the criminal who thought he had the cunning to hide a crime beyond all possibility of its detection was brother to him who thought he could cut a figure from a piece of tapestry and leave every thread undisturbed.

The case of Dr. Bennett C. Hyde, in Kansas City, shows that even an educated man, one trained in a profession which has a deep knowledge of poisons and the homicidal possibilities in disease germs, yet leaves such signs behind him that his trail may be followed and, where he has committed crime, may be brought to the bar of justice and found guilty. Hyde had introduced the germs of typhoid fever into the food of members of his wife's family, but this attempt at murder, although atrociously original, was brought home to him. He had administered cyanide of potassium to his father-in-law, a shrewd choice of poison, since it is the nature of the compound to stop the action of the heart with abruptness and to dissipate itself among the tissues of the body. But Dr. Hyde left his mark upon the tapestry. The purchase place of the drug was found and Dr. Hyde was found to be the purchaser.

It is an old saying that murder will out, a saying often questioned, but where pursuit is unresting and prosecution is unwavering, the proverb invariably holds true.

DEMANDING RESULTS.

President Taft mapped out a working man's program of congress, consisting of the legislation to which the Republican national platform was pledged. Some time after his message had been delivered the leaders went to him and regretfully informed him that the task he had given was too big for this session and that it was advisable to pare it down if he had hope of obtaining anything remedial at all. The program was modified to read as follows:

Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico.

Amendments to the railroad rate law.

Creation of a postal savings bank.

A reform of the laws governing the granting of injunctions.

The session has dragged along. Legislation of all sorts has gone through congress, but none of the Taft bills. The leaders have been leisurely in furthering the discussion of the big measures and there has been an intimation for weeks that part of the revised program would have to go over to the next session in December

As head of the dominant party it is incumbent upon Mr. Taft to use such authority as partisan politics gives him when occasion demands its use. The country will think the more of the President, now that he has called for immediate results. It comes as welcome news.

The Houston Post estimates that about 500 babies were born in Texas on Friday, May 13. A triple hoodoo. The parents should be punished for criminal carelessness.

Uncle Joe says shooting would be too gentlemanly for certain Republicans. He may yet seek to establish an open season for insurgents.

On his way to England King Alfonso stopped to have his nose examined. The doctor said it was all right—good enough to wear at a funeral.

Emperor William behaved admirably at the king's funeral, showing no inclination whatever to declare war.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HUMANITY'S HUNGER HORDES

International Snnday School Lesson for May 29 Is, "The Multitude Fed." Matt. 14:13-21; 15:29-39.

By William T. Ellis.

A fourth of all the human beings on earth, it is estimated, go to sleep every night with their hunger not satisfied. The dire poverty of a great portion of the race is beyond the reach of the imagination of the well-fed Western world. The actual hunger of men and women and little children is one of the new arguments for foreign missions that is being frequently heard from the present-day platform. It betokens the new spirit of philanthropy which possesses civilized man.

It is a historical fact that the followers of Jesus have been foremost in imitating His example in feeding the hungry. As today the thoughts of all Sunday schools are turned toward His two great miracles, of the feeding of the five thousand, and of the feeding of the four thousand, it is well to remember that His church is still doing as He did. Does a famine break out in China or India or Japan or Armenia? It is the Christian nations, and especially Christian North America, which are swiftest to respond. The fact is rather startling that Christian nations do not have famines; so brotherly is the practical outworking of the gospel.

The Compassionate Heart.

The reason for these two wonderful miracles lay in the compassionate heart of the great Teacher. Weary, and eager for rest, He yet forgot Himself in serving that restless, curious plebian throng, with their unthinking improvidence. He might have railed at them for their carelessness; but Jesus was never cynical; and He always regarded the multitudes with feelings of tender sympathy, and not as "the rabble." The ecclesiastical leaders of His day looked contemptuously upon "the masses" and cried, "This multitude, which knoweth not the law, is accursed." But Jesus "saw them as sheep with the fleece torn off, bleeding and unable to rise up," and His heart cried yearningly and pityingly, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That is the Christ-spirit, wherever found. It is gloriously common in the world today. That is why immemorial abuses are coming to an end, and a new mood of humanitarianism is sweeping around the world. The 12-hour day, and the seven-day week in the steel mills is doomed by this spirit. So is child labor. So are the unsanitary and overburdensome hours of woman's labor in mill and store. Likewise the unlivable tenements, and the white slave evil, and the drug and liquor curses are to be slain by this same gentle hand, which is as strong for smiting as it is smooth for soothing.

A woman who is busy and honored in a beautiful suburb of a great city said the other day, "I feel that it is scarcely right for us to be living our prosperous, comfortable, happy lives here out here in the sunshine, among the flowers and the green trees, while so many people are dwelling in poverty, congestion and misery in the big city. I feel that I ought to be with them, trying to help them. It surely is not Christian for us to go on in our own way, forgetting them utterly."

A Motley Congregation.

Some Christians—yes, and let it be said with shame, some preachers, also—pride themselves upon the exclusive social quality of the membership of their church. They boast of the distinguished men who sit in their pews; it is a rare minister who can refrain from telling the visiting clergyman of the number of the "best people" who are in the congregation.

"You spoke to blank millions of dollars, this morning," is a not uncommon remark to speakers who are his guests in rich churches. Pity the messenger of the Most High who has millions to whom, unless he is addressing humble, receptive and contrite hearts, he might as well bawl his message to the rocks on the waves.

That is a poor congregation which does not have in it representatives of the poor, the sorrowing, the afflicted. Consider the congregations to whom Jesus preached, ere he fed them with material bread. What a motley company they were—plain folk altogether, with a general sprinkling of vagabonds, loafers, beggars, blind, lame, deaf and sick. "The poor have the gospel preached to them"—this was one of the proofs which Jesus himself gave of his Messiahship.

Wooden Necktles—and a Homily.

From many sides light streams upon this lesson of feeding the hungry, as we meditate upon it. Jesus here deals with an economic problem. The question of the poor has always perplexed progressive society. Today, it may be asserted with unqualified boldness, the Nazareth carpenter, who never enunciated a theory of economics, is doing more to ameliorate the poverty of the world than all the books and teachings and activities of all the sociologists. He is not now miraculously multiplying loaves, as he did by blue Galilee. But he is putting new skill and purpose into the hands and hearts of men.

Once in Tokio, a prosperous Japanese business man called upon me to present me with some samples of new uses he had made of the wood shavings. I still have some of those beautiful wooden neckties. I recall that the man's cap and vest were both woven of food fibre. His story, in a word, was this: "When I became a Christian, I at once began to try to think of new ways of helping my country and my fellowmen. That is how I came to invent this process of making wood shavings to look like silk and wool."

I recall Mr. Ishii, the head of the great Okayama orphanage in Japan, whose life was touched by Christ so that it has blossomed into a largeness of usefulness that has made him one of the philanthropists of the world. In India I had pointed out to me young men whom Christianity had lifted up from the depressed castes, so that their income and their usefulness to society were many fold greater than their fathers'. Jesus is multiplying food by enriching man's capacities.

China's Bread Riots.

In another way the teachings of Jesus are giving bread to the world. They are producing a spirit of justice and sympathy in the minds of men which gives consideration to the needs of all mankind. Christian civilization is not callous to want. Its processes have multiplied food and simplified its distribution. Still further it has yet to go, in reducing prices, insuring the purity of food products, and in putting the interest of the consumer at least on a parity with that of the producer, if not above it.

The leaven of the gospel is at work to all these ends. In China, a few weeks ago, they tried to secure the same results by riots. Because heathendom is cruel and selfish and careless of the poor, the famine region about Ching-shan had witnessed a "corner" in rice. "Famine prices" are a grim reality in heathen lands, at times when the Christian way would be to distribute food at lowest cost. In order to attract the attention of the central government to their plight, these Chinese attacked the property of foreigners, and an international episode has resulted. Thus the newspaper illuminates the contrast between the heathen way and the Christian way.

The World's Deep Needs.

Back of the miracle of the multiplied loaves and fishes, we all see the picture of the Master feeding hungry hearts. The world's deepest need is not for food. Poverty is not the root-ill, nor yet is wealth. Look upon people as we know them, and we find them the victims of a great restlessness and vague desire. The world is madly running to and fro, seeking to satisfy wants which it does not understand. Therefore we have the increase in the number of places of amusement, the new forms of diversion, the changing fashions, the swifter social pace, the whole Vanity Fair of today.

After all and after all, what people need is to sit, as did those Galilean peasants of old, at the feet of Jesus and to hear His soft voice, and to feel His tender touch, and to be fed with the bread of heaven. The need for daily food is constantly recurring; even so the greater need for a plenishing of spiritual food. For its health and growth and satisfaction, humanity needs to be turning daily to Him who satisfies.

Closest to men, Thou pitying Son of man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellowship,
Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God—
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate one!
Brother of all the world, I come to Thee:
Gentle as she who nursed Thee at her breast
(Yet what a lash of lightnings once Thy tongue
To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee):
Nerve thou mine arm, O meek, O mighty one!
Champion of all who fall, I fly to Thee.
O Man of Sorrows, with the wounded hands—
For chaplet, thorns; for crown, a pagan cross;
Bowed with the woe and the agony of time,
Yet loved by children and the feasting guests—
I bring my sufferings, joyful heart to Thee.
Chaste as the virginal lily on her stem,
Yet in each hot pulse, each tropic vein,
More filled with feeling than the flowers with sun;
No anchorite—hale, sinewy, warm with love—
I come in youth's high tide of bliss to Thee.
O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox,
Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendor of these darkened years—
I lean my wandering, wayward heart on Thine.
—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

The Edge of Things

London Scraps.

Jones' rich grandmother died and Jones seemed unnaturally depressed and sad. His friends tried to cheer him.

"She left a last will and testament, I suppose," said Jenkins carelessly.

"Oh, yes," said Jones, raising his head at last, "she left a will and testament!"

"Ah!" chimed in Brown; "you were always a friend of hers! Of course your name was mentioned."

"Yes," answered Jones, bursting into floods of tears, "my name was mentioned, boys. I—I am to have—"

They hung expectant while more sobs choked back his words.

"I," he declared at last, "am to have the testament!"

Washington Star.

Speaker Cannon, at a dinner in Washington, praised a Washington physician.

"The doctor has a neat way," he said, "of hitting off a case.

"There was a Kentuckian—from the Blue Grass region, you know—who called to be treated for a red nose.

"'Doctuh,' the Kentuckian said, 'what shall I take, suh, to remove the redness of mah nose, suh?'

"'Take nothing—especially between meals,' the doctor answered."

Kansas City Star.

In a southern county of Missouri, years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial. Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment and was generally a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner, prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, durned if I don't believe he's guilty."

Everybody's.

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a 15-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

Lippincott's.

A prominent New Hampshire farmer of the old type has two grown-up sons. One is a preacher of the Gospel, while the other is a liquor dealer.

A New Yorker, in company with several other friends, was talking at the old man's home about his family. At last one of the company present asked the old man what his sons did for a living.

The old man replied: "One is serving the Lord, and the other the devil, and both are doing well."

London Daily News.

A story is being told about a certain European sovereign who paid a visit to England two or three years ago. He attended a bridge party one afternoon and, as darkness began to fall, his hostess said to him, "Sir, if you'll allow me I'll call for lights. I can't distinguish the king from the knave."

Housekeeper.

Marjorie is a day pupil at a private school. Her mother disapproved of her drinking from the common drinking cup, and bought her an aluminum collapsing cup of her own.

The next day Marjorie came running home, and with a kiss, exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, all the other little girls at school like me so specially much, and we have the most fun with my new cup! They all stand in a line and take turns drinking with it!"

Independent.

A prominent Western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him.

"'Now, my son,' I said, 'if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?'

"The boy smiled confidently.

"'I be,' he said."

Detroit Free Press.

Superintendent of Insurance William H. Hotchkiss said at a dinner in New York:

"There are not so many people buying annuities from the insurance companies as there used to be. This, perhaps, speaks well for human nature. An annuity holder, you know, is apt to be selfish.

"I heard the other day, though, of an annuity holder against whom the charge of selfishness could not be brought.

"This man lived on and on. Year after year his annuity was paid. Finally, when his age seemed about 110, the company sent a special agent to the house to make sure that James Montrose in his proper person was really getting the annuity.

"The agent found James Montrose, an aged man, but hale, making a chicken coop in the back yard.

"'Are you Mr. James Flagg Montrose?' he asked.

"'Yes, sir, I am,' the old man answered.

"'Are you the Mr. Montrose who draws the annuity from the Dash Co.?'

"'Yes, sir, I am, and my father before me,' said the old man."

Varieties

Philippine tapioca flour is now on the market.

Norway imports over $1,000,000 worth of fruit annually.

Exportation of American eggs is increasing constantly.

Lavender and rose perfumes are said to be fatal to microbes.

Old manila rope is much used in this country for paper stock.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is said to indicate good health.

Peat will be the only fuel used in German electric power station.

The best "sandpaper" is made from powdered port wine and stout bottles.

The internal revenue tax on liquor in this country in 1909 netted $87,411.

The sun will continue to give out the present amount of heat for 30,000,000 years.

During 1909 Chile produced 12,[illegible] tons of copper, as against 19,461 tons in 1908.

Wasps rank next to the highest classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

The average annual death rate among all the armies of the world is nine to each 1,000.

A healthy horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year, a healthy sheep six times.

In spite of the cold, mosquitoes flourish and are an intolerable nuisance in Alaska.

At the last semi-annual official estimate there were 299,293 Indians in the United States.

A year's fishing in this country amounts, in value of product, to about $64,000,000.

The rudder of the transatlantic liner Olympic weighs 100 tons, being the heaviest ever built.

The eggs of wild birds are smaller than those of the same species of birds when domesticated.

Switzerland's greatest industry, the entertaining of tourists, brings in over $25,000,000 a year.

A web filament two and one-quarter miles long has been taken from the body of a single spider.

The United States army, including the military academy, costs $100,[illegible],000, and the navy $136,000,000.

Astronomers discover an average of three comets a year, but few of them are visible to the unaided eye.

Germany's students are jealous of foreigners, and are endeavoring to shut them out of the universities.

In the world's production of potash Germany's yearly output stands alone, only to that of the United States.

Ostrich feathers to the value of [illegible],690,000 have been exported from the Cape of Good Hope in one year.

For several years the use of wheat flour has been increasing and the use of rye flour decreasing in Germany.

A draining rack for wet dishes, to be hung on one side of a dishpan, is a new convenience for the housewife.

It is a common occurrence for a train to be brought to a standstill on the Scotch highlands by the wind's force.

An edible and nutritious fruit has been obtained from the climbing rose by cross breeding by a California horticulturist.

Since 1878 there have been [illegible],[illegible] cremations in Germany. In the United States in the last year alone there were 34,500.

The department of agriculture is experimenting in several of the southern states with Japanese grasses for matting.

The fish catch in the Arctic ocean along the Siberian coast amounts each year to about 40,000,000 pounds, worth about $1,800,000.

The tourist in London has his choice of 3,288 omnibuses, 4,825 hansoms, 1,[illegible] four-wheelers, to say nothing of hundreds of taxicabs.

To prevent explosions of coal dust in mines experiments are under way in Germany in which water is pumped to borings under pressure.

In certain districts of Florida excellent highways are made by covering sandy roads once a year with the leaves of the long-leafed pine.

In the year ended March 31, 1[illegible] Siam imported $1,724,115 worth of metal manufactures, exclusive of machinery, hardware and cutlery.

Life insurance has made great progress in Japan, and there are already companies operating there, nearly one-fourth as many as in England.

For thawing dynamite a metal kettle has been invented in which the explosive is placed in an inner compartment which is surrounded by hot water.

In proportion to population, there are in the United States more than three times as many deaths from lightning as in England and Wales.

The sum of $2,500,000 is now to be spent on irrigation works west of Bagdad, as a part of the stupendous $[illegible],000,000 scheme planned for Mesopotamia.

It is well understood among naval men that the speed of a vessel is affected by the depth of the water, not merely in shoal places, but even in the deeper waterways.

Riga, Russia, population $[illegible], to have a new central passenger station, approaches, an improved custom house quay, harbor extension and new warehouses.

About the size of a lawn mower is a new machine designed to sow lawn grass seed, disks cutting into the earth to receive the seed, which is covered by a following roller.

In 1906 there were 22,810 foreign visitors to Japan, and in 1908 only [illegible],293. The expenditures by the visitors of 1906 were 30,908,000 yen, and those of 1908, 24,774,000.

It is expected that the new [illegible] mine near Melbourne which now yields 500 tons a day, will be able next year to supply all the requirements of the Victorian state railways.

To test the speed of a projectile driven by modern high power explosives, British scientists have perfected a schronoscope which measures time to the millionth of a second.

It is not in the nostril that the sense of smell lies, but in the upper third of the nose. There the red lining of the nostril changes into brown, and becomes much more sensitive.

The largest wooden structure in the world is the Parliament building at

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From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3285—Ladies' Sailor Blouse. Any of the season's shirtings are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3305—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with high or Dutch neck. Linen, madras, lawn or pongee are best suited to this waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3286—Girls' and Child's One-Piece Dress. A cool garment for summer wear, developed in any sheer material. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2999—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with Dutch neck and long or short sleeves, and Knickerbockers. Galatea in any desired shade may be used for the development of this model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3297—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Messaline, silk mull, pongee or organdie are adaptable to this model. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2442—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. Any material desired may be used for this skirt. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2374—Child's Dress. The development of this simple frock is in white batiste. 5 sizes—½ to 4 years.

2420—Ladies' Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. Cretonne or chalis are best developed in this model. 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

3052—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front. Mohair, cashmere, serge and linen are adaptable. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2913—Misses' Bathing Suit, closing in front and having empire back, consisting of a blouse having an applied plastron yoke, a three-piece plaited skirt joined to a blouse and separate chemisette and bloomers. This is a practical model if developed in cafe-au-lait mohair. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3292—Ladies' Shirt-Waist. A pretty waist which is adaptable to messaline, silk or satin. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2812—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with tucked sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. An excellent model which will develop well in any material. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3288—Child's French Dress. A becoming model that can be made for every-day wear or daintily for good wear. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2866—Girls' Dress, with Guimpe. Green and white sprigged muslin was used for the development of this little frock. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2788—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with Inverted box-plait at center back seam and at lower part of side-front seams. Serge, tweed, cloth, linen, khaki or Venetian cloth are good materials for this skirt. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2307—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. This is a good model for soft fabrics such as pongee, China silk or silk mull. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2710—Girls' and Child's Apron. Muslin or lawn develop with good effect in this model. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2724—Ladies' Dressing-Sack. Cashmere, albatross or flannelette are all adaptable for this pretty model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2755—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at back and having an attached Nine-Gored Skirt. A Spring material will develop well in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2179—Ladies' Princess Wrapper, in short-sweep or round length, with Bishop or plain sleeves and rolling or standing collar. Any of the plain or figured challis, cashmere or Chinese crepe are suitable materials for this wrapper. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

KING EDWARD'S BURIAL

Body of Dead Ruler Borne Through Streets of London Between Immense Crowd of Mourning Citizens.

London, May 20.—The body of King Edward VII. was carried through the streets of the capital today in the presence of many hundred thousand subjects, and with the kings of nine European nations, several future rulers, members of all the royal families of the world and a former president of the United States following the casket from Westminster hall to Paddington station. The cortege moved through solid double lines of red-coated soldiery standing with rifles reversed and the regimental colors dipped to the ground.

At the railway station the casket was placed in a funeral car and taken to Windsor, where, after the Church of England service had been conducted by the archbishop of Canterbury in St. George's chapel, it was entombed in the Albert Memorial chapel adjoining.

No such processional spectacle has been witnessed in London since Queen Victoria's jubilee. The parade included many of the greatest men of the kingdom with representatives of all arms of the service and delegations from the most famous regiments of the empire and representative groups of foreign armies and navies.

Roosevelt Attracts All.

No personage in the parade attracted greater interest than did Theodore Roosevelt, the special American ambassador whose civilian clothes contrasted curiously with the gilded state coach with its white wigged and silk stockinged flunkes, within which he rode.

The representatives of the two great Republics, the United States and France, were given a position at the rear of all the royalties and the princes of the petties of the European states. Their carriage followed those carrying the royal ladies and they were the last in the line of the representatives of foreign governments.

The booming of minute guns and the tolling of bells accompanied the movement of the procession while the bands in turn played The Dead March from Saul, and Chopin's Funeral March.

The morning was clear and a hot sun beat upon the great mass of humanity that lined the route of the procession. It is doubtful if so many people were ever before seen in London. At the mall, in St. James street, and at Hyde park, the throng almost overwhelmed the procession. The police and soldiers had to fight to prevent the lines being swept away by the crush.

Kaiser Assisted Queen.

King George, the Queen Mother Alexandra and the Princess Victoria entered Westminster hall before the procession started and spent some minutes before the casket. Emperor William, who was at the entrance as they appeared, dismounted, and, waving the lackeys aside, opened the door of the queen mother's carriage, helped her out, and then kissed her upon the cheek.

The procession started from the hall at 9:50, just as the first minute gun boomed. The precedent afforded by the funeral of Queen Victoria nine years ago was closely followed. The oaken casket with the crown and cushion, regalia and insignia of the Order of the Garter thereon, was borne on a gun carriage, the same as was used at the funeral of the late queen.

The cortege passed through the horse guards parade and thence along the mall. The embassies and private residences, including those of several Americans on Carlton house terrace overlooking the mall, were heavily draped with mourning. The terrace was crowded with onlookers. From the mall the procession passed Marlborough house, emerging in St. James street, proceeding to Piccadilly, and along through that thoroughfare to Hyde Park corner, where it entered the park and passed along the popular drive to Marble Arch.

Emerging from the park, the procession followed Edgeware Road to Oxford and Cambridge terraces and turned up these wide thoroughfares, on either side of which, throughout their length of half a mile, were unbroken stretches of temperarily erected stands filled to their capacity with black garbed humanity. By arrangement between the Westminster city council and the Paddington borough council, the official signs of mourning along the route were uniform. Venetian masts with laurel wreaths at their tops had been erected at intervals.

Route Lined By Troops.

The route was lined with thousands of troops, behind whom were massed countless thousands of people in deep black, on the pavements below and the house fronts above, with the balconies, windows and roofs crowded. Every branch of the defensive forces of the empire was represented in the long column which preceded the gun carriage. An officer of the headquarters staff, mounted, headed the procession with the bands of the household cavalry. The territorials and colonials came just behind the bands then other volunteer corps, the honorable artillery company, officers of the Indian regiments, in their picturesque uniforms and turbans, followed by detachments of infantry. Foot guards, royal engineers, garrison, field and horse artillery, cavalry of the line and regiments of household cavalry followed.

The royal marine infantry and artillery and naval representatives came next, with the military attaches of the foreign embassies; the officers of the headquarters' staff of the army, the field marshals and massed bands playing solemn funeral marches. The great officers of the royal house of England were headed by the earl marshal, the Duke of Norfolk and followed by a non-commissioned officer of the household cavalry bearing the royal standard.

The king rode between the German emperor and the Duke of Connaught, all in brilliant uniforms, and next in line was the group of rulers, heirs to the throne, princes of great states and special ambassadors.

Kings on Horseback.

The members of the royal houses on hoseback following in this order:

First file—The Duke of Connaught, King George, Emperor William.

Second—King Haakon of Norway; King George of Greece; King Alfonso of Spain.

Third—King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, King Frederick of Denmark, King Manuel of Portugal.

Fourth—Prince Yuissuf Zyyedin, the heir apparent of Turkey, King Albert of Belgium, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

Fifth—Prince Sadanaru Fushimi of Japan, Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Duke of Aosta representing Italy, the Duke of Sparta who is crown prince of Greece, and Crown Prince Ferdinand of Rumania.

Sixth—Prince Henry of Prussia representin gthe Germany navy, Prince Charles of Sweden, Prince Henry of Holland, the Duke of Saxe, Coburg-Gotha, Crown Prince of Montenegro, Crown Prince Alexander of Servia.

Seventh—Prince Mohammed Ali, Said Pasha of Egypt, the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Then followed the princely and dukal representatives of a dozen German states, the members of the English royal family, the Duke D'Alencon and Prince Bovaradej of Slam.

Many State Carriages.

The mounted group was followed by 12 state carriages. The first was occupied by the Queen Mother Alexandra, the Russian dowager empress, Marie, the princess royal, and the Princess Victoria.

The second carriage contained Queen Mary, of England, Queen Maud, of Norway, the Duke of Cornwall, heir to the British throne, and Princess Mary.

The next four carriages carried royal ladies and ladies-in-waiting. The seventh carriage carried Prince Tsai Tao, of China, and his suite.

The eighth carriage was shared by Special American Ambassador Theodore Roosevelt, M. Pichon, French foreign minister, and Sanad Khan Montaz, ex-sultan of Persia. The three carriages following carried persons in waiting.

The ninth carriage was occupied by Lord Strathchona, lord high commissioner for Canada; Sir George Reid and William Paul Jones. The two carriages following carried persons in waiting.

Arriving at Paddington station, the casket was placed in the funeral car, which carried the funeral party to Windsor. The royal saloon was upholstered in purple and white silk, and a catafalque erected in center supported the casket. The car was occupied by King George, Queen Mary, the Queen Mother Alexandra, eight other sovereigns and near relatives. Special trains followed with the high officials, foreign representatives and special envoys.

CASKET LIES IN CHAPEL AT WINDSOR ROYAL CASTLE

Windsor, May 20.—It was a bitter winter day when the body of Queen Victoria was borne up the hill to the mediaeval chapel of St. George's. Today the castle gates at Windsor opened to receive the casket of the seventh Edward with the green of an English spring on the trees and grass within the massive walls. The gray towers and battlements, over which the Union Jack was flying at half mast, never appeared more impressive. In the streets below was a seething mass of people in black with a lane kept open by two solid lines of soldiers for the cortage to pass through.

When the royal train arrived at the station the body of the monarch was again placed on a gun carriage and the procession was reformed with the addition of the ambassadors, ministers and other representatives of foreign states. Thus it passed through the purple-draped streets to the castle and into St. George's chapel. From the railway station to the chapel the gun carriage was drawn by a squad of blue jackets. Immediately behind walked the king, wearing the uniform of a general and sash of the garter, with the German emperor on his right and the late king's brother, the Duke of Connaught on his left.

The clergy who were to conduct the service were in the chapel when the cortege arrived. They were the archbishop of Canterbury the archbishop of York, the bishops of Winchester and Oxford and the dean of Windsor; the three latter, respectively, the prelate, chancellor and registrar of the garter. The casket was placed on a purple catafalque before the altar which was fairly buried in floral pieces. As the minute guns boomed and bells tolled the casket, borne on the shoulders of Grenadier Guards, was placed on the catafalque.

King George as chief mourner stood at the head of the casket. His majesty's bodyguard of gentlemen-of-arms stood at the left of the bier with axes reversed. The funeral party filled the edifice and overflowed into the Prince Consort's chapel to the south. There was a moment of profound silence when positions had been taken, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester advanced to the casket. The choir chanted Man That is Born of Woman, and the congregation recited the Lord's Prayer, the low rumble of many voices being accompanied with Gounod's music. The service of the Church of England was followed throughout. Following the Lord's Prayer the anthem How Blest Are They, was sung, after which the Garter King-at-Arms advanced to the altar and spoke as follows:

"For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this life unto His divine mercy that late most high, most mighty and most excellent monarch, Edward, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland king, defender of the faith, emperor of India and sovereign of the most noble order of the garter, let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless with long life, health and honor and all worldly happiness the most high, most mighty and most excellent monarch our sovereign lord, George, now by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland king, defender of the faith, emperor of India and sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter. God save the king."

An answering murmur of "God save the king" arose from the assemblage. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the solemn benediction, after which, with the Bishop of Winchester, he knelt befort the altar in a moment of silent prayer. As the clergy rose to their feet the hush was broken and the procession withdrew from the chapel in the order of its entrance. The body of Edward VII. remained before the altar, later to find a permanent resting place in the royal tomb house in Albert Memorial chapel.

VETOES TWO MORE BILLS

Tax Inquisitor and Shaffer Measure Condemned.

Columbus, May 21.—Governor Harmon today vetoed the Schaibly bill, giving county treasurers authority to appoint tax inquisitors, and the Shaffer bill, regarding the carrying of baggage by railroad companies.

The governor says in his veto message on the Schaibly bill that it is the legal duty of the treasurers to collect these delinquent taxes. That is part of the work for which they are paid salaries, and if they don't do it they should be held liable on their bond for taxes so lost. If aid should be given the treasurers at all it should be given by some other authority than the treasurer himself, the governor says.

His veto message on the Shaffer baggage bill is a long one. Not only samples but general merchandise could by this bill be carried by travelers as personal baggage, 150 pounds free and the rest at excess baggage rate. The governor says that if this bill should become a law the capacity of passenger trains would soon be taxed under it. There is no limit to the volume of shipping that might arise under the bill. This would be sufficient for its veto. But his chief opposition is based on the fact that it would confer a special privilege on a certain class of people, those who employ traveling salesmen.

The governor signed 14 bills this morning. The only important bills in the lot are the Reed bill, providing pay for assistant assessors of personal property; the Woods bill, requiring commission merchants to furnish those whose produce they sell itemized accounts, and the Welling bill, requiring the plugging of gas, oil and mineral water wells. The governor still has 25 bills in his possession, and has until the close of Monday to consider them.

TOO MANY TO PARADE

Change Made in Roosevelt Program.

New York, May 20.—The carefully planned parade that was to have been a feature of the welcome to Theodore Roosevelt on his return to America is off. And all because this promised parade outgrew itself.

It had promised to outshine all previous parades, but it outgrew itself in its very inception, and the committee that has charge of the welcome to Mr. Roosevelt has deemed it wise to announce that there will be no parade, other than that in which the reception committee, the Rough Riders, mounted police and Mr. Roosevelt will form the leading features. The committee has just announced that it has decided to restrict the line of paraders that will welcome the returning hunter because the demands for space made such a parade prohibitive.

"Up to date," said Arthur F. Cosby, secretary of the committee, yesterday, "the applications received would have formed a line of marchers several miles in length and one that would have taken at least 24 hours to pass a given place. We were swamped with applications; they came from north and south, east and west. They came from mounted societies and unmounted societies, from Indians and cowboys, from bicyclists, from Christian associations, religious societies, fraternal orders and the like. Every mail brought applications from California, from Florida, from the far southwest and the far northwest, until we had to call it off."

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

72,000 MINERS STRIKE

Every Union Man in Illinois Quits Work Today.

Peoria, Ill., May 20.—The 72,000 miners of Illinois will strike. The committee of 18 to which was left the final consideration of the various controversies agreed last night to disagree. They will report to the joint convention today that the only way to end the troubles is through a strike. Then the miners will meet to consider how to conduct the strike.

"No one can tell the time the strike will last," said President John Walker, of the miners. "I cannot see how a settlement can be made before the winter's snow flies."

This is the most serious situation the Illinois manufacturers have faced since 1898. No one believes that there can be an adjustment for months. With 72,000 men out of employment and no coal in sight the prices will go upward. If Indiana and other states send coal into Illinois and injure the strikers, the laws of the international union provide that strikes shall be called in those states.

SOARS UP 1,790 FEET

Orville Wright Breaks High Flight Record.

Dayton, May 20.—In one of the best flights ever made on the aeroplane testing grounds, just outside this city, Orville Wright Thursday afternoon broke the previous record for high aeroplane flying, attaining an altitude of 1,760 feet and remaining in the air for 20 minutes and 50 seconds. The previous record was 1,600 feet.

The machine was brought from the shed at 4:30 o'clock and after a few preliminary adjustments, the famous aviator took his seat. Like a shot the big white bird-like machine passed down the starting track and soared upward until it was a mere speck in the sky. For almost 21 minutes the flight was continued, the "bird man" making intricate turns and dives, finally descending with ease and landing without a jar.

DOES NOT WANT TO VOTE

Widow of Former President Harrison Trusts the Men.

New York, May 21.—Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, widow of the former President, does not want the ballot. She is in New York yesterday, preparing to sail for Europe with her daughter on Saturday.

"I cannat interest myself in the slightest degree in the subject," she said. "It has always seemed to me that women in our country get everything they want without the ballot, and why put that obligation upon us when it is so well taken care of by our men?"

Of Europe Mrs. Harrison said: "One can hardly blame American women for liking to spend so much time over there. One can be surrounded with so many refinements and be in such charming environments with so little effort and at so little expense. In fact, one can live there at one-half the cost and with twice the comfort and restfulness of life in America.

"Oh, I am never so much of an American as when I'm abroad. The thing for Americans to do is to remain Americans under any clime and under any flag that waves."

FRESH AT NIGHT

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food.

If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher out in Kans. says in this connection:

"I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion.

"I tried various remedies without good results then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerves.

"I commenced using Grape-Nuts and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health, in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work.

"I have gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning.

"Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes but as my vitality increased the eyes became stronger.

"I never heard of food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

W. J. BRYAN ON LIQUOR

Would Let Smaller Units Decide the Question for Themselves.

Chicago, May 19.—William Jennings Bryan took the platform as a temperance orator at the Auditorium theatre last night under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. His address attracted an audience of 2,000 persons, who enthused as much as ever over his political utterances in times past.

Mr. Bryan discussed the term "personal liberty" in a manner that seemed to please his auditors.

"Personal liberty' is a phrase which is used a great deal by those who oppose legislation on the liquor question," said Mr. Bryan. "It is time that we had a definition of 'personal liberty.' We are all opposed to any unnecessary restrictions upon personal liberty, and yet we are in favor of such restrictions as may be necessary. The question is, what is necessary?

Gives an Example.

"The individual surrenders a certain amount of his personal liberty when he enters society. He makes this surrender in return for the advantages derived from society. For instance:

"If a man is living on a desert he can ride his horse as fast as he pleases. But he cannot run his horse on a public highway. He cannot gratify his love for horse racing at the risk of the lives of others.

"Every city fixes a speed limit. Even the liberty of the automobilist is restricted at times, and he is compelled to reduce the speed of his machine to a point that is considered safe. And so with the restriction upon the sale and use of liquor. No individual can claim a right to use liquor in such a way as to infringe upon the equal rights of other people.

Opposes Complete Bar.

"I would not favor legislation forbidding use of liquor at any time or under any circumstances. I would consider this an unnecessary limitation upon the liberty of the individual, but I am in favor of such restriction as may seem necessary for the protection of society.

"There is a good deal of discussion at this time over the unit. That is, as to whether power to regulate the liquor traffic shall be vested in the town, in the precinct, in the county, in the state, or in the nation.

"I hold that every unit ought to have authority to act on this subject, except as it is restrained by a larger unit. That is, that the block, the ward, the city, the precinct, the county, the state and the nation should have the undisputed right to exclude the sale of liquor in its limits, or to fix such restrictions upon the sale of liquor as the people of the unit may deem necesary for their protection and welfare.

Not Sinful to Drink.

Turning to the individual aspect of the problem, Mr. Bryan said he would not call it sinful to take an occasional drink, but believed it to be folly to drink even in moderation.

"I am a teetotaler, and have been all my life," he said. "I do not use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and wherever opportunity offers for the giving of advice, I advise others to abstain. I would not say that it is a sin to take an occasional drink, but I am willing to indorse the opinion expressed by Solomon, more than 20 centuries ago, and say, with him, that 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

"I hold that it is not wise to drink, even in moderation. First, because drinking is an expensive habit. It is not wise tospend on a thing that is useless money which would yield a return in benefits if expended in some other way. The least that can be said of money spent for liquor is that it is wasted, and no one can afford to waste money, no matter how much of it he may have. I might go farther, and add that a vast sum is spent on liquor which, in equity, belongs to parent, to wife, to children or to society."

CHILD TO AID BANKER

Little Girl at Last Learns That Loving Father Is in Jail.

New York, May 23.—While it had been published and the whole world believed that the inhabitants of Bath, Me., had succeeded in keeping the news of her father's imprisonment from little 13-year-old Anna Morse, the following letter, written to her stepmother, the heroic wife of the ex-banker, shows that the little girl has at last learned all:

My Dear Mother: I am well, but I am feeling dreadfully about father. I watch the papers every night to see if I can see anything. I wish I could see him. Can I, mother dear, and can I do something for him to help you? I do so hope that he will be back in New York soon. Would it do any good if I wrote President Taft a letter and tell him how I feel about it? I have cried so much and have felt so dreadfully, mother. Would like to hear from you very much, but I do not suppose you have any time to write at all. Yesterday I wrote a letter to father eight pages long. Dear mother, tell me if I can see you.

With love, from Anna.

"Little Anna is staying with her aunt in Bath," said Mrs. Morse Saturday, "and this pathetic little letter, which I received only a day or so ago, indicated the shadow of sorrow that has fallen upon her heart because of the cruel and unjust imprisonment of Mr. Morse."

In spite of the half holiday in the financial district and the heat, Mrs. Morse and her secretary, Miss Wilson, were as busy as bees.

"I just feel that I can't work too hard for him, for I know that if I don't hurry it will be too late. Mr. Morse's health is very poor, and I know I am fighting for his very life," explained Mrs. Morse, a catch in her voice.

"I have just returned from a trip to Washington and Atlanta," she continued, "and everywhere I have found the sentiment almost overwhelmingly in favor of my husband's release. It was not really a setback we suffered in Washington last Monday, when the supreme court denied the motion of my lawyer for leave to file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The supreme court was out of its jurisdiction on that point and it could not have granted the motion had it wished to."

Mrs. Morse said that in the four days she was in Washington she secured the signatures of 200 senators and representatives to the petition for her husband's pardon.

SALT LAKE CITY SHAKEN

Sunday Morning Slumber of Mormons Is Disturbed.

Salt Lake City, May 23.—Sunday morning slumber of the residents was disturbed by a violent rocking of the earth, the seismograph at the state university recording a disturbance of thirty seconds. The earthquake was sharp and caused considerable damage to crockery, chimneys and old adobe houses. The tremor was local, being confined within a radius of fifty miles.

Slight damage is reported from the towns of Bingham and Garfield. The shock occured at 7:28 a. m. and was followed by two other shocks, one at 8:38 a. m. and the other at 11:24.

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25 Eastern Shore Maryland Farms. Soil and climate fine. Thos. F. Cox, Federalsburg, Md.

TWO DUELISTS ARE WOUNDED

French Counts Aim to Hit in Third Encounter.

Paris, May 23.—Count Ismael De Lesseps and Count Just De Poligny fought their third duel today, and this time each received a bullet wound. At the second exchange, De Lesseps' bullet struck the barrel of De Poligny's pictol, and ricochetting, caused a flesh wound in the latter's arm. At the same moment, De Lesseps fell, shot through the thigh. He was removed to a hospital, where it was found that the ball had just missed the femoral artery. The wound is not fatal.

De Lesseps is a son of Count Ferdinand De Lesseps, and an officer of a cavalry regiment. Some weeks ago he quarreled with De Poligny at the circus and blows were exchanged. On May 3 they met in a formal encounter with swords in the Parce Des Princes, the scene of today's duel. De Poligny is lame, and after a round of sword play, during which neither was injured the seconds called a halt. Subsequently pistols were substituted for the swords and six shots were exchanged. None of the bullets found its mark and the antagonists left the field without a reconciliation.

KING GEORGE GRANTS MERCY

Also Decides to Patronize Racing Like His Father.

London, May 23.—King George has commenced his reign with an act of clemency, granting remission of short sentences and reducing of others throughout the kingdom, these including the army and navy. He has also issued a touching letter "to my people," expressing grateful appreciation of the affection and loving devotion the nation has shown in the face of "a sorrow so sudden and unlooked for that it might well have been overwhelming."

"But the sentiment it has invoked," continues the king, "has made me realize that it is a loss common to me and my people. They share it with me; I do not stand alone. With such thoughts I take courage and hopefully look to the future, strong in my faith in God, trusting my people and cherishing the laws and constitution of my beloved country."

It is announced that King George intends to maintain a royal racing stable at Newmarket and a breeding stud at Sandringham, and that he will patronize racing on the same extensive scale as his father.

PINCHOT HEADS FOR HOME

Liverpool, May 23.—Gifford Pinchot, the former chief forester of the United States, was a passenger on board the steamer Arabic, which sailed for New York Sunday.

FLIES AGROSS CHANNEL

Count de Lesseps Equals Great Feat of Bleriot.

Calais, France, May 21.—Count Jacques de Lesseps, the French aviator, started at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon on a double flight across the English channel. He reached the English side successfully, and was expected to make the return trip at once.

The weather was magnificent when the aeroplane rose from the ground for its daring trip, heretofore

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

SOME one said to me one day, "There is no beauty in the brick and stone of a city."

I said nothing in return, but to myself, I said, "My friend, here's a place where you have another guess coming."

Everyone knows, who knows anything about Toledo, that in the residence districts, the trees, many of them veterans of the early forests, are the city's beauty and glory. Beauty and glory may be found, too, in the brick and stone places of the town. Toledo's business section is still in its youth, and is badly afflicted with growing pains, but it has beauty, if you will but take the blinders from your eyes and see it. There is beauty in the coloring of the brick and stone. There is beauty in the ornamentation of the buildings, in doorway arches, in cornices, in columns, in windows, and even in the glass that fills the windows. When the sun shines just right on the panes, they take rainbow tints, and at sunset, they take the sunset glow. Rainbow tints are in the shop windows wherein are displayed apparel, and materials for apparel, for men, women and children. Look at a window display of men's neckscarfs and hosiery. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

In the florists' windows, there are the green of foliage and the color of flowers. They are miniature gardens behind glass, and the window frames give them a setting like a picture. If you want pictures reflecting the newest things in life, look at the shop windows. The show is a free one and can be found nowhere else, save in the brick and stone of a city.

Those hungering for the fields and woods and streams and the big waters, think they care little for the city sights, but if you cannot always have that for which your soul thirsteth, drink from that which is close at hand. You will find its taste is sweet, and you will be much happier.

On the pavements, there is beauty in the coloring of the clothing worn by the women and children, and this season's fashion for floral millinery, turns the streets into flower show, kaleidoscopic in coloring and motion. This is one of the moving pictures. The dash of the fire brigades is another. It is a strong one. Watch it some morning, between 9 and 9:30 o'clock, when they go out from their stations for practice. Unless you are a mollusk, it will warm your blood to see the great, strong horses, with their satin-finished coats, tossing their heads, champing their bits, creaking their harnesses, and pounding the stone flooring with their iron-bound hoofs, in their eagerness to be off and away on their rush to duty.

The heavy vehicles they drag, are but featherweights when pitted against their power. The firemen who man the engines, the hose and ladder wagons, are, to them, but atoms. Fire laddies, they are frequently named, when some one wishes to do a bit of fine writing. They are not. They are men; men, who, when disaster threatens, do deeds of daring and danger with no more thought of fear than if they were eating a slice of bread and butter.

All this and more are the ground floor pictures. From the high-up windows you may come closer to nature. Amid the roofs, unless the roofs be too high, there are glimpses of tree tops waving and tossing. The tree tops are green in the vernal season. In the winter, the branches, though gray and bare, unless snow-covered, are feathery in shape, and form lace-like patterns against the sky.

From my high-up windows this morning glory of a morning, May 18, 1910, I see a variety of coloring in the brick and stone of the buildings, and I see, amid the roofs, where the roofs are not too high, the green of treetops, tossing and swaying.

There's a glint and a gleam and a dancing sparkle as of silver, in the clear water filling the basins attached to the public drinking fountain, lately presented to Toledo by James Ashley. It is a fountain where man and beast, and the birds of the air may go to quench their thirst with the purest and freshest of water. There is a drinking place for humans; one for horses, and down close to the pavement, is a basin for dogs. Its crowning glory is the top of the shaft where the birds will find a bath tub in which they may splash and drink their fill. Send word to the birds.

Latest reports are, that down-town Toledo is all out of birds, so the idea for their watering place has been abandoned.

You may say in your ignorance of its many purposes, that its shape is queer. It is true it is not like the conventional drinking fountain, and because it is not conventional, it is all the better. It makes you stop to look and wonder. When Mr. Ashley erected this shaft of white Georgia marble, he had reason. You who present drinking fountains, take notice.

YOU WHO ARE VANDALS; VANDALS BECAUSE YOU DO NOT KNOW ANY BETTER; YOU WHO DEFACE AND DESTROY PUBLIC UTILITIES; UTILITIES WHICH ARE FOR YOUR USE, NOT YOUR ABUSE, KEEP YOUR MARK OFF THIS WHITE SHAFT AND DRINK OF ITS WATERS.

Vandals who deface public benefactions are not the only vandals in such cases. Where are the public benefactions of those who criticise the most?

If you do not know where this fountain is, I will tell you it is at Michigan street and Jefferson avenue, at the corner of the Meredith building in which is to be the home of a club of young women engaged in the world's work, and of limitless numbers. This club is to be formed and presided over by BEATRICE VAUGHAN, and in the project of this club there are possibilities which may make it the most important of women's clubs in Toledo, only listen:

DURING ITS FORMING AND FUTURE ACTION, NONE HAS A RIGHT TO GET MAD. IF YOU DO, YOU WILL HAMPER YOUR PROGRESS AND, PERHAPS, GO UNDER. IT'S A CASE OF SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, SISTERS, AND A LONG, STRONG PULL TOGETHER, AND MAY GOOD LUCK ATTEND YOU.

Already good luck is attending you. Everyone I have heard speak of it says: "Isn't it a fine thing!"

Yes, it is a fine thing.

KNOCKERS, KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

From my high-up windows, I see a bit of the ivy-covered walls of the Toledo public library. It is a picturesque building, a beauty spot when the ivy is green, though its capacity is inadequate to the needs of its thousands of patrons. It is neither large enough, nor has it books enough. Its size and contents should be increased and expanded for the good of the city.

I see its tile roof, with its cone-shaped towers, gleaming red where its color is not concealed by the ivy green. That roof looks good to me. You know, or perhaps you do not know, that red is the color of VICTORY.

I see the soft green shading of the top of the court house dome. I see church spires pointing heavenward, and cupolas finished off with battlement trimmings, and all around I see the sky line of tall buildings, clear-cut and beautiful in their irregularity against the sky. I see many flagstaffs from which you can see the stars and stripes a-fluttering in the breeze, the days we celebrate.

From high-up windows not my own, there is a picture I look at nearly every nightfall. It is the picture made by St. Patrick's cathedral, the church Father Hannin builded with the labor of his heart and hands; the labor of his brain and soul. He builded it and bequeathed it to his people, the people who were his children, and to their children's children, so long as it shall endure.

The cathedral bulks big against the sky at nightfall. Slender, tall and dark, its spire reaches up toward the heaven which its cross-tipped apex seems almost to touch. The gold of the cross gleams at nightfall when all else is gray and dark. It holds the sunshine rays, after the sunshine rays have faded from the earth.

Nearly every nightfal I look at Father Hannin's cathedral, and the cross. Do thou likewise.

No beauty in brick and stone you say? If you can find no beauty down near the pavements, lift up your eyes to the sky line where the stars and stripes flutter on the days we celebrate and sometimes other days, too. Lift up your eyes to where the church spires point to heaven and the crosses speak to you of the MAN OF CALVARY. Lift up your eyes to the sky line of brick and stone. There you shall behold beauty.

LIFT UP YOUR EYES.

This is all for today.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from the letters sent to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

There is always something to enjoy if we look for it in the right spirit.—Nina Wilson, North Carolina.

MONDAY

Dear thoughts of mother and mother love. No time or age can wipe them out or take them from those of us who have known a mother's tender love and care.—Jean A. Davidson, California.

TUESDAY

I haven't very much, but I try to be contented with what I have. If we have enough of love in our hearts, we can make out "most any old way."—Mrs. J. Jarrell, West Virginia.

WEDNESDAY

My husband is a hard-working man and I am not strong enough to help him much, but I am saving and take care of what he gets, and that helps a whole lot.—Esther Cowan, Arkansas.

THURSDAY

If we only knew how much cheerfulness and patience help, we would surely always wear a smile for everybody.—Flora Birdwell, Indiana.

FRIDAY

I say let us be thankful and not complain so much, and try to make others happy.—Contented, West Virginia.

SATURDAY

Deny children a happy home and they are robbed of the happiest days of their lives. Sisters, remember the time to begin training the children is when they are treading on your toes.—Mrs. L. J. Graves, Arkansas.

Many a problem might be solved; many a disaster averted, by following the get-together policy.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

From one of our members, who has written some breezy letters for this department, over the signature "Bunk," we are to have letters of early travel from this same "Bunk," who comes this time with his real name, Lewis B. Jessup, of New Carlisle, Indiana. The first of the letters follows:

EARLY TRAVEL

In the month of February, 1868, I left Winterset, Iowa, for Cincinnati, Ohio. The snow was four feet deep on the level, and where it was drifted on the prairies, it often reached ten feet in depth. The stage ran on runners from Council Bluffs to Keokuk, 130 miles from Winterset. We were on hand to secure a seat, the weather being moderately cool. We counted noses, and when we took our seats, our arrival made the eighth passenger. We skimmed over the raw prairies at a speed of "2:40 on the shell." Just before we reached Knoxville, we stopped at a hotel for accommodation. The landlord informed us that the bridge across the river this side of Knoxville, was unsafe, in fact it was in a precarious condition. The driver, being filled with "O, be joyful," declared he could make the crossing. One of our passengers, a railroad surveyor, ordered the driver to return two miles to the stand where we had put up for dinner. We passed the night at the hotel. Next morning, a gang of bridge-builders, soon repaired the bridge.

When we arrived at Oskaloosa, 100 miles west of Keokuk, the sleighing was petered out. Citizens informed us there had not been snow enough from there to the Mississippi river all winter, to ever run a cutter, though the thermometer registered from 20 to 30 degrees all winter, and every grave that had been digged was frozen solid for four feet down.

When we reached the Mississippi, the ice was breaking. We remained two days and then took transportation for St. Louis. We arrived Sunday morning. The weather was balmy and nice. Rounding in to the wharf, a runner came on the double quick for all passengers, who wanted to secure a berth for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Several of us told him we were bound for Ohio and went readily with him to secure transportation. We soon had our tickets. Then we went down on the lower deck. It was piled full of freight. We found on examination, it was all marked St. Louis, Missouri. It did not take us long to realize that we had been sold to the cannibals, but there was no redemption. We had to stay until the cargo was unloaded and its place refilled with another for the Ohio river markets.

The next day was election day in St. Louis. I told my partner we would investigate the city. We were young and had taken deck passage, so we had to board ourselves. Going up Water street, we passed a grocery kept by a Jew. He came out. "Yust come in. I got everything you want, very cheap," he said.

Said I, "Elias, let's go in."

"Vell now, vat you wants," asked the Jew.

Said I, "Have you any pork?"

"Vat! pork? No, sir, ve don't keep pork!" he told us.

"What!" said we, "you stop a man in a hurry saying you have everything we want, cheap, and we find you haven't the first thing we call for."

We then went to the court house; climbed to its summit, and took a fine view of the surrounding country. We found the original survey of St. Louis, all huddled up. The streets were so narrow near the river, that drays had trouble in passing, but traffic upon the Mississippi was booming. From the cupola of the court house, we could count 85 steamboats lying at the wharf.—To be continued.

FOR JOSEPHINE

Here is a letter received in response to Josephine's query, what to do with troublesome neighbors:

May I suggest a way out of Josephine's difficulties? Arrange your work so far as possible, so that what you wish to do alone comes in the morning. When the neighbor drops in before noon, be glad to see her, but go on with the work. Proffer her a dish towel with a smile, and say, "so nice, you just came in time to wipe the dishes. I am so busy this morning, that help is appreciated, I assure you."

Or else you might try this: "Oh, Mrs. G., won't you run the washing machine while I hunt Johnny's blouse? Boys are so careless and it must be washed today."

Or this: "Those stockings just cannot be darned again. Do you know how to re-foot them? I am so stupid, but won't you show me how on these?"

Be very innocent and grateful for the help you receive. To be sure you must sacrifice a little of the pride you take in your good management and ability, but I think you will soon find your neighbors putting off their visits till afternoon, when you will have time to enjoy a friendly chat, and if they do not, you will at least have their help.—Wild Rose.

This recipe is what may be called Strategem.

GOOD BREAKFASTS

Dear Sister A. H. L., of Kansas—How much friendlier it would seem if I knew your name instead of the initials. I shall be so glad to help you get breakfast and shall start in by telling you about some of the breakfasts I get for my husband and myself.

A prime favorite is a griddle cake breakfast. I make the cakes with a cup of sweet milk, one egg, level teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoons baking powder, teaspoon sugar, a tablespoon melted butter and flour to make not too stiff batter. Have the griddle smoking hot and well greased. Serve the cakes with butter and a syrup made of granulated sugar. There is no need of cooking anything else, as the cakes quite fill the bill, with a dish of any chosen cereal.

Ham and eggs are an old standby, but would better not be used oftener than once a week. After taking up the ham, break the eggs into the skillet, salt and pepper. When they begin to fry briskly, add a half teaspoonful of water; cover closely, and let cook about a minute. When uncovered you will be pleased to see how tempting they look. We like sugar cookies with this meal.

When we have beefsteak, which is not often, I tri moff all the grisly parts, remove the bone, then pound thoroughly. Salt and pepper, roll in flour. Have plenty of hot fat. Fry fast but be sure to cook it well done. Pour off the surplus fat. Add a scant tablespoon of flour, and make a gravy of half a cup of cold water, and the same of sweet milk. Slice four or five cold, boiled potatoes. Have your frying pan hot. Season and fry without covering. Stir carefully so as not to break the slices and have them nicely browned. Hot biscuit and syrup are good with this breakfast.

Fry slices of breakfast bacon until crisp. Place on a hot platter. Slice boiled potatoes into the bacon fat, season, add a little water and cover closely. When done, stir thoroughly, chopping the larger pieces in two. Pour a cupful of milk, dredge in about a tablespoonful of flour. Serve with light bread and grape jelly.

Toast a sufficient amount of bread. Place in a tureen and pour over a pint of boiling milk. Add butter to taste. Sprinkle with sugar and cover closely to keep hot. Serve with poached eggs and have rolled oats if you want them.

A breakfast most people enjoy is a fried mush one. The main point to be sure of in preparing it is to cook the mush until you know it is done. Do not make it very thick. Fried liver and bacon make a good accompaniment.

Beat lightly one large or two small eggs. Pour in a cupful of milk, season with salt and pepper. Have the griddle hot. Put in a tablespoonful of fryings. Dip slices of dry bread in the egg mixture. Fry to a nice brown. To be eaten with butter and syrup or honey. Scrambled eggs are all right with this, or potato cakes left from yesterday's mashed potatoes. If you dust flour over the cakes and have the frying pan hot, they will brown quicker and taste better.

I think it a good plan occasionally to just make a pot of the clearest, best coffee you can. Cook nothing but a dish of rolled oats. Set out plenty of your own make of light bread and good, sweet butter, with some extra nice preserves or jam, and your folks will enjoy the good, substantial meal when it is ready.

When you are tired of plain canned fruit, make it into preserves or jam or jelly. You will find them good. There are no hard and fast rules for breakfasts or any other meal, and we must bear in mind the fact that those who work hard must have good, strengthening food and plenty of it. There are other things which suggest themselves, but I am giving just what I am acustomed to serving, and the things that I know are all right. With love and best wishes for all, I am your friend.—Mrs. Edith Crumbaker, Ohio.

Thank you for your excellent suggestions. I was sure some of you good housekeepers would come to the front.—Elizabeth.

THE HUMANE EDUCATION

THE MAY issue of Our Dumb Animals, the little magazine which has for its mission, humane education, and was founded by George T. Angel in 1868, is a contest number, and is filled with stories about the dwellers in the woods and fields and streams. There are many prize photographs to assist the stories in awakening interest and sympathy in the living things which cannot speak for themselves. Every page teaches the language of kindness, and urges upon mothers the necessity of shaping humane sentiment in their children.

The essay awarded the first prize, was written by Alice Jean Cleaton of East Claridon, Ohio. Here is a part of her message, sent out with the title, The Mother's Part in Humane Education:

"There are mothers who, though far from being cruel or thoughtless or indifferent, plead the lack of time and knowledge for the humane education of their children in the home. To such I would quote the words of Ruskin: 'God never gives a duty without giving the time to perform it.' And there are many things which almost any intelligent mother can do along this line.

"Most important of all, be genuinely kind yourself. Radiate the spirit of kindness toward all. Illustrate in your own life that 'All worldly joys grow less to the one joy of doing kindness.'

"Teach the children that the cry of animals in pain is their own language to plead for help; that because they have not the human power of speech or intellect, we should be their friends and champions; that all these friends in 'feathers and fur' have their part in the great plans of the universe the same as we.

"And then, oh the power and magic of the story! A mother who can tell good stories and tell them well has an almost unlimited influence over her children. Read little books of nature stories and tell them to the children. Stories of flower and stream and the sky, wild life of the woods; of the birds and their relation to the crop production; of the butterflies and of the part they play in fertilization of blossoms; of the queer-faced but useful little barn owl and garden toad; of the woodpeckers who have no song but are the drummers in the bird orchestra; of the weatherwise muskrat whose little fur overcoat seems twice too big for him, and of the bear who is far from being the fierce fellow the child so often imagines him to be, but who loves his own peaceful society in the Big Woods!

NEVER HURTS ANYBODY.

"If your children grow up with eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel for fellowmen and all living things, waves of humane influence will reach far out from their lives."

Among the prize anecdotes in the magazines is one of the humble toad, the gardener's friend, and a little creature that never hurts anybody or anything. The anecdote is this:

"Miss Kindheart had often noticed a little brown jacket emerging from a grass-curtained hole near her back door, and she decided to become acquainted with him. She wanted to tell him as best she could of the debt of gratitude she owed him for eating his share of grubs and thus enabling her to have such a beautiful garden.

"It was slow work at first, for toads are not used to being treated in a friendly way, and are therefore very reticent. But after a little patience and perseverance the little fellow became very appreciative of nice crumbs that were placed for him every day. By and by he mustered courage to come when called, for his mistress was not long in choosing a pretty name, very appropriate for her knowing little friend. "Come, Watch," were the magic words that brought the sociable toad into sight.

"When winter came Miss Kindheart missed the little visitor, but she knew that he was safely housed. She did not dream, however, of seeing him again. Imagine her surprise when the last shred of winter's worn-out carpet had disappeared, who should emerge from the dark, damp ground but little Watch blinking his bright eyes, and showing an eagerness to renew his acquaintance of the kindest mortal he had ever met. This unique friendship continued for several years."

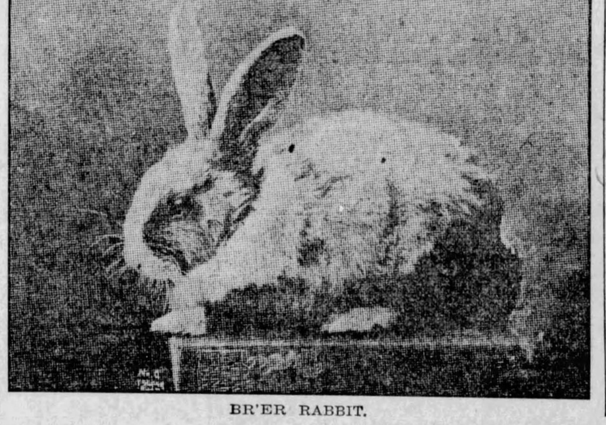
The one who loves animals and is kind to them, can never be a hopeless case, no matter how far wrong he may have drifted in his dealings with men. Human beings go to extremes. They may be either the highest, or the lowest form of creation. In their enmities toward one another, they may rend and tear like the beasts which remain savage. In their beneficence, they may be akin to angels. Which condition is the better, goes without saying.

We must always begin at the bottom to build up. There is seldom a child that is not attracted to birds and animals, and if they are taught to love them, and to treat them kindly, baser instincts will not develop.

One of the first lessons to teach a child is kindness.

"If your children grow up with eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel for fellow men and all living things, waves of humane influence will reach far out from their lives."

Much obliged to "Our Dumb Animals," for the stories and pictures.



BR'ER RABBIT.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

One morning in April, I was seated in a passenger train at the Union station in Corry, the little city where I live, waiting for something to move. Six trains were standing there, headed toward six different points of the compass, amid the hustle and tumult so characteristic of an American railway station. At this particular point, this hustle takes place about nine o'clock every morning.

I was taking a day off, an unusual thing for me to do, but that everlasting housecleaning period had overtaken us, or, to be more specific, WE were cleaning house. I was helping by telephone, until it occurred to me that by this means I might be given a hurry-up home order, which would be treason to disregard. It was at this juncture that I was seized with an irresistible desire to travel. I rushed to the railway station and boarded the first train in reach, which proved to be the Oil City flier headed toward the famous, pioneer oil regions of Pennsylvania.

Titusville, is the first point of interest. It is situated in a beautiful valley on Oil creek, between two mountain outposts of the Allegheny range. Seventeen miles north of Oil City, Pennsylvania, which is situated at the junction of Oil creek and the Allegheny river. At Titusville, oil had always oozed out of the banks in the creek and settled in the eddies along the shore, and for this reason, Oil creek was thus named.

In the early day, the Seneca Indians used to collect this oil and sell it to the settlers and lumbermen, which fact suggested to Colonel Drake the possibility of finding Seneca oil by drilling. Thus in 1859, the famous old Drake well, number 1, the first petroleum oil well in history, was drilled on what is locally known as the Watson flats, near the present city limits of Titusville. The event transformed that sleepy old burg into chaotic activity, and later into the present beautiful city.

On leaving Titusville, the train enters a winding gorge around the mountains while across the creek, the wooded slopes present a picture of unsurpassed, natural beauty.

Petroleum Center, once famous for being the center of the Pennsylvania oil fields, when its area was confined to less than 20 miles square, is the next point of interest. Its population in the early sixties is not known, neither can its intense excitement at that time, be comprehended.

We shall not stop at Oil City, we are looking for fossils and shall go to ancient Pithole. In 1868, the oil excitement along Oil Creek had culminated into a frenzied rush for liquid gold. From Oil City to Titusville, was a seething mass of activity, but nothing ever equaled what is locally known as the Pithole excitement. At this period in its short-lived history, it claimed the third postoffice in the state. Fine hotels and business blocks were erected and served their brief purpose. Its temporary and transient population was enormous. It is said that men went oil mad over the fortunes made and lost in a day.

Ten years later, Pithole had been torn down and moved to other temporary oil towns, which later development up and down the river, had added to the Oil creek belt that gave the Keystone state its famous record.

Like Egypt and Palestine, the pioneer oil regions of Pennsylvania are only traditions of former glory. Abandoned ruins meet the eye along the Allegheny river and tributary creeks. While oil is still being produced, though in smaller quantities than formerly, its production has been reduced to a science and is a staple industry of the state.

I extended my first visit until I got hungry enough to face the possible music, when I went quietly home, to find that we had been re-enforced by the paper-hanging brigade, and that by our combined effort, we had brought the sanitary revolution to a successful conclusion. I was encouraged by the smiling faces of my loved ones, who assured me that I had helped, indeed, and that my vacant chair had lent unusual inspiration. They complimented on by good, horse sense for finding the way home, and begged me to accept their thanks for the assistance rendered, and for the loyalty of my sex to the domestic problems of life.—Pennemite Jake Pennsylvania.

I am a Kentucky girl and live on a farm near the Nolin river, three miles from Nolin station. I am 18 years of age and not very large. My mother is dead. I live with my uncle and aunt on a farm. My only brother lives with me. I have often longed for the companionship of a sister, but I have none. We have been taking the good old Blade for a number of years, and always with joy do I look forward for its coming, which is every Friday. We live on a rural route and receive our mail every day at noon.

How many of the M. G. R.'s love boat riding? I do, for one. I love farm life. I live close to nature and can hear the songs of the birds, see the beautiful flowers blooming, can gaze afar at the lovely, green wheat fields that look like water rippling in the passing breeze.

I am a great lover of music. I have two harps and can play very well. Hoping to see this in print, and also that I am one of you, I am, with my sincerest best wishes.—Ellen Akers, Kentucky.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Good day to you, M. G. R.'s. I hope it is a good day to you.

Please, Rubie Deen, and Guess Who, of West Virginia, send your addresses, to the Household Editor.

All is serene in the M. G. R. We are getting good letters right along, which are printed as fast as our space will permit. This week we did not have so large a mail as usual, but we are glad to welcome letters from Buckeye Bill, and Juanita.

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope.

I think our descriptive letters are pretty fine letters to have. If you paste them in your scrap book, when you get a collection, you can read them over again and travel while you stay at home.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Isn't it a sweet time o' year when the syringa blossoms scent the air? Next will come roses. The procession of flowers is something to be thankful for. Have one of your own.—Elizabeth beth.

One of our members would like some information about Boon county, Arkansas. What the soil and people are like, what land is worth and what are the general crops.

For Josephine—Your neighbors must like you or they would not hang around. Just work and talk; maybe you will do them good. Cast your bread upon the waters.—D. M. Riffle, West Virginia.

Letters for the Cozies this week are from: Grandma, Mrs. Bertha Coffe, Maude Ramsey, Shorty of California, Experience, Mrs. Carl D., and Cora Bell.

Here are some things you are requested to do: Sign your real names to your letters, write of pleasant things, if possible, write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope, and KEEP UP YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS! This page is going to be better and better, because I am getting better and better letters all the time, and they help me to steer the ship.—Elizabeth.

Wonderful Bargain

Hyde-Grade Cloth Petticoat

98c

Just in order to thoroughly demonstrate to ladies everywhere that our mail order department offers greater bargains than any house in the United States we will send this beautiful serviceable petticoat to any address upon receipt of only 98c. This petticoat is made of the world famed unequalled Hyde-Grade Cloth, made with full circular flounces with rows of shirring and six pin tucks, finished with six inch silk embroidered ruffle in exquisite eyelet design. The very latest style and a marvel of beauty. Colors: Gray, Tan, Green, Rose, Lavender, Brown, Copenhagen, Navy, also Black. Send top of the measure and length.

50c Swiss Embroidery Flouncing, 29c a Yard

Finest quality Swiss Embroidery flouncing, or skirting is 18 inches wide, with 6 inch embroidery work—pretty, dainty English eyelet and floral pattern, exactly like illustration. This wide flouncing is particularly adaptable for making of waists, dresses and petticoats. Being extra good quality, will not pull out in washing. Will give lasting service and satisfaction. Excellent value at 50c but we will send this extraordinary bargain at 29c a yard to any address. We Pay All Express Charges.

Send for our monthly bargain bulletin brimful of tremendous bargains of every imaginable kind of goods that affords a saving of from 30% to 60% and even 100% on your necessities. Our policy of money back if not satisfied has made ours the largest department store in Ohio. Our mail order department offers the same money saving advantages as are daily offered on our store counters. Make all remittances by currency, Post Office or Express Money orders and address

The May Co. Dept. B Cleveland, Ohio.

Largest Department Stores in State of Ohio

POETS' CORNER

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

By George F. Root.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While upon the field I'm watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God—
For well they know that on the morrow
Some must sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

O, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
'Til in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark, I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
'Tis the battle cry of freedom—
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, we'll rally 'neath the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

POORHOUSE NAN

Author Unknown.

A great, warm, russety hillside,
Where thick clumps of low brier twine;
An old broken wall half adown it,
All smothered with tangles of vine;
And valley and river and hamlet
Below, shining out fair and sweet,
For a lithe little gipsy-like maiden,
On the wall, swinging naked brown feet.

"That Nan," "Poor-house Nan," sent for berries.
She carelessly laughs and swings on,
Though treacherous stains over bright lips
Show where her small harvest has gone.
What matter? They all will expect it,
She'll not disappoint them today;
And she flings up the old empty basket
In a woful attempt to be gay.

She might not have grown quite so wicked.
At least she was sure she'd have tried.
If some one had loved her a little,
Or mother had only not died;
And she wondered a bit as she noted
The clouds floating on, fleecy white,
If she might not still know and be caring
Up there somewhere just out of sight.

A mist seemed to cover the valley,
And darkened it all into shade,
As she hugged close the little red bonnet
The dear mother's fingers had made;
And she dreamily saw the blue hill-tops
Across all the level below,
Till sudden her dark eyes grew brighter,
And cheeks gave an answering glow.

For, far down the line of the railway,
Past the bridge where the banks were so high,
A tiny white figure seemed floating,
An angel, she thought, from the sky.
She dashed the white mist from her lashes;
Ah! now she can see it quite plain,
'Tis only a wee, laughing baby,
Running on in the track of the train.

Deep down in the glen she can hear it,
Like pulse-beats far under the ground;
And, anon a long wail rings and echoes—
She springs to her feet at the sound.
One last little hug to the bonnet
She gave ere she fastened the strings,
Then down the rough, briery hillside
She flew as though borne upon wings.

At the high bridge she pauses, she wavers,
The dark river runs swift and still,
Behind is the roar of the engine,
Already the rails seem to thrill.
But only a second she falters,
Then, swift, steady feet brush the ties,
And her colors go on bravely floating,
As the cape of the bright bonnet flies.

Then, the man with a hand on the lever
Sees the gay little bonnet of red
A-fluttering on all so madly,
Like signal of danger ahead;
So it chanced the great breast of the engine
Touched softly her ragged brown skirt,
As Nan, with the laughing baby,
Stepped down from the track unhurt.

How they cheered all along as they saw her,
And the engine joined in and cheered too,
As she held up the baby and whispered,
"You darling, they're shouting for you."

So that's how it all came to happen!
Those train folks they just led that way,
And then the whole town on a sudden
Fell to loving "that Poorhouse Nan."

OLD AND ONLY IN THE WAY

Author Unknown.

As we walk down the street, oh, how often do we meet,
Some poor old man whose life is naught but woe;
With age his form is bent, in his pocket not a cent,
And for shelter he does not know where to go.
With relations by the score, who would turn him from their door;
As they meet him on the street they look away,
If you ask him why it is, he will answer like this:
"I'm poor and old and only in the way."

CHORUS:

Then let us cheer them on, they can't be with us long;
Don't sneer at them because they're old and gray;
But remember while you're young that the day to you may come,
When you'll be old and only in the way.

Once there was a time, I hear, when the young were not so queer;
But since that time there's come an awful change;
Young men with health and work, their parents old do shirk;
It happens every day, 'tis nothing strange.
This poor old man, infirm, his children him do spurn,
And for death I'm sure he often times does pray;
After toiling all his life for them and his faithful wife,
At last he finds he's only in the way.

CHORUS:

Now my little song, be sure, is for rich as well as poor,
For, take a rich man when he's growing old,
Friends grasp him by the hand and relatives round him stand,
Awaiting him to die—they want his gold.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

Author Unknown.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory,
Like our prince Immanuel's land;
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills?

CHORUS:

Oh the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills!
If o'er sea or land I roam,
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills,
Beautiful hills, beautiful hills.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
Where my girlhood hours were passed;
Where I often wandered lonely,
And the future tried to cast;
Many are our visions bright,
Which the future ne'er fulfills,
But how sunny were my day-dreams,
On those West Virginia hills!

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How unchanged they seem to stand,
With their summits pointed skyward,
To the great Almighty's land;
Many changes I can see,
Which my heart with sadness fills,
But no changes can be noticed
In those West Virginia hills.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
I must bid you now adieu;
In my home beyond the mountains,
I shall ever dream of you;
In the evening time of life,
If my Father only wills,
I shall still behold the vision,
Of those West Virginia hills.

POEMS REQUESTED.

We are asked for the poem entitled You Kissed Me. It begins:

You kissed me, my head drooped low
On your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest.

The one who asks for it, Mrs. Hamilton Church, wrote it for her husband at the beginning of the civil war. The only copy of the poem possessed by her family was destroyed by the San Francisco fire, and its writer cannot recall her own lines. Will some one please come to the rescue?—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By ELIZABETH.

It won't pain your face much to smile and look pleasant.

You don't have to explain anything if there is nothing in your life that needs covering up.

In your daily life, in whatever you are undertaking, you must not get mad. You will spoil things if you do—yourself included.

There is no use in getting jealous. We all have our separate uses—and abuses. Remember, there is always room for one more at the top of the ladder, if you have the will to climb.

Forget to carry the shadow of unhappiness with you.

Respect your work, whatever it may be. Respect yourself and hold yourself and your work in good opinion.

Be sure you are right; then go ahead. Be not swayed by the influence of others. 'Ware the influence of others unless it is a good one. Dodge it.

Half the time when you feel blue, it is because you are over-tired. There is really nothing much the matter except that tired feeling. Take a rest before you have to.

Experience is frequently a very expensive and dearly bought teacher, but you can get your money's worth out of it if you will.

A good sleep now and then is better than any medicine.

Keep faith with those who look to you with faith and love.

As your mind is inclined, so will the world take its color.

This is all for today.

Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—for thirty years these reports have been published all over America.

Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills—never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

Can any woman let prejudice stand between her and that which will restore her health? If you believe those who have tried it you know this medicine *does* cure.

Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I am a firm believer in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from organic female troubles for years, and almost despaired of ever being well again. I had bearing-down pains, backache, headache and pains in my abdomen, and tried Mrs. Pinkham's Compound as a last resort. The result was astonishing, and I have used it and advocated it ever since. It is a great boon to expectant mothers. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light so that women would read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings. "My husband joins me in its praise. He has used it for kidney trouble and been entirely cured."—Mrs. E. A. Bishop, 1915 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

The Overland
The Simplest Car

The wonderful sale of the Overland—greater than any other car ever knew—is largely due to simplicity. The man who runs his own car wants a trouble-proof car.

We are turning out 140 such cars every day, but we never yet have been able to make as many as people wanted.

Easy to Operate

The Overlands operate by pedal control. One goes backward or forward, fast or slow, by simply pushing pedals. It is as simple as walking, and the hands are left free to steer.

The Overland has fewer parts than any other automobile. One part is made to take the place of many. It is free from complexities. The operations are all automatic. A novice could run an Overland from coast to coast the first time he tried. One of these cars has run 3,000 miles without stopping the engine.

Very Low Prices

The Overlands are made—as watches are made—by modern automatic machinery. And we devote a whole factory to one model alone.

Because of these facts, and our enormous ouput, we give more for the money than anyone else. We have cut the cost 20 per cent in the past year alone.

We now sell a 25-horsepower Overland for $1,000 in roadster style, or for $1,100 with tonneau. The car has a 102-inch wheel base, and is easily capable of 50 miles an hour.

We sell a 40-horsepower Overland for $1,250. Other Overland models cost $1,300, $1,400 and $1,500. All prices include gas lamps and magneto.

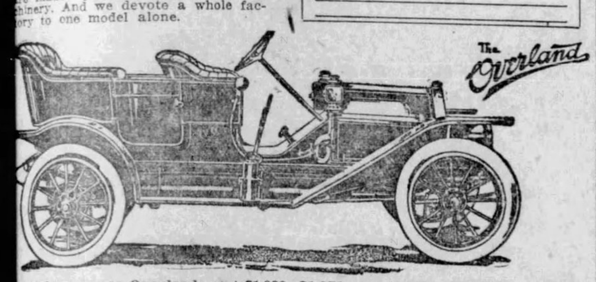
You will find no car that compares with an Overland at anywhere near its price.

The Car You'll Want

You will see why the Overlands outsell all other cars when you make your comparisons. Wherever you are you can do this, for there are Overland dealers everywhere.

But the first step is to send for our catalog—to see all the styles and know all the facts. When we send it we will tell you our nearest dealer. Please send us this coupon now.

The Willys-Overland Co. F20
Toledo, Ohio.
Licensed Under Selden Patent.
Please send me the catalog free.



The 25-horsepower Overlands cost $1,000, $1,050 and $1,100, according to style of body. The 40-horsepower Overlands cost from $1,250 to $1,500. (65)

COLLEGE GETS BIG SUM

Princeton Given $10,000,000 by a Graduate.

Salem, Mass., May 23.—By the will of Isaac C. Wyman, of Salem, the bulk of his estate, which is estimated at nearly $10,000,000, is left to the graduate school of Princeton university as a memorial of Mr. Wyman's "lasting affection," as the will phrases it, for his Alma Mater.

John M. Raymond, of Salem, and Dean Andrew S. West, of the Princeton graduate school, named as trustees, are given almost absolute power in disposing of the property which consists largely of real estate holdings.

The will also directs that the trustees erect a chapel as a memorial to Mr. Wyman's parents. The chapel is to be large enough to hold "Neighborhood meetings or Sunday school classes."

Aside from these bequests and a few others of minor character the whole estate is to be devoted in whole or part, as the trustees decide, to the Princeton graduate school, to maintain, develop or assist it in any way that will increase the power and usefulness of the university.

Mr. Wyman was born in Marblehead January 31, 1828. He was left an orphan at the age of 7, with the fortune of $80,000, in which his only brother William, did not share. While a student at Princeton he borrowed money from his guardian and put through a successful speculative deal. After graduating he practiced law for 11 years and then gave it up to enter the real estate business exclusively. He operated on a large scale and purchased many thousand acres of wooded western lands, both in the United States and Canada. He never married.

Because of his refusal to keep the houses which he owned in Lynn in repair he was a frequent defendant in the police court of that city. The collection of antiques constituted his sole diversion, although he said he occasionally dissipated to the extent of reading a novel. He found money so easy to get that he frequently said that there must be something the matter with the poor.

Father Fought in Revolution.

Princeton, N. J., May 23.—The report of a large bequest to the graduate school of Princeton by Isaac Chauncey Wyman, of the class of 1848, occasioned a sensation in Princeton today among the trustees who happened to be here, faculty members and under graduates of Princeton University. The bequest opens anew the graduate college discussion which became an issue when an offer $500,000, was made for the graduate school by William Cooper Proctor, 83, of Cincinnati. It is believed that the additional large sum available for the graduate college will, by reason of its magnitude, set aside a number of conditions which have hitherto been prime factors in the dispute. The question of site, it is said, will probably be eradicated, as the gift will make possible the territorial expension of the university into parts now remote from the campus, but which will not have the prospect spoiled by intervening buildings.

Mr. Wyman was well known in Princeton as an old graduate, though since his graduation, in 1848, he was not known to have returned here a single time. His father, who was at the battle of Princeton, in the revolutionary war, was nearly 60 years old when the benefactor of Princeton was born.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE
to have your Kidneys and Bladder feel as well as they used to?
Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), 32 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., will (gladly and without a penny of your money) direct you to the splendid remedy he successfully used in his own case.

PARDON MAY CONVICT

Startling Turn Given to Trial for Conspiracy to Defraud the Government.

New York, May 23.—The trump card in the prosecution of Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining company, was played at the opening of the sugar trust underweighing conspiracy trial today when Prosecutor Stimson called as the government's first witness, Oliver Spitzer superintendent of the Williamsburg docks, who, some months ago, was convicted of underweighing and sentenced to two years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

When Spitzer took the stand John B. Stanchfield for the defense claimed that under the federal statutes Spitzer, as a convicted man, could not testify. The sensation of the trial was then created by the declaration in court that Spitzer had been pardoned by President Taft. On May 19 he was granted an unconditional pardon by the president.

Spitzer went back to the years 1894 and 1895, when, he said, an investigation he made developed the fact that the checkers were affecting the weights on raw sugar by placing small bags of lead on the beams of the scales, causing the recorded weights to drop below the actual, often as much as 40 pounds on each draft. In addition, Spitzer said, it was also the practice to stuff paper underneath the floors of the scales for the same purpose. He said that when Deputy Surveyor of Customs Vail took office these devices were abandoned and the use of the steel corset spring instead was begun and continued.

It was said before Spitzer got well into his testimony that he would make a clean breast of the frauds alleged to have been committed in the underweighing of raw sugar on the Williamsburg docks.

Heike is on trial in the United States court with five former employes of the American Sugar Refining Co. on the charge of conspiring to defraud the government by underweighing cargoes of sugar imports. Witnesses have testified to the discoveries of fraudulent devices on the sugar docks at Williamsburg, whereby it was alleged that employes of the so-called sugar trust manipulated the scales so as to bring about underweights.

On evidence of Richard Parr, a government inspector, who made a raid on the sugar docks in November, 1907, and others, Spitzer, who was the dock superintendent at the time and for some years previous, was convicted, with four checkers employed under him, of connection with the conspiracy to perpetrate frauds whereby the government was cheated out of millions of dollars in sugar duties. The four checkers, Boyle, Coyle, Kehoe and Hennessey, were sent to the Blackwell's Island penitentiary for a year. Spitzer got two years in Atlanta. He protested ignorance of frauds on the docks.

Men "higher up" were sought, and Heike, the secretary of the trust, and Ernest H. Gebracht, the refinery superintendent, were indicted. With them on trial now, besides four other company checkers, is James F. Bendernagle, the refinery cashier, who was tried with Spitzer and the others. The jury disagreed as to whether Bendernagle had a part in the conspiracy and it was decided to retry him.

Spitzer told of conversations he had with former Cashier James F. Bendernagel and ex-Superintendent Frank W. Gerbracht, two of the defendants. The witness said that when he wanted to raise any of the checkers' wages he was obliged to put the matter before Bendernagel and Gerbracht. He also confirmed the testimony of other witnesses that the checkers of the government weighers were favored over those of city weighers in the matter of wages. He said every effort possible was made to conceal this from the other workers on the dock.

Spitzer said that in the fall of 1906 he received a certain telephone message which caused a letting up in the frauds. He said he did not know who sent the message which warned him to be careful of the wire springs, as the government was watching the docks. Following the raid in November, 1907, by the government, he was informed that the weighers and himself would be taken care of.

"When the six weighers were discharged what happened?"

"I paid them the same wages every week at my home," was the reply of Mr. Spitzer, who said that the money was given him each week by Mr. Gerbracht, who left it in a package at his garage.

"When did this money cease?"

"When I was sentenced last February," answered Mr. Spitzer.

Spitzer said he knew Secretary Heike, but did not connect him in any way with knowledge of the false weighing. Cross-examination of the witness was deferred.

Prosecutor Stimson said Spitzer became conscience-stricken while in prison, and desired to tell all he knew of the alleged frauds.

(From the Chicago Inter Ocean.)
All readers of The Weekly Blade who have sick friends, suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble, will be interested.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE
Dr. T. Frank Lynett, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynett, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

The editor of The Weekly Blade saw the above clipping from the Inter Ocean and wanted to know of this new formula for curing kidney trouble.

Arrangements were then made by which Dr. Lynott offers Weekly Blade readers a free treatment. Dr. Lynett, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure-all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once, both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

The editor of this paper, Weekly Blade, feels that with such a free offer, anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

I know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER. And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See Free treatment certificate at bottom of this page and get relief right now.

STOP

Stop that back breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible, unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—stop that pain RIGHT NOW!

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment ---

a REAL Free Trial Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—immediately after starting the treatment. It is so simple, so mild, yet so scientific and so sure—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Free Certificate below—sign it and send it today. No money—no obligation. At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine free treatment by America's and Europe's leading specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free to convince the public.

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of these pains), then it's your loss if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it is "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and right now, free of charge.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here, is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

WATCH these symptoms!

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly, those stinging, racking pains joint themselves upon the sufferer gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of the uric acid disease:

The Symptoms

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Prostatic Trouble.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
10—Swelling in any part of the body.
11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

JUST Your Name and Address and the Symptoms

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligations whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY---Just write for the free treatment

REMEMBER:—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 3526 Occidental Bldg., **CHICAGO**

If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

NOW, THEN, This Certificate is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. Instant Relief for those terrorising pains!

Send no money—send the certificate, note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get the free treatment.

FREE CERTIFICATE

What is Your Name?.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?.....

What Symptoms Have You?.....
Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is Your Age?..... Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE PROOF treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT,
3526 Occidental Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

EE UNIVERSAL PEACE

tate Department Officials Predict the Adoption of Knox Plan.

Washington, May 23.—An important declaration is soon to be made by e state department which will show ecifically the nations which are in mpathy with the American propoion for the establishment of the inrnational court to secure the peace the world.

James Brown Scott, solicitor of the te department and former delegate The Hague tribunal, is the authoriy for the statement that the Knox rt of arbitral justice will be an acmplished fact by the time of the xt meeting at The Hague. A more portant statement than this, affectg the policies of the greatest nations the world, could not be made.

Solicitor Scott is the cusfodian of e Knox note to the powers on the ject of universal peace and his tements have the effect of a declaron by the state department. In the sence of a specific and ahorized claration by the secretary of state, seems to be assured that England, ance, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Aus-a, Russia, Germany, Sweden and rway and China are co-operating th Secretary Knox.

It is gathered from one of the offials that it is regarded as strange by e government that Japan has not swered the Knox note in such a y as to justify the United States in gning that empire with the proace proposals. Nevertheless, it is ted by the same authorities that e first declaration of the state deartment, showing the wide sweep of d favorable impression made by the nox note, Japan will be forced to n the march of the nations or to nd alone. The last nation to comunicate favorably with the state deartment was Russia, the neighbor of pan.

Unless the Japanese foreign office s on the way to America a positive swer to the Knox note, it would apar that the establishment of the rt will be brought about regardless the attitude of Japan.

TALE OF WICKED PLOT

Reclamation Man Says Meeting Was Held at Home of "Jimmie" Garfield.

Washington, May 20.—The story of a so-called meeting at the West Mentor home of James R. Garfield was told by E. T. Perkins, of the reclamation service at the Ballinger hearing yesterday. Pinchot and Thomas Shipp of the National Conservation association, was among those present.

The meeting was last summer. Its purpose was to keep Ballinger from ousting Engineer Newell from the head of the reclamation service and appointing in his place R. H. Thompson, an engineer whom Ballinger recommended to George W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska coal land grabbers.

The testimony served to focus attention on the reclamation end of the Ballinger revelations and the announced intention of Ballinger to discharge Engineer Davis, chief of this service, and then Engineer Newell, who is still director.

It served also to focus attention on letters which passed between Ballinger and Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, in regard to a reclamation project last spring. Herrick is shown as bringing political pressure to bear on Ballinger against one of the land withdrawals which had been authorized by Secretary James R. Garfield.

Herrick acted in behalf of a certain A. J. Bennett, a Madison City, Mo., banker. Bennett had written Herrick, saying he had worked for Taft's nomination in the Chicago convention. He wrote to Herrick, "I know that you were one of the chief factors in assuring his nomination, and that you are close to the administration, which prompts this letter." Bennett wanted certain public lands which Garfield had withdrawn restored to entry. Herrick sent Bennett's letter on to Ballinger and wrote himself, "I sympathize with the western people in many of these matters."

Mr. Bennett got what he was after. Ballinger restored the lands as Mr. Bennett wished and wrote that Engineer Davis had recommended that the continued withdrawal was no longer necessary. Davis on the stand denied this. He said that the necessity was still as great as when Garfield had withdrawn the lands in the first place.

We Treat You 30 Days FREE

Blood Poison can never be cured with mercury or potash. You might as well know this first as last. Medical authorities say so. The most these drugs can do is to drive the blood poison back into the system and smother it for several years. Then when you think you are cured, pitiful mercury symptoms will break out, and you find that your bones have been rotting all the while. Your mouth will begin to loosen and your tissues, glands and vital organs will show the terrible destructive power of the mercury and potash. Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Imbecility and Premature Death are then almost inevitable. Any medical authority will corroborate these statements. The remarkable vegetable Obbac Treatment does not drive in the

Blood Poison

but drives it out. It positively contains no mineral poisons whatever, so that once cured by the Obbac Treatment you never run the terrible risk of having your bones soften, your nerves collapse, your teeth fall out, your kidneys degenerate or your brain weaken. The Obbac Treatment is a revelation, producing remarkable changes in only a few days. This is why we offer to any blood poison victim living, no matter how bad a case, a

30-Day Treatment FREE

You do not want to be cured and cured quick—not poisoned with mercury and potash for years. A 30-day Obbac Treatment is yours for the asking. You can open your eyes at what it will do for you in 30 days. We treat you free for a month. Just write to us and get the treatment free. Then if you are satisfied it is the most remarkable treatment you ever took, you can continue if you please. Never in your life will you ever again have such an opportunity for a complete cure, as we have given you by this

Great Obbac Treatment

offer. This is a square deal. You sign nothing, no one will make us no promises, except to take the treatment.

The wonderful Wasserman Test, the only blood test known to scientists, proves that the blood is completely purified by the Obbac Treatment, and that mercury and potash do not cure real blood poison. Sit down and write to us, giving full history of your case in detail. We will diagnose your letter as a sacred confidence. Consultation and advice free. We will send you also our remarkable book, "Driving Out Blood Poison" free.

THE OBBAC CO.
507 Rector Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

NOW ARE AFTER LUMBER TRUST

Washington, May 23.—The department of justice is investigating the subject of the price of lumber in the United States, with the view to determining whether or not the so-called lumber trust may be reached by the Sherman anti-trust law on the ground that it is a combination in restraint of trade.

EARTH GETS ANOTHER SHAKE

Scientists Guess That Perhaps It's Down in Costa Rica.

Washington, May 20.—An earthquake estimated to be from four to five thousand miles from Washington, was recorded by the seismograph at Georgetown university shortly after 7 o'clock this morning. Father Francis A. Tondorf, professor of astronomy, said he was inclined to believe that the disturbance was in the vicinity of Costa Rica, which only a few weeks ago was the scene of an appalling earthquake. The instruments, however, indicated that today's vibrations were only of moderate intensity. The movement lasted 14 minutes, beginning at 7:14 and ending at 7:28. Two pronounced shocks were recorded, the first at 7:20-1 and the second at 7:22-24. The motion was mainly east and west.

RETURN BATTLE FLAGS

Emblems of War Presented to Old Plymouth Church.

New York, May 23.—Four battle flags and a banner, torn and powder-stained, that went to the front with the Sixty-seventh regiment of New York volunteers in 1861, were returned to Plymouth church, Brooklyn, last night by the regiment. They will be hung furled in cases along the walls of the church.

On the third Sunday of May, 1861, the flags were presented to the regiment by Henry Ward Beecher, who preached to the text: "For a banner shall be given thee," from the 61st Psalm. The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, in accepting the banners, last night preached on this the third Sunday of May, 39 years later, from the same text.

STEEL TRUST MURDERS

Labor Leader Makes Amazing Declamation to Congressional Committee.

Washington, May 20.—Steel manufacturing concerns in Pennsylvania were characterized as "human slaughter houses," and it was charged that in the hospitals "willful murder" was committed on the theory that dead men were less expensive than cripples, at a hearing before the senate committee on public health and national quarantine in connection with the Owen bill providing for the creation of a department of labor and health.

These sensational statements were made by Arthur E. Holder, legislative agent of the American Federation of Labor, and he promised to furnish the committee with a statement giving the source of his information.

Human Slaughter House.

Mr. Holder told the committee that the representatives of labor organizations during the strike at the Pressed Steel Car Works at McKees Rocks, advertised that concern as a "human slaughter house."

"A few days ago," said Mr. Holder, "I was sitting in the office of a Pennsylvania member of congress and was informed that in the hospital of one of the steel concerns willful murder was committed when it was found that it would be better for the company to have a dead man than a cripple."

Senator Smoot demanded to know the name of the concern accused of these crimes and the name of his informant.

Mr. Holder responded that the name of the concern was the Bethleham Steel Co., and he promised to supply the committee with all of the facts connected with the charge.

Makes Charges as to Ohio.

He had stated prior to this that one manufacturing concern in Ohio was reported to have "killed 1,200 men in nine years." Senator Smoot challenged these figures, and Mr. Holder said that he had no first-hand information concerning them.

The opposition to the Owen bill, chiefly the National League of Medical Freedom, was expected to occupy the time of the committee today, but their hearing was postponed until tonight. All of the senators suported the measure.

Senator Borah introduced a resolution calling upon the secretary of the department of commerce for a report on the iron and steel industry, covering wages and hours of labor. It was not acted upon, but at Senator Borah's request was laid on the table, subject to call. He will later make a speech on the subject.

UNCLE SAM PAYS ONE CENT

Washington, May 20.—The smallest financial transaction made by the government for some time was the sending Wednesday of a check or warrant for 1 cent, designated in the daily treasury statement as "interest on the public debt." It represented one day's interest on a $50 4 per cent bond which matured July 1, 1907.

Instances of this kind occur occasionally, but the one that attracted the most attention for many years was when a warrant for 1 cent in settlement of his accounts was made out in favor of President Cleveland.

It caused no end of talk and comment, but an official explanation that the transaction was necessary in the interest of accurate bookkeeping satisfied the public mind.

THIEF GETS $32,024.24

Snatches Three Packages From Floor of Oil City Depot.

Oil City, Pa., May 19.—Three packages of money containing $32,024.24 were stolen from the Pennsylvania depot here at 3:30 o'clock this morning while John J. Truby, the station agent, was loading baggage onto a Buffalo bound train. The money was being shipped by the Adams Express Co. to Philadelphia.

The railroad detectives investigating the robbery are of the opinion that the theft was the work of one man, unaided, who knew that the money was in the depot and who knew just where it was located.

The Pennsylvania railroad pay car arrived in Oil City late last evening and turned over to the day station agent three packages wrapped in manila paper containing $32,024.24, which were receipted for in the name of the Adams Express Co. The money was consigned to the treasurer's office of the Pennsylvania railroad in Philadelphia. The packages proved to be too bulky for storage in the small depot safe and Night Agent Truby placed them under a sack behind the ticket counter, covering them carefully. There was no one in the depot at the time. At 3:30 o'clock this morning, a Buffalo bound Pennsylvania train pulled into the station and Truby stepped onto the platform, closing the office door behind him. The door is self-locking. While about 200 feet from the depot office, Truby saw by the light of the station platform lamp that the office door was not closed. Hurrying back, he ran into his office and immediately discovered that the three packages of money were missing.

Shouting loudly, he attracted the attention of five policemen who were within a block of the place. A hurried search of the train and vicinity of the station were made with no result. Express company and railroad detectives arrived here this morning to aid in the investigations.

CLAIMS TO RULE

Interstate Commerce Commission Makes a Sweeping Decision.

Washington, May 23.—Regulation of railroad freight rates ordinarily is a complicated question, involving intricate matters of law; but it becomes even a more serious problem when two regulating authorities clash on a proposition of the reasonableness of rates. Thoughtful observers of freight rate regulation have anticipated that, sooner or later, a conflict of authority would arise between the interstate commerce commission and one or more of the state railroad commissions concerning the fixing of rates.

Precisely such a conflict has developed over a comparatively insignificant case that recently was brought before the interstate commerce commission. It was that of E. E. Saunders & Co., of Pensacola, Fla., against the Southern Express Co. The complainants are fish dealers and shippers at Pensacola. In the ordinary course of their business they operate largely in the state of Alabama, shipping fish in quantities from Pensacola to points of destination in that state by express.

Mobile Had Advantage.

Recently, the railroad commission of Alabama fixed an express rate on fish from Mobile, Ala., to other intrastate points that was far below the express rate from Pensacola to the same points of destination. This rate the express company was forced to put in effect, although it protested against it. Mobile fish shippers, by reason of this rate, were given an advantage over the fish shippers of Pensacola to points within Alabama, although, in many instances, the distance from Pensacola to points of destination was less than from Mobile. The Southern Express Co. refused to make the same rates from Pensacola to Alabama as it was required to make from Mobile, its refusal resulting in a complaint filed against it with the interstate commerce commission.

The commission's opinion in the case was handed down today. It was prepared by Commissioner Harlan, and is the unanimous judgment of the commission. It indicates clearly the lines of conflict between the national commission and the various state commissions, in the regulation of freight and express rates, and, in that sense, is one of the most important decisions rendered by the commission for many months. While the case directly involved may be considered as inconsequential, comparatively, the principle enunciated by the commission is of country-wide application, as it opens, at once, the question whether the national, or the state regulating authority is to be paramount in the fixing of freight rates. The commission states its position in these terms:

"Upon general principles of comity the action of a state commission in fixing rates on state traffic must be treated with all due respect, but this commission has never felt itself bound to accept a state-made rate as a necessary measure of an interstate rate. Without criticising the state commission rates from Mobile, this commission, in the light of the record and its own investigations, finds itself unable to accept the Alabama rates as a fair and reasonable basis for fixing the defendant's rates to the same points from Pensacola."

Calls It Iniquitous.

The situation and the testimony are discussed thoroughly in the opinion. In announcing that it would not close the record in the case until the defendant had made further efforts to contest the order of the Alabama commission, the interstate commerce commission says:

"The carriage of traffic by a common carrier for one community or one set of shippers at less than it carries the same traffic for a like distance, and under substantially similar transportation conditions, for another community or another set of shippers is not only in contravention of fundamental right and justice, but is essentially iniquitous. If such a discrimination is practiced by a common carrier as between communities or different sets of shippers, within the same state and on traffic moving only within the same state redress may usually be had under the state laws. On the other hand, if an interstate carrier is guilty of such a discrimination with respect to interstate traffic, redress may be had under the act to regulate commerce.

"But when a carrier, as in this case, serves two communities similarly situated, by hauling the same traffic under similar conditions from a point of origin to destinations in the same state and also to the same destinations from an interstate point of origin, it is not altogether clear that existing legislation affords redress against a discrimination, as between the two points, when resulting from an order by the state comimssion. But unless some such power is lodged somewhere under appropriate legislation, it is evident that state-made rates, if established in pursuance of a narrow or selfish local policy, may not only hinder and harm, and burden interstate traffic and interstate interests, but may, if adjusted with that end in view, take from a point in another state a business that naturally belongs to that point or in which it is entitled at least to participate on the basis of equal rates and equal opportunity.

Would Rob Pensacola.

"Whatever may be the explanation, whether it rests in the greater zeal, activity and ability of the fishing interests at Pensacola or whether it is a natural advantage belonging to that port, the fact appears that for years Pensacola has enjoyed a larger business in the distribution of fish throughout the state of Alabama than has Mobile. By a readjustment of the state rates out of Mobile, whether so intended or not, the process of taking from Pensacola, through lower state-made transportation charges, what its superior zeal or its greater natural advantages have given to it has commenced and is now going on.

"On principle it is clear that a carrier operating through two or more states is but one vehicle of commerce, and all traffic moved by it, whether state or interstate, ought, when the general transportation conditions are the same, to bear its just proportion of the cost of operation and ought to yield no more and no less than its just proportion of the revenues of the carrier.

"Any other theory is fundamentally inequitable, illogical, and unreasonable. It may be, but on that point we express no opinion, that the congress may constitutionally protect interstate commerce, as well as the carriers that are engaged in interstate transportation, by requiring that any state traffic moved by such a carrier shall bear its just proportion of the cost of operation and yield its proper proportion of profit to the carrier; and that with such an end in view it may authorize this commission to fix minimum rates, at least, for state traffic when moved by carriers engaged also in interstate transportation; or that it may provide that no carrier engaged in the interstate transportation of passengers or property may at the same time carry state traffic at rates that are less than the rates exacted by it for interstate carriage of like distance and under like transportation conditions. It has, however, not attempted any such legislation, and whether such an enactment would stand the test of scrutiny by the courts under the constitution as it now stands, and if so, whether it would be desirable from the standpoint of a broad public policy, are questions that must ultimately be determined by the legislative power, and therefore can not profitably be discussed by the commission in this proceeding."

BALLOONISTS MISSING

Men Who Sailed From Pittsfield Not Heard From.

Pittsfield, Mass., May 23.—Some anxiety is expressed over the whereabouts of three New York men who made a balloon ascension from here Saturday noon and have not yet been heard from. William F. Whitehouse, piloted the balloon, the Pittsfield, taking up with him Phillip Caroll, and Lorimer Warner. The balloon started off in a direction a little west of south. As it was heavily loaded it is thought that under ordinary conditions the voyagers would have found it necessary to descend before getting very far into Connecticut. No word has been received from the party late tonight, although Mr. Whitehouse had arranged to send word here immediately upon landing.

SNELL DIES IN PENURY

Son of Man Whose Murder Was Chicago Mystery.

Chicago, May 23.—Albert J. Snell, son of the millionaire, Amos J. Snell, whose murder here in 1888 created a widespread sensation, was found dead in bed at a cheap rooming house here today. He was 50 years of age. He inherited a fortune from his father, and is said to have set a fast pace while the money lasted. He drifted steadily downward of late years, and for several years has made a hand-to-mouth living running errands on the docks. "Willie" Tascott, who was accused of the murder of the elder Snell, was never found by the police, although the search for him was continued for many years. Amos Snell was killed by a buglar whom he discovered in his house at midnight.

NEW DISPUTE ARISES

Government Much Opposed to England's Demands.

Berlin, May 23.—A serious diplomatic controversy is in progress between the German government on one side, Great Britain and Russia on the other, regarding an open door in Persia. Germany firmly protests against the joint warning of the other two powers to Persia not to grant railway concessions to Germans. This warning was delivered some weeks ago, and the dispute arose much as did the difference between Germany and France in Morocco.

Complications in Persia has been anticipated since it was made known in St. Petersburg that Russia and Great Britain refused to admit the political interests of a third power in that kingdom. The Anglo-Russian note to which objection is made demanded that Persia should not grant strategic railroad concessions to a third power, or negotiate a loan with one, thus impairing the security of earlier Anglo-Russian loans. Soon after the note was issued Count Von Pourtales, the German ambassador at St. Petersburg, made representations to the Russian government intimating that the attitude of Russia and Great Briain was a matter of concern to Germany.

Kaiser Kisses Cousin George.

London, May 23.—Emperor William took his departure from London today, proceeding to Port Victoria, where he was to board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern for the return to his majesty's domains. King George accompanied his royal cousin to the railway station, and their parting was affectionate, the emperor kissing the other twice. To the lord mayor of London the German monarch sent a message expressing the warm appreciation which he felt for the sincere sympathy exhibited toward him in his sad bereavement by the people of London.

NEEDLE PIERCES HEART

Play of Two Workmen Has Fatal Ending for One.

New York, May 23.—Arthur Devarus, of 354 W. 24th street, was killed last night by a needle which was suspended by a cord around his neck. The accident occured in the freight yards at Weehawken.

Devarus and Nicholas Dilcher, of 684 Hudson avenue, West New York, were engaged in sewing up bags holding flour, which had been broken in the course of handling in the transmission of freight. Dilcher was having fun with Devarus and the latter stooped to pick up a bag Dilcher playfully tickled him in the ribs. Devarus straightened up suddenly and in some manner as he came in contact with Dilcher the three-inch packing needle was forced against his body and penetrated through to his heart, the man falling dead instantly.

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

Along Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., as low as $10.00 per acre. Send for illustrated booklet, "COUNTRY LIFE IN VIRGINIA," It describes the mild climate, all-year farming, dairying, poultry and stock raising, nearby Eastern markets, schools, etc., and why land is now cheap. Low rates 6-month excursion, round trip. G. B. WALL, REAL ESTATE AG'T., C. & O. RY., Box F Richmond, Va.

$6.95

15 JEWELED ELGIN

Never before has a 15 ruby jeweled Elgin watch been offered at this price. Retail exchange $15.00 to $20.00 for them as they are worth it. 15 is manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co. and stamped 15 jewels. Fitted in solid oxidized dust proof screw case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.

SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $6.95 and express charges and it is yours. We furnish this watch in 20 year guarantee SOLID GOLD FILLED case for $9.95.

15 JEWELS

State kind wanted, Silver at $6.95 or Gold at $9.95. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 328-336 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SUNDAY SCHOOL GAIN NEARLY 3,000,000 PUPILS IN 3 YEARS

Philadelphia, May 23.—Figures showing an increase of nearly 3,000,000 in the number of Sunday school scholars and teachers in the last three years were made public by Dr. George W. Bailey, chairman of the executive committee of the World Sunday School association, at the annual banquet of the Reformed Church Social Union, held in the Hotel Majestic.

Dr. Bailey will include the figures in his report before the convention of the World Sunday School association, to be held in Washington. He had not intended to make any part of his report public before that time, "but for the first time in my life I was asked if the Sunday school is a failure. I want to answer that now," he said in announcing the figures.

According to Dr. Bailey's report, there were 255,544 Sunday schools throughout the world three years ago. There are now 285,842 schools, an increase of 30,298. In 1907 the convention reports showed 2,419,444 teachers and officers. Today there are 2,598,613, an increase of 179,619. From 23,618,392 scholars in 1907, the number has grown to 25,388,119, or an increase of 2,669,727. This makes an increase of 2,848,856 in scholars and teachers, or a total of 27,886,732.

Dr. Bailey declared that while the figures given may not be an actual increase of the amount stated, the 1907 reports not being entirely accurate, they show the strength of the Sunday schools of the world today.

HOMES OF THE PUEBLOS OCCUPIED FOR 500 YEARS

The recent uprising of the Pueblo Indians, in New Mexico, who for years have been a peaceful people, is believed to have been caused by the punishment of Pueblos by the territorial authorities. For years the Pueblos have governed themselves, electing their own chiefs and village councilors, who tried and punished malefactors of the tribe without appeal to the territorial authorities.

Some months ago an Indian, Isleta Pueblo, who had been imprisoned by the village authorities, appealed to the territorial courts and the chief and councilors of the village were put in jail. Since that time the Indians have been unruly, and it is believed the present outbreak is the result of fear by the Pueblos that they would lose their independence.

For several weeks ranchers near Taos have found their fences cut and their stock missing, but the discontent of the Indians culminated in the attack on the Myers household.

The taking of the census is also believed to have caused much unrest among the Indians. When the enumerators reached Santo Domingo and San Dia Pueblos they were refused all information concerning members of the tribe and were threatened with violence.

It was only after they had threatened to bring troops and former Governor Curry had gone personally to the chiefs and reassured them about the purpose of the census that the Indians were persuaded to answer the questions. Several eastern artists are believed to be in the Taos country making sketches of Indian life. Taos is the oldest and most picturesque town of the Pueblos.

The ancient Indian village, Pueblo de Taos, is just across the Colorado-New Mexican line, but little over 300 miles from Denver. There are two great pyramid houses, one five and the other seven stories high, occupied by the entire tribe, numbering more than 400 souls. These two Pueblo structures are considered the most perfect examples of early Indian architecture. Although known to have been occupied continuously for more than 500 years, they show not the slightest sign of decay, but, on the contrary, are in a perfect state of preservation.

The Indians, who have lived here for generations, are in a small way tillers of the soil. Like all aborigines, they are superstitious, believing in all kinds of signs and workings of supernatural powers.

Although the Indians were taught the Catholic religion by the Spaniards and now use the Mexican language more freely than their own, the priests, of whom there are several, are all French.

Of festival days there are many, the most important being the feast of San Geronimo, celebrated on September 30 every year. Utes, Navajos, Apaches and Mexicans from hundreds of miles about assemble at Taos two or three days in advance of the patron saint's festival. In the early morning of this St. Jerome's day a black-robed Indian makes a meditation from the top of one of the pueblo buildings to the assembled multitude below.

A procession is formed and marches to the race track, which is a quarter of a mile in length. The runners, of whom there are 50, are naked except for a breech cloth, and are painted, no two alike.

Fifty other runners to contest with these arrive from the pueblo across the dividing stream. Two runners from each side dart down the track. No sooner do they reach the goal than two others start off, and thus for two hours the races continue in relays of twos. The victorious side is given the privilege of electing the governor for both pueblos for the ensuing year.

In the afternoon dances by hideously painted clowns and mirthmakers are followed by attempts to climb the pole, which is at last accomplished, amid the yells of the onlookers, and St. Jerome is supposed to rejoice in the happy conclusion of the festival in his honor.

Two and one-half miles away is Fernandez de Taos, a Mexican town quaintly built around a large plaza. Many an illustrious pioneer has called Taos home. Colonel Kit Carson lived and died there. Governor Charles Bent was assassinated there February 17, 1847, during the Pueblo insurrection. The first newspaper west of the Missouri river was published at Taos in 1837.

Wireless Service Across Continent

Chain of Stations From Atlantic to Pacific to Revolutionize Telegraph and Telephone Industries.

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The cause of the Wireless Telegraph and Telephone industry has been advanced at least five years, by the amalgamation of several leading companies, and the requirement of the control of their stations, into sufficient fields and points.

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Only seven additional stations are needed to perfect a perfect overland service available to the public from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the funds now invited from the public will be used to complete these stations.

Endorsed by U.S. Government

The service of this company is endorsed by the government, patronized by leading commercial houses, and pronounced successful wherever used, making the operation of its stations highly profitable to the company.

We want you to read every word of this announcement. Only by doing so, can you realize how big an opportunity it means to you personally. Already the company has done for wireless telephony and telegraphy that which it took years to perform in the field of telegraph and telephone service by wire.

The officers of the company have shown their conservatism by capitalizing for only five millions of dollars, of that amount to place the transcontinental service of the company on a practical working basis, and allow a sufficient reserve fund for operating expenses. They have left out water and have issued no bonds or preferred stock, in order that every investor, large or small, may participate on a common ground in present and future profits.

The day of wireless investment is here. The business now being done by the company, averaging thousands of messages a day, is proof of the enormous profit which will be shared among the stockholders, once the few additional stations needed to complete a transcontinental service, are established. Within a few months after all the stations now established are in joint operation, the business of the company done through these stations should be more than doubled.

Every Claim Proven Before You Invest

Before you invest a dollar in the stock of this company we want to prove to you that this company is now on a money earning basis, and that by perfecting a transcontinental service, by saving time, effort, competition, duplicating, and expenses, through centralization of effort, we are now able to offer you the best investment that you could possibly find anywhere. We have two objects in desiring to associate thousands of small investors with us in this undertaking. First—To provide funds immediately with which to erect our new stations and, second—to advertise our transcontinental service and to secure for it the patronage of as many investors as possible, throughout the country.

You must act at once. The stock of the company is being rapidly subscribed at the par value of $1.00 per share. None of it has been offered for less than par, and undoubtedly it will soon sell at a premium.

Write for Our Handsome Free 80-Page Booklet

Clip the coupon appearing in this advertisement NOW, while the thought is ripe in your mind. The slight effort will bring to you information of exceeding value. Let us send to you our handsome eighty-page book, completely describing the amalgamation of the world's four greatest Wireless Companies, giving you the personnel of directorate, the endorsement of our service by commercial men, government officials and scientists, and containing complete descriptions of the Wireless System, the instruments used in the transmission of sound without wires, in fact everything you should know to make you thoroughly conversant with the opportunity offered by this investment.

NOTE: We want men to represent this Company in every community. A permanent position is offered to men of clean record. To earnest workers who can help us to further the cause of this great Wireless Company an attractive proposition is open. Write to us.

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I have read with interest your advertisement in the Toledo Blade. I want further proof that you have a profitable investment for me to entertain. Without obligation on my part, send me all the information you can regarding the Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company's Securities.

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TOWN.....

STATE.....

TO HAND OUT MILLIONS

Standard Oil Company Increases Pay of Refinery Laborers.

New York, May 20.—Increases in the wages of employes of the Standard Oil Co., dating from May 1 will add from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000 to the company's annual payroll expense. The increases range from 6 to 10 per cent. The new scale affects employes engaged in the company's refineries and factories, but does not apply to office men.

Officials of the company say that the higher cost of the necessaries of life has made the advance necessary. The wage increase movement extends to all the subsidiary companies of the Standard.

"The Standard Oil Co. prides itself that in its entire existence it has never had a strike and the officers of the corporation are desirous of maintaining this record," says a statement issued from 26 Broadway. "The increase in the cost of living has become so burdensome that it seemed to be wise to make this voluntary increase in wages."

AMERICAN FORCE IS LANDED

Armed Sailors on Guard in Nicaraguan City.

Bluefields, May 20.—The United States gunboats Dubuque and Paducah landed 160 blue jackets here today to protect American interests in Bluefields and to prevent fighting within the town limits. The American force is prepared for any emergency, having taken ashore several field guns and rapid firers.

This is the first occasion that it has been deemed advisable to send blue jackets ashore from the American warships on Nicaraguan territory. Landing parties were held in readiness on the American ships when the forces of the Nicaraguan government and the provisional government opposed each other several months ago, but it was not necessary to send the men ashore.

BALLOON COVERS 450 MILES

St. Louis Aeronauts Land in Michigan After 22 Hours' Ride.

Ionia, Mich., May 21.—The balloon Centennial, piloted by Capt. H. E. Honeywell and carrying also William F. Assman, which left St. Louis Thursday in an attempt to capture the Lahm cup for long distance flights, landed Friday at the little town of Shiloh, 10 miles north of Ionia. The balloon had been in the air 22 hours and had covered 450 miles.

Crossing Lake Michigan early Friday from Kenosha, Wis., the balloonists made good time at high altitude and had hopes of reaching New England until they encountered a calm over central Michigan. After vainly trying different altitudes for a favorable wind, they landed gently between 3 and 4 o'clock dropping near the Pere Marquette depot and having an hour before train time to wrap their pack. They arrived here late Friday and left the same night for St. Louis.

Captain Honeywell said they kept at a high altitude all night because of rainstorms below them, and passed Kenosha at a height of 2,000 feet.

BATTLE RAGING IN NICARAGUA

Bluefields, Nicaragua, May 24.—General Lara, commanding a force of government troops, today is fiercely attacking the provisional government's position at the rear of Bluefields. The government steamer Venus is landing 500 troops off a lagoon, 26 miles north of Bluefields bluff, for the purpose of attacking the bluff in conjunction with General Lara's force back of Bluefields.

The government troops began their attack last night on the position where the provisionals had entrenched themselves, but they were repulsed and returned to the woods. An artillery fire was kept up all night until dawn this morning when the attack was resumed.

The American gunboats Paducah and Dubuque are not interfering with the movements of the Venus.

FEAR ATTACK ON ALFONSO

Police in Madrid Scared by Last Night's Bomb-Throwing.

Madrid, May 24.—Following a night of search and inquiry, the police believe today that the bomb exploded last night was intended for King Alfonso. The explosive was hurled at the monument erected to the victims of the attempt against his majesty on his wedding day, May 31, 1906, but the authorities think that the original intention of the anarchist was to strike down the king upon his arrival at the railway station on his return from London. As a result of this conviction the plans for King Alfonso's return have been changed and it is now arranged for him to enter the city by automobile.

The bomb thrower, who was wounded by his own weapon, proves to have been a South American. Like Manuel Morales, who was believed to have headed the conspiracy against the king four years ago, the South American committed suicide when he found that his capture by the police was imminent. The police also point out that the man used a bomb constructed much like that employed by Morales and which caused the deaths of 23 persons. Anxiety is always felt for King Alfonso when he leaves the capital, and the affair of last night has increased the nervousness of the police authorities.

THE SHOT HIT WRONG MARK

As a Result Lieut. Anderson Will Be Court Martialed.

Port Townsend, Wash., May 24.—Lieutenant R. E. Anderson, of the 149th company, coast artillery, who had charge of the mortar batteries at Fort Casey when a shot struck the army steamer Major Evan Thomas during target practice, May 10, will be tried by court martial tomorrow. It has been reported that the shot which struck the Thomas was the result of an error in computing the range. Sometimes, it is said, it has been the practice to find the range by aiming at the vessel towing the target and correcting, for the length of the tow line. The accident to the Thomas is accounted for on the theory that this system was used, and that those in charge of the finders neglected to altar the range to make it apply to the target. Consequently, when the shot was fired it went true to the mark, and hit the steamer.

PLAN WORLD PEACE LEAGUE

London Enthusiasts Take Up Roosevelt Idea in Name of Edward.

London, May 24.—A proposal to inaugurate a world-wide peace movement bearing the name of the late King Edward was made by Sir William Mather at a meeting of the Peace Society today. The suggestion met with prompt approval, and speakers who followed Sir William intimated that there was reason for the belief that Emperor William was desirous of taking a very important part if not the actual leadership in promoting a Peace League of the world. The movement is thoroughly in harmony with the ideal plan outlined by Theodore Roosevelt in his Christiania address. The annual meeting of the Peace Society will be held at Guildhall tonight when, it is anticipated, the peace idea will be further developed.

ROOSEVELT VISITS QUEEN

King Edward's Widow Thanks Americans for Sympathy.

London, May 24.—Queen Mother Alexandra received Mr. Roosevelt at Buckingham palace today. The two had a long chat, during which her majesty took occasion to personally tell the former President how much she appreciated the sympathy exhibited for her in America at the time of her bereavement.

Subsequently the queen mother received Lord Strathcona, high commissioner of Canada, whom she asked to convey to the people of Canada an expression of her gratitude for their love and sympathy.

SEEKS OFFICE IN OLD AGE

Laws, Aged 85, Has Already Served County 52 Years.

Durham, N. C., May 24.—After having served in office continually for 52 years, John Laws, of Orange county, at the age of 85, again is in the field as a candidate for register of deeds. He is declared to be the oldest officeholder in point of service in the United States and during his long term has weathered many political upheavals. It is not doubted that he will come out victorious at this, his latest battle at the polls.

Laws' claim to distinction does not rest alone with his political success. His matrimonial experience has given him fame as well. At the age of 80 he took to himself a wife barely entered upon her teens and only recently became the proud father of the third child by this union. The veteran officeholder saw service in the Mexican war, was a friend of Andrew Johnson and Abraham Lincoln personally. Except for the fact that Laws does not drink water straight, but mixes it with milk, lemon juice and other ingredients of soft beverages, he is without eccentricities.

CALLS SENATOR A POODLE

Congressman Fowler Also Declares Kean Is "Literal Cuckoo."

New York, May 24.—Denouncing United States Senator John Kean, of New Jersey, as a "subservient, truculent, literal cuckoo" and as a "political poodle dog" and savagely charging that he is preparing to purchase his re-election to the senate, Representative Charles N. Fowler, of the Fifth congressional district of New Jersey, made a 7,000-word statement Monday in which he uncovered many of the secrets of the Republican machine of that state.

Representative Fowler is a Republican and the only insurgent Republican from New Jersey in congress. He has served seven terms in congress and is a candidate for re-election, but is opposed by Senator Kean and State Treasurer Daniel S. Voorhees, the Republican boss in his congressional district.

Mr. Voorhees recently announced that Representative Fowler would not go back to Washington and the latter's savage statement was an answer to the decree of the boss.

STRIKERS FIGHT TROOPS

Italian Miners Resent Coming of New Workmen.

Scranton, Pa., May 24.—A riot broke out among striking miners at No. 14 colliery of the Pennsylvania Coal Co., near Pittston, today, following an attempt of a posse of state police, headed by Sergeant Hennig, to disperse a crowd of Italians who threatened others when a work train reached the colliery. Sheriff Rodda, of Lucerne county, hurried to the colliery on the outbreak of the trouble and was shot at, but escaped the bullets, though a thrown coupling-pin gave him a scalp wound.

One foreigner, Peter Sura, was so badly clubbed by state policemen that he may die in the Pittston hospital, where Sheriff Rodda hurried with him in an automobile and also had his own wound dressed.

State Trooper Jasper, of Tedach, was caught under his horse, which was felled by a blow on the head, and he was badly clubbed before other troopers drove off his assailants. He was removed to the Wyoming barracks in a serious condition.

The riot was finally quelled and another one broke out at the Ewen colliery, a mile away, but the rioters there dispersed when troopers arrived.

The strike spread today to the Butler, the Hillside and the Central collieries of the Pennsylvania Coal Co., leaving only the Barnum mine of that company in the Pittston district at work. Already 10,000 mine workers are involved, the trouble beginning several days ago with the men striking at No. 9 colliery because of alleged excessive dockage and short weighing. The board of conciliation of the United Mine Workers, at a session yesterday, disapproved the strike. It is claimed the strikers are mostly amenable to union authority.

PLEADS FOR WOMEN POLICE

Cleveland Judge Says They Can Help Erring Girls.

St. Louis, Mo., May 24.—A plea for women "policemen" was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration by the National Probational Officers' association convention last night. A storm of applause greeted the submission of the idea by Harvey H. Baker, judge of the juvenile court of Boston.

"Women police officers are the logical solution to the question of handling girls who have 'gone wron,'" declared the speaker. "From the moment she comes into the hands of the law, a girl should have the most sympathetic treatment, such as only women can give. She should not be subjected to the brutalities of a criminal handler."

Judge George S. Adams, of Cleveland, presided and other speakers were Harry D. Jewell, of Grand Rapids, and Harry L. Haylor, of Erie.

ROUGH RIDERS TO ESCORT

Famous Regiment of Col. Roosevelt Only to Be in Parade.

New York, May 24.—The Roosevelt reception committee received word Monday that the three living honorary members of the Roosevelt Rough Riders' association will ride with the Rough Riders during the parade on June 18. They are: Lieutenant General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., retired, at Washington; Brigadier General Samuel S. Sumner, U. S. A., retired, at Syracuse, N. Y., and Brigadier General Charles Cooper, of Philadelphia. Rev. Henry Brown, the "fighting chaplain" of the regiment, also has written that he wil come on from Panama, where he is now stationed.

The Rough Riders is the only organization that will be in line, the parade having been curtailed recently to consist of only Colonel Roosevelt's carriage, the reception committee in carriages and the Rough Riders.

VOTE TWO BATTLESHIPS

Senators Favor Administration Program.

Washington, May 24—Senator Burton's one battleship amendment to the naval appropriation bill, which provides for two new battleships, was voted down in the senate yesterday 39 to 26. This was after Burton had followed his last week's speech against two new battleships by another speech in answer to Senator Lodge and other supporters of the bill. The senate passed the bill, carrying an appropriation of nearly $134,000,000.

The naval increase for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, provided by the bill, is as follows:

Two first class battleships to cost not exceeding $6,030,000 each, and when equipped with armor and armament about $12,500,000 each.

Two fleet colliers to cost not exceeding $1,000,000 each. Five submarine torpedo boats not exceeding a total of $2,500,000.

Six torpedo boat destroyers to cost not exceeding $750,000 each.

The house bill provided for only four submarines and no torpedo boat destroyers. The senate also added a provision that not more than one of the battleships should be built by the same company. The provision inserted in the house requiring that the battleships and fleet colliers should be built under the "eight-hour law" was retained by the senate.

The Democrats voting for two battleships were Clarke (Ark.), McEnery (La.) and Taylor. The Republicans voting for one battleship were Bristow, Burton, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, Dixon, Dolliver, Hale, La Follette and Page.

ASHES ARE UNCLAIMED

No Person Calls for Remains of Man of Mystery.

Washington, May 24.—The ashes of Sidney Lascelles, alias "Lord Beresford," whose body was cremated here last week, remain unclaimed at the crematory, as did his dead body after death for many years at Asheville, N. C. The undertaker who cremated the body, said that no one had claimed the ashes, that he did not know who would or when, that he had been paid for the work, and would keep the dust in a metallic case until someone called for it. As to who gave him the order to cremate the body of the alleged bigamist and swindler, the undertaker had nothing to say. Legal record of the cremation was made by the health department here Monday.

FIX STANDARD FOR CROPS

Columbus, May 24.—Beginning with the June state crop report the state board of agriculture will use a new method of estimating wheat and oats conditions. Up to this time there has been no commonly accepted standard for a "full average" crop. Each correspondent has had his own idea. The result has been that it was not easy to figure anything definite on the bulletin when it came.

Now all the correspondents are instructed to rate a condition of wheat indicating a yield of 15 bushels per acre as 100 per cent, and the same for oats on an indicated yield of 50 bushels per acre.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

ONE SIZE ONLY. 50¢ A BOTTLE

AID TO FAKE HUNTERS

Peculiar Industry Is Built Up by Young Photographers in Maine.

Greenville, Me., May 23.—Of course the great majority of hunters who come to Maine for the big game shooting are not satisfied unless they do their own killing, but there are others who come for a moose or the two deer allowed by the Maine law, and they don't care how they get them.

Many so-called hunters are no further north than this little village, which, at the foot of the great Moosehead Lake, is the gateway to the vast hunting region. They find others who are equally indisposed to venture out of reach of the comfortable hotels, daily papers with the sporting news and stock reports and other marks of civilization to be found here. They see "game" enough, but it has to do with pasteboard affairs and is pursued in a comfortable corner not far from the great open fire in the hotel office.

They may buy souvenir cards in great variety to send to friends depicting thrilling scenes in the Maine jungle. Home-made ones of birch bark may be had from the stocks of the several souvenir stores and are said to be more effective and convincing.

A most original enterprise, born of the demand by this class of, fireside hunters, is the place where "Hunting Scenes While You Wait" would be an appropriate sign, if any sign were needed. It is a photographic studio, conducted by an enterprising firm of young men whose specialty is providing convincing proofs.

A city hunter may go home with his allowance of game and fail to impress upon his friends the fact that it fell before his fatal rifle, but when he produces photographs showing himself in a forest defile standing over the yet quivering monarch of the forest, and others of camp scenes with much game hung up, our hero surrounded by picturesque guides and looking the part of a real hunter—may be obtained at very reasonable rates.

The studio referred to is an interesting place, located near the lake shore, just outside the village, and has been there for years. It started in a small way, but is now elaborately equipped. It is an odd affair, built of logs, like a hunters' camp, but having each of its four sides put up to show a different front.

Thus when a customer appears he is asked, diplomatically of course, what camp "he intended to visit, but was detained," etc.

If he says "Camp Comfort," a well known resort, the side of the studio which most resembles Camp Comfort is selected, and in a few minutes a sign is produced and hung over the door reading "Camp Comfort." This makes the background. Then the properties are arranged, according to the wishes of the customer. Stuffed moose, deer, bear and game birds galore are carried in the equipment of the studio.

These may be hung up by the heels in a row or disposed in picturesque heaps on the ground. The hunter is posed, equipped in full hunting regalia. If he is lacking any essential part of the regulation outfit the studio will supply it. If he wants sporting companions to appear the studio people call in their regular "supers," who are ready to go on without much change of costume. These are the hangers-on around the steamboat landing at the foot of the lake, who are too lazy to do anything more arduous than to have their pictures taken.

So it is that Mr. Cityman, without going a mile from his hotel here, may have photographs taken of himself in full hunting rig, apparently at a camp miles from civilization and surrounded by trophies of the chase. If he cares for the pose over the fallen forest monarch he is taken to a little glen a short distance from the studio and two of the supers' bring out the fallen forest monarch on their shoulders and dump it down, being careful to handle it carefully for fear of wearing off the hair. It is a very fussy hunter who cannot be suited in the way of stage settings or effects.

TAFT SEES THE COMET

Gets Good Glimpse of Wanderer Through 26-Inch Glass.

Washington, May 24.—President Taft, in common with the rest of Washington's comet gazers, finally got a good look at Dr. Halley's phenomenon last night. Taft left the White House in his motor car, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, his brother, Charles P. Taft and Capt. Butt, his aid, for the United tSates naval observatory. President Taft looked over the universe wanderer through the 26-inch equatorial telescope. The others in the party were watching the comet through smaller glasses, while Prof. Asaph Hall, the astronomy chief of the United States, explained the position of the comet.

The party took turns at the big glass and spent 50 minutes in the observatory. A few minutes before the moon's eclipse began at 10:45 the President left for his ride through the parks.

PRAYER AT BALL GAMES

Pittsburg Ministers to Send Missionaries Among the Fans.

Pittsburg, May 24.—The Sunday baseball question in Pittsburg suburbs Monday assumed a more interesting aspect when it was announced that some of the ministers of the South Side had decided to invade the crowds at the baseball games next Sunday and try to convert those who appear to like only the Sunday games. This, instead of serving warrants which have already been prepared, for the offending Sunday players and their admirers.

Chairman Frank Ryman, a businessman, who has been chairman of the committee in charge of investigating Sunday ball, admitted that the ministers had decided not to have warrants served, but would send missionaries among the thousands of ball fans next Sunday to sing and pray with them while the Sunday games go on.

STOCK MARKET HEAVY

Inertia an Obstacle to Improvement in This Field.

Henry Clews in his weekly letter says: Inertia is the chief obstacle to improvement in the stock market at this time. The delay in placing our bonds in Europe also had a deterring effect. Continued cool weather in all sections of the country and consequent backward condition of the crops was another element which put a damper upon inordinate optimism. There is also a general slackening up in business which seems to be extending. Commodity prices had reached a prohibitive point, and now that downward reaction has set in buyers naturally hesitate until satisfied that the decline has reached its limits.

There is no question but that a readjustment to a lower basis is going on in industrial and mercantile affairs, a readjustment that will prove highly beneficial and pave the way for renewed activity at a later date. Unfortunately, the country has become so accustomed to high pressure activity and advancing prices that it cannot experience any movement in opposite directions without becoming unduly discouraged. It is a question if the national business nerve has not weakened by too prolonged prosperity, since it now takes unnecessary fright at the slightest sign of reaction. It has long been insisted upon in these advices that the country would be benefited by some sort of readjustment; our industrial machinery being out of gear because some portions had advanced much more rapidly than others. We are now going through a period of this character in which equilibrium is being restored. There is no occasion for undue anxiety, and after a period of moderate retrenchment we may look forward to renewed activity, provided the harvest realizes expectations. At present the crop outlook is promising, although containing spots of disappointment. Considerable injury has unquestionably been done to wheat in Kansas, but this should be offset by a larger corn crop. The same remark will apply to the country as a whole. A larger acreage of cotton is in prospect, and it is still too early to indulge in pessimistic views regarding any of our crops.

The monetary situation shows further improvement. Interest rates are now declining in the interior, and call money is likely to be abundant and cheap until harvest requirements set in. The western loan situation excites some apprehension owing to the land speculation, but interior bankers are now showing a much more conservative spirit, and there is less uneasiness in this quarter. Abroad the monetary situation is also better. Interest rates are declining in both London and Paris, and the outlook in this respect is even more favorable than anticipated.

A favorable feature has been the declines in wheat and cotton, considerable quantities of which have been held back from export by high trade that has been adversely affected by the deficiency in exports, and the present declining tendencies of commodities will doubtless hasten the restoration of equilibrium between our imports and exports. Europe's purchases of bonds fortunately restricted gold shipments which otherwise would have run to a point stimulating distrust.

PEARY GETS NEW DEGREE

Explorer Is Honored by University of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, May 24.—Commander Robert E. Peary received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the University of Edinburgh today. The confirment was made before a distinguished company that gave the American explorer a cordial welcome. In presenting the degree Sir Ludovic James Grant, dean of the faculty of law, declared that though the opening decade of the twentieth century had been notable for heroic achievements, nothing had moved the world to greater wonder than Peary's annexation of the north pole.

HETTY GREEN LOSES SUIT

Faith in Juries Is Also Shaken by Adverse Verdict.

New York, May 24.—"Jurymen have always been good to me; I have never lost a case," remarked Mrs. Hetty Green yesterday as she smilingly expressed her satisfaction with the jury selected to try the suit of a safe deposit company against her for $550.

The statement, however, did not hold good long, for the women frequently referred to as the richest woman in the world, had the experience of losing at the hands of that very jury.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, May 17.—Senate—The provision of the railroad bill for an extra allowance of $3,000 a year to members of the proposed court of commerce over the allowances of circuit court judges was stricken out by the senate today. The greater part of the session was devoted to a discussion of the Cummins amendment making the interstate commerce commission the defendant in all cases in the courts growing out of orders of that commission, but no action was taken.

House—General debate on the sundry civil bill in the house gave an opportunity for several speeches. Mr. Campbell, of Kansas, denounced Democratic tariff revision which, he said, was shown by experiences of the country to be disastrous. Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, criticised the President and the Republican majority of the house for failure to give publicity to facts gathered in connection with the corporation tax. Mr. Keifer, of Ohio, advocated his plan for an international agreement for preserving neutrality of the Panama canal. Mr. Barnhart, of Indiana, denounced machine politics in general and the Republican party in particular. Mr. Sisson spoke in favor of legislation abolishing gambling in cotton futures.

Wednesday, May 18.—Senate—By a vote of 40 to 23 the senate today amended and accepted the house provision of the railroad bill, which places the defense of suits before the interstate commerce commission in the hands of the attorney general, but permits the commission and shippers to intervene and even to continue the suit in case the attorney general withdraws. The period during which rates of railroad companies may be suspended by the commission was extended from 60 to 120 days on motion of Mr. Aldrich. The debate on the bill continued throughout the day and was marked by some sharp passages between Senators Rayner and Hughes and also between Senators Rayner and Elkins. An early adjournment was taken to afford the Democrats an opportunity to confer over certain propositions made to them by the regular Republicans.

House—The house spent the day debating a bill to extend to the territory of Hawaii the laws of the United States concerning appropriations that are enjoyed by territories within the United States. The bill was passed, having been previously passed by the senate.

Thursday, May 19.—Senate—In the senate the Cummins amendment to the railroad bill requiring the approval of the interstate commerce commission to all increases in railroad rates before they take effect, was under consideration throughout the day, but no vote was reached. Mr. Cummins occupied the floor during the entire session. The regular Republicans and Democrats failed to reach an agreement.

House—Campaign speeches occupied the house today while the sundry civil appropriation bill theoretically was under consideration. There was a strenuous debate on forestry, resulting in sending back for further conference a senate amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill, giving the states 35 per cent instead of 25 per cent of the gross receipts from forestry administration. The remainder of the conference report was agreed to.

Friday, May 20.—Senate—Whether there shall be authorized by the present congress two or only one battleship was the subject of a long discussion in the senate today while the naval appropriation bill was under consideration. The principal speakers were Senators Clay, Hale, Gallinger and Burton. It was brought out that the revenues of the present fiscal year probably would not equal the expenditures and that there would be an increased deficit.

House—The tariff, ship subsidy, a lively disputation between Messrs. Ames, of Massachusetts, and Payne, of New York, both Republicans, over Canadian tariff relations, and an arraignment of some of his Republican colleagues by Mr. Fish, of New York, occupied today's session of the house. Messrs. McKinlay, of California, and Diekema, of Michigan, Republicans, advocated the proposed $250,000 appropriation for enlarging the scope of the tariff board's ascertainment of tariff information. Mr. Ames attacked Mr. Payne for refusing courteous consideration of his efforts for adjusting the tariff situation between the United States and Canada. Mr. Payne replied that he merely adhered to his conviction that the tariff question should not be reopened at this session.

Saturday, May 21.—Senate—In the senate eulogies were delivered on the lives of the late Representatives Cushman, of Washington, and DeArmond, of Missouri. No other business was transacted.

House—Party issues held the attention of the house today while the proposed appropriation of $250,000 in the sundry civil bill to enable President Taft's tariff board to collect information for him was pending theoretically. The discussion was featured by speeches by Minority Leader Clark and Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, and Mr. Foss, of Massachusetts. Mr. Clark and Mr. Boutell spoke for two hours each. Mr. Covington, of Maryland, attacked the administration's course in selling the Philippine friar lands.

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